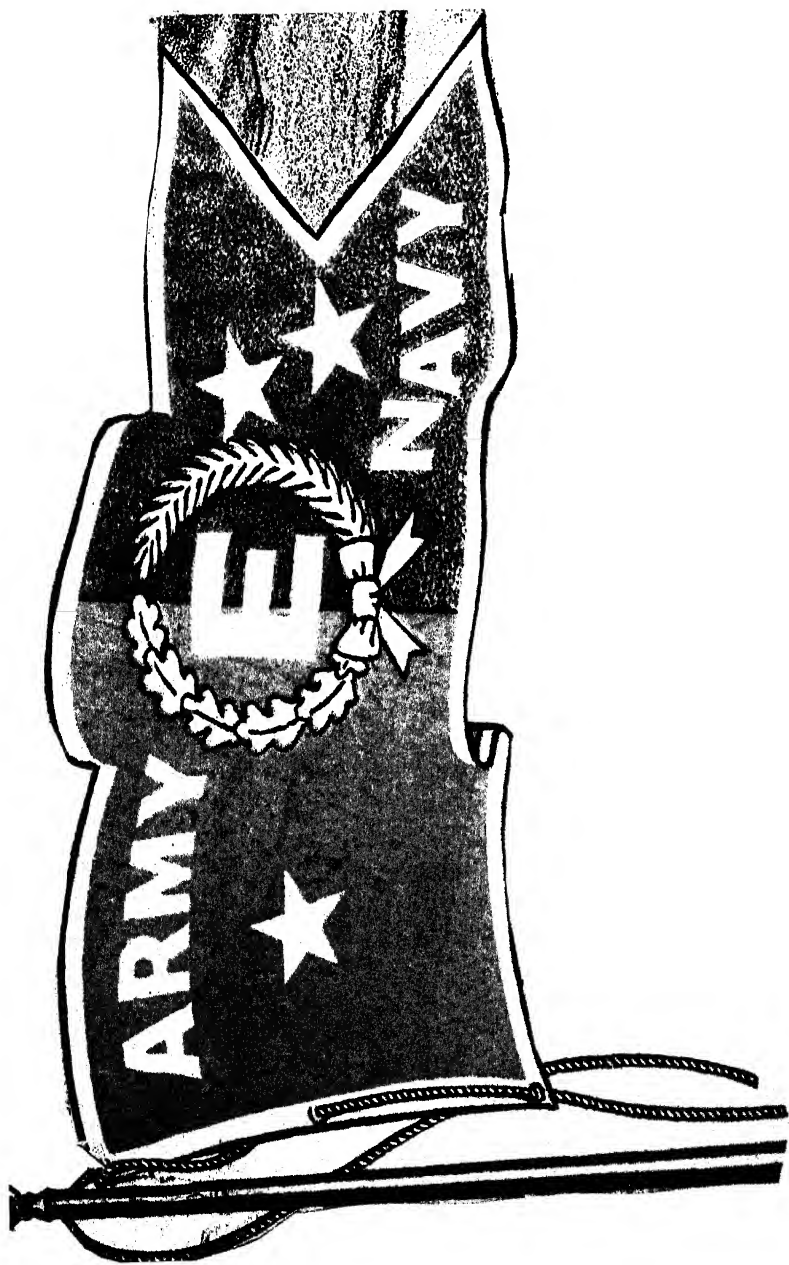


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HERO OF LUZON—WORLD WAR II—General Douglas MacArthur salutes. His gallant stand at Corregidor creates new American epic.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM

By

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Illustrated

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

Chicago

PHILADELPHIA

Toronto

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GENERAL MacARTHUR

FOR the second time in history the American people are giving three rousing cheers for a United States General named MacArthur!

It was in Nineteen Hundred that President McKinley appointed Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur Military Governor of the Philippines. And it was he who finally subdued the insurgent fighters of that doughty race. His son, Douglas MacArthur, as we all know, was recently appointed a grade higher than his father, when President Roosevelt made him a full general of the Army of the United States; Douglas MacArthur, who has won the admiration of the entire world for his magnificent showing against overwhelmingly superior forces, in fact against the flower of the Japanese Army.

His epic stand on Bataan Peninsula is not merely a matter of valor but of extraordinary military skill. It takes more than bull-headed bravery to hold the lines with a comparatively small and not too well equipped force against such a mechanical Moloch as that Japanese army in the Philippines with its terrific superiority in the air. Few people expected this of Douglas MacArthur, because, to put it bluntly, he seemed too much like a movie type of officer, too handsome, almost too good to be true!

The things he accomplished were usually spectacular,—first in his class at West Point, promoted to First Lieutenant a year after his graduation, and so forth. On Funston's Expedition to Vera Cruz, it was Douglas

MacArthur, then a captain, who scouted behind the Mexican lines dressed as a sholo and brought back complete information. Beginning in France as a Major on the staff he became the youngest Brigadier-General in the Army.

As Chief of Staff of the Rainbow Division he again achieved the spectacular by insisting on going into action with his own men, twice wounded and once gassed, but refusing to be hospitalized. When he got the Distinguished Service Cross it was for "extraordinary heroism against an armed enemy." He came out of that war with thirteen decorations for gallantry under fire, seven citations for extraordinary valor, twenty-four decorations from foreign governments. Later on Douglas MacArthur became the youngest Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

Upon his appointment as Grand Field Marshal of the Philippines by President Quezon, his former classmate at West Point, General Hugh Johnson said: "Douglas MacArthur is one of the most brilliant men in public service—one general who will not die in bed if there's half a chance to die elsewhere."

Lowell I. Roman

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. FIGHTING WITH MACARTHUR IN WORLD WAR	
II	1
<p>"There Goes a Soldier!" MacArthur and MacArthur men Becoming Folklore. World's Greatest War. History in the Making. What Kind of Man Is MacArthur? Soldier and Gentleman. The Islands MacArthur and His Men Are Giving Their Life Blood to Defend. MacArthurs and the Philippines Are Destiny. His Staff. America Throws Her Weight into the Struggle. The Four Freedoms. Freedom's First Hero—MacArthur.</p>	
II. THE FIGHTING MACARTHURS—A NEW AMERICAN EPIC	17
<p>First Authentic Story of the MacArthurs in America. How this Fighting Clan Came to America from Scotland. Story of Douglas MacArthur's Fighting Father, Lieut. Gen. Arthur MacArthur. Spanish-American War Days. Life in the Army.</p>	
III. WITH THE MACARTHURS AT ARMY POSTS ON AMERICAN FRONTIERS.	31
<p>Life Begins for Douglas MacArthur in a Military Post at Little Rock, Arkansas. School Days on Frontiers of Southwest. Athlete and Football Hero in Texas. "Growing Up to Be a Soldier Like His Father." Stories of His Youth and His Home Town Folks.</p>	
IV. WITH CADET MACARTHUR AT WEST POINT	41
<p>Career of Douglas MacArthur at United States Military Academy. Official Records. Becomes First Corporal as Yearling. Ranking First Sergeant as Second Classman. First Captain as First Classman. Enters Army Corps of Engineers.</p>	
V. WITH THE MACARTHURS UNDER FIRE IN THE PHILIPPINES	57
<p>His First Service for His Country Takes Lieutenant MacArthur to Islands of the Pacific. Follows in Footsteps of His Father Whose Bravery at Capture of Manila Made Him Major-General of Volunteers. Capture of Aguinaldo. Days of Dewey, Funston, Pershing in the Philippines. Young Lieutenant MacArthur Supervises Important Engineering Projects. Gains Knowledge of Philippines.</p>	

CHAPTER	PAGE
VI. WITH THE MACARTHURS IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR	73
American Observers with Japanese Army. Eye Witness of Battle of Mukden. On the Field with the Flag of the Rising Sun. Assigned to Confidential Duty in Japan, Malaya, Burma, India. Japan's Ambitions for World Conquest.	
VII. WITH LIEUTENANT MACARTHUR ON DUTY IN THE WHITE HOUSE	84
Lieutenant MacArthur Becomes Aide to President Theodore Roosevelt. Life at Nation's Capital in Days of "Teddy" Roosevelt. Graduation from Engineering School of Application. Becomes Instructor in Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Promoted Captain. Dramatic Death of His Father. Captain MacArthur Returns to Washington. Detailed to General Staff. Official Army Records.	
VIII. WORLD WAR I—WITH MACARTHUR ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE	94
Captain MacArthur on General Staff. Shot Fired at Sarajevo Sets Off World War I. With Funston at Vera Cruz. MacArthur in Mexico—Meets and Foils Von Papen. MacArthur Becomes a Major. America Enters the War. MacArthur Names the Rainbow Division and Becomes Chief of Staff. Raised to Colonel. Lands in France. Training of Troops. Cited for Gallantry and Gassed at Rechicourt. Becomes Brigadier General. Fighting in the Second Battle of the Marne and at St. Mihiel. Commander of Rainbow Division. Leads It through Meuse-Argonne Offensive. On to Sedan and Victory. With the Army of Occupation.	
IX. "HOME AGAIN"—AFTER THE WAR IS OVER	107
Homecoming after the Armistice, November 11, 1918. Cheering Crowds Greet Troops. MacArthur Returns—1919. Reports to Washington. Honors. Made Superintendent of West Point, Youngest in History. New Deal for West Point. MacArthur as Executive.	
X. MACARTHUR WARNS NATION AGAINST DANGERS OF NEXT WAR	118
Rumblings in the Pacific. Harding Sends MacArthur to the Philippines to Strengthen Defenses. 1928 Olympics. General MacArthur Becomes Chief of Staff of United States Army. Tour of Europe. Secret Conferences. Maneuvers. Battles with Congress for Defense Appropriations. Warns Against Next War. Reorganization of the Army. Returns to Philippines.	

CONTENTS

vii

CHAPTER	PAGE
XI. LOVE AND WAR—WOMEN IN THE MACARTHUR FAMILY	130
General MacArthur's Mother. The Hardy Family in Virginia. Girlhood. Romance between the North and South—the Boy Colonel Meets His Idol. Honeymoon on the Frontier. Captain Arthur MacArthur. Death of Mother MacArthur in the Philippines. First Marriage. Jean Faircloth. The Faircloth Family in Tennessee. The MacArthurs in the Philippines.	
XII. MACARTHUR WATCHES WAR CLOUDS GATHER—CIVILIZATION AT STAKE	145
The Rise of Hitler. Nazi Menace. MacArthur Pleads for Supplies. Expects the Philippines to Be Ready in 1946. Germany Invades Austria, Japan China, Italy Ethiopia—Embryo Rome-Berlin-Tokio Axis. The Farce of Munich—"Peace" in Our Time. Poland Is Attacked! War! MacArthur Pleads for Help against Coming Jap Aggression.	
XIII. WORLD WAR II—GREAT INVASIONS OF EUROPE—AFRICA—ASIA	157
Invasion of Poland. Blitzkrieg. Democracies Helpless to Send Aid. Berlin-Moscow Pact. Norway and Denmark Fall. The Netherlands Are Next on the Timetable. Bombing of Rotterdam. Churchill Rallies a Faltering Britain. Leopold Capitulates. Dunkirk—British Army Saved to Fight Again. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity Are No More.	
XIV. AMERICA MEETS CHALLENGE TO HUMAN FREEDOM	174
MacArthur Retires from U. S. Army to Be Made Field Marshal Philippine Army. Takes up Permanent Residence in Manila. Watching the Storm's Approach. Battle of Britain. Failure of German Invasion. The Axis Turns South. Greece and Crete. Sinking of the <i>Robin Moor</i> . Hitler Turns on Russia. America Takes up the Standard—Lend-Lease Act.	
XV. MACARTHUR ANSWERS CALL IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY	189
President Roosevelt Recalls MacArthur. Made Commander-in-Chief of the Far East. General MacArthur in Tough Spot. Estimate of Chances of Holding Philippines. MacArthur on Defense. The Atlantic Charter. The Four Freedoms. Japan's New Order. "The Peace Envoys"—Nomura and Kurusu. MacArthur Welds Filipinos and Americans into Fighting Force.	

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVI. "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR"—AMERICA STABBED IN THE BACK	202
December 7th—"A Day Which Will Live in Infamy," said the President. Surprise Attack by Japanese Naval and Air Forces on Hawaii. War Comes to the Philippines Next Day. Stubborn Defense by MacArthur's Men Begins. "We'll Keep the Flag Flying," MacArthur says.	
XVII. WHY AMERICA ENTERED WORLD WAR II.	216
America Shocked by Attack. Congress Acknowledges State of War. Germany and Italy Declare War on U.S. Reassurance to Quezon and the Philippines.	
XVIII. HERO OF LUZON LEADS HIS ARMIES	226
Japanese Strike North and South in the Philippines. Manila Bombed from the Air. Manila Is Declared an "Open City." Japanese Make Landings and Begin Assault. A Handful of Filipinos and Americans defy Jap Hordes. Masterly Retirement to Bataan. Achievements of MacArthur's men.	
XIX. WITH MACARTHUR'S FIGHTING MEN—NEW AMERICAN HERO TALES	243
Captain Colin Kelly Sinks Battleship <i>Haruna</i> with His Flying Fortress. Captain Jesus Villamor of Philippine Air Corps gets DSC. American Fighter Aces Produce Miracles with Their P-40's.	
XX. DEEDS OF VALOR ON THE ROAD TO CORREGIDOR	251
Further Tales of Valor by American Flyers. American Generals Honored. Hero Tales. General Arnold Praises Air Force in the Philippines.	
XXI. MACARTHUR'S GALLANT STAND THRILLS THE WORLD	262
Weeks Pass with Japanese Unable to Dislodge American Forces, with Ten Times Fewer Men. Winning the Battle of the Pincers. Hostility of the Natives to the Jap Invaders. MacArthur with His Back to Corregidor. Heroism of the Igorots. Surprise Attack at Subic Bay. MacArthur Last Island of Resistance in South Pacific. Suicide of Homma because of Failure to Knock Out MacArthur. Yamashita, Conqueror of Singapore, Takes Over. How Long Can He Last?	

CHAPTER I

FIGHTING WITH MacARTHUR IN WORLD WAR II

SO *help us, God—there goes a soldier!*” It was a hard-boiled top sergeant who muttered this truism as General Douglas MacArthur issued orders to his troops going to the battlefield in World War II.

“A soldier?” spit out a corporal. “That man’s a hundred Napoleons rolled into one. If they ever caught him at Waterloo he’d come back and beat the tripe out of ’em. The Japs may knock him down—if they steal up behind him in the dark—but they can’t keep him down! He’ll come back at ’em with a pack of fightin’ wild cats.”

Stories of MacArthur and his MacArthursmen were becoming folklore before the war was a hundred days old. Every ship coming home to America from the Far East brought new tales of his daring. The name MacArthur was on everybody’s lips. He had become world-famous.

“Only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die!”

These words uttered by General Douglas MacArthur characterize his whole life. He has said many times to friends: *“The man who will not defend his freedom does not deserve to be free!”*

Douglas MacArthur comes, as we shall see, from a famous family of fighters—born defenders of their country. He was under fire in five wars—his father, General Arthur MacArthur, fought in five wars and many Indian campaigns on the old frontiers—his brother, Captain Arthur MacArthur, Jr., in the United States Navy fought through every war on the seas in which his country was engaged during his lifetime.

Father and two sons—one rising to the top in the Army while the other was on the way to Admiralty when death, the only power to which he ever surrendered, overtook him and stopped a remarkable career.

General Douglas MacArthur won his first victory in World War II when he captured the hearts of the world. The great democracies, threatened with annihilation by the mighty armies of the Dictators, were in peril. Historic cities were being laid in ruin, nations were being devastated by the invaders, devouring the lives of millions, enslaving more millions, and threatening to destroy human freedom and civilization itself. Everything for which mankind had struggled through 5,000 years of human progress was in danger of being lost.

We, who lived in these most crucial years in the world's history, can say to our children and grandchildren: "*I lived through it!*" It is our duty, therefore, to ourselves and generations to come, to be familiar with the true story about the Great Events that are taking place in our lifetime. We shall meet great personalities behind these events, an authentic

story from official records and from intimate friends who know the facts.

President Roosevelt declared when America entered the war, December 8, 1941: "*We must have a fuller understanding of the nature of the War in which we are engaged.*"

There can be no better place to begin than right here with General Douglas MacArthur—to *know* MacArthur and witness the epoch-making events that are taking place around him. For this is more than history and biography—it is tense drama, with stark tragedy, romance, adventure, and laughter in the midst of danger.

Behind this life drama, with its valor and heroism, there lurk the dark shadows of treachery, conspiracy, intrigue, villainy, for behind every hero there must be conflict with elemental passions and inordinate ambitions. World War II produced these leading characters in its gripping combat between good and evil, between freedom and tyranny.

And there is plot to this drama, the most gigantic ever conceived by the mind of man—a sinister plot to conquer the world and subjugate 2,000,000,000 people, men, women, and children, under the iron rule of despotism. A cunning, scheming, arrogant figure struts across the stage of history, under the delusion that he is a reincarnated Napoleon, attempting to turn back the clock of time to medieval barbarism.

It is into this scene that General Douglas MacArthur is thrust by the mysterious forces of Destiny. Six feet tall, and every inch a man, here is one of the most colorful personalities in fact or fiction. Erect,

slender, keeping his weight around 165 pounds, he is a man's man to every man—and a handsome, gallant gentleman to every lady.

Study the face in his pictures and you will see a countenance of strong character, determination, decision. Its severity is tempered by gentility and love of humanity. Powerful and masculine, it is that of intellectuality combined with military discipline and force.

His hair, once black and heavy, is now thinned and is becoming streaked with gray. As we meet him here he is 62 years of age, but he still retains the appearance and vigor of a man of less than fifty. Like his father before him, he refuses to grow old.

"You could tell he is a soldier!" once exclaimed a private under him. "You could tell he is a soldier whether you see him in uniform, or in a fur coat, or in a bathing suit."

The late Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent with him in World War I, once said: "He wore his heavily brassed hat (when he wore a hat at all on the battlefield) with a rakish tilt, like a modern D'Artagnan, but it was just that jaunty tilt that permitted his grand personality to emerge, without violating any Army regulations."

His enemies, they are few but loud, as every strong man makes enemies of the weaklings, have called him a "swashbuckler," a "swaggerer," "self-opinionated," "dictatorial," "obstinate," "aggressive," "austere." They used to sneer at his long cigarette-holders which have disappeared since he began to smoke cigars and occasionally a pipe. They scorned his plum-colored ties

when in khaki and his sartorial perfection in mufti. But they never dared question his fighting ability or military genius.

One of his most intimate friends tells us: "He speaks with precision and clarity. His words are clear as a crystal. He walks up and down the floor as he talks. He is brilliant in conversation, with a wide range of knowledge. Everything interests him. He discusses history, economics, science, with a profound understanding. His acquaintance with great minds and leaders of all ages, scholars, poets, philosophers, is amazing. He speaks of them as if they were all living today—intimate friends."

General MacArthur's manner is informal, he dislikes pretentiousness or formality. He is an excellent storyteller with a keen sense of humor. He is a man of culture, dignity, magnetic personality. He likes small gatherings of intimate friends. He never forgets a face; his mental alertness allows him to scan a newspaper or a book with a photographic mind. To be with him is a liberal education.

MacArthur has none of the Napoleonic complexes that possess his adversary who leads the forces of Dictatorship—one Adolph Schicklgruber-Hitler whose distorted brain created World War II. Humaneness and humanity in MacArthur are foremost of his character, with a high concept of duty and responsibility to his fellowman. His deepest affections are for his home and his country. He loves to sit in his library, surrounded by thousands of books, and talk to his charming and intelligent wife—twenty years his junior—while his four-year-old son sits on his knees.

We shall meet this family in the chapters of this book, with intimate stories told by his relatives in America—the MacArthurs of Washington, the Hardys of Virginia and North Carolina, and the Faircloths of Tennessee. For General MacArthur is an Arkansan, with a Virginia mother and a Wisconsin father—the North and the South united.

This is the soldier and gentleman—the fighter for freedom—we now meet in the faraway Philippines—about 9,000 airline miles from Washington. Blasted by the forces of despotism, their peaceful calm shattered by the din of battle, their once happy villages laid in ruins by bombers while their homes light the night skies with flames, MacArthur and his men meet the ruthless enemy with courage unsurpassed in the annals of warfare.

There are 7,083 of these beautiful islands in the Philippine Archipelago; only 2,441 have been explored and named; 4,642 still remain in their primeval grandeur. Here, in what MacArthur calls the “key that unlocks the door to the Pacific,” are untold riches. These lovely fertile islands are completely self-sustaining with huge rice paddies terracing their hills and mahogany forests with wealth estimated in billions of dollars.

These are the riches far greater than those of any Midas for which the Japanese are fighting, with their 73,214,200 acres of virgin forestland, sugar cane plantations, cocoanut groves, fields of hemp. The mountains are treasure mines, hardly tapped—silver, lead, zinc, copper, coal, petroleum, asbestos, manganese, as well as marble, clay, salt and many rich minerals.

The principal islands on which battles are waging are Luzon, the largest of the group, and Mindanao, the second largest—but the Japanese invaders are landing on every island where they can gain a foothold, to secure bases for conquest of the larger islands.

Luzon is the seat of the capital—the city of Manila, with its 600,000 population which MacArthur declared an “open city” on Christmas Eve, 1941, to protect its men, women, and children, and its magnificent churches and public buildings. It was at Luzon, in Subic and Sorsogon Bays, that the invaders established bases for the landing of their troops.

And it was on the island of Mindanao, along the Rio Grande de Mindanao, the longest river in the Philippines—330 miles long—that the Japs were met by the ferocious bolo-swinging Moros, 20,000 strong, who swore on the Koran: “*We will fight for General MacArthur to the last man.*” And then rushed forward—cutting off the heads of the invaders with their bolos with a fury that drove the Japs back to the beaches where they could have the protection of guns from their fleet and air bombers to drive the Moros back to the jungles.

There are 16,000,000 people in the Philippines, speaking eight languages and 87 dialects. More than 4,000,000 of them read or understand English. Two-thirds are devout Christians; about 500,000 are Moslems—and 500,000 more are Pagans.

These are the people—and these are the islands—which General MacArthur is fighting to protect. And more than 95 percent of them are loyal to the great leader who offered his life in their defense.

Here at Corregidor, in Manila Bay, and at Cavite-on-the-Bay, naval base for the American fleets, the Jap aerial armadas struck on December 7, 1941, when America was hurtled into World War II—and MacArthur met the challenge. How he revenged this treacherous stab in the back by exacting a terrific price in Jap dead and wounded for every foot of ground is unfolded in these pages.

MacArthur fought with full understanding of the great stakes involved. He knew the truth of the words of the hunchback Homer Lea, an American boy whose adventurous spirit led him to the Far East when the Chinese were fighting to establish their first republic and Sun Yat Sen, their first President, made him a General in the Chinese Army:

"The Philippine Islands," wrote Lea in his strange and interesting prophecy, *Valor of Ignorance*, "bear the same strategic relationship to the Southern Asia coast as the Japanese Islands do to the Northern Asiatic coast. Without the Philippines, *Japan's dominion of Asian seas will be no more than tentative, and her eventual domination or destruction will depend upon who holds these islands.*"

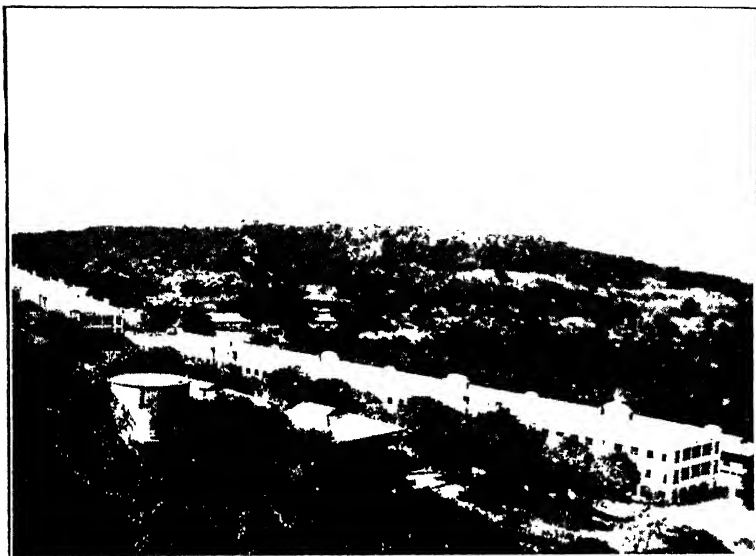
General Douglas MacArthur was the man chosen by Destiny to "hold these islands," when America entered World War II, holding back an army of invaders that outnumbered him two-to-one.

Holding his ground along the Bataan Peninsula, and barricaded behind the forts of Corregidor, he made one of the greatest fights in history.

The rugged Island of Corregidor, where MacArthur and his men fought with their backs to the China Sea,

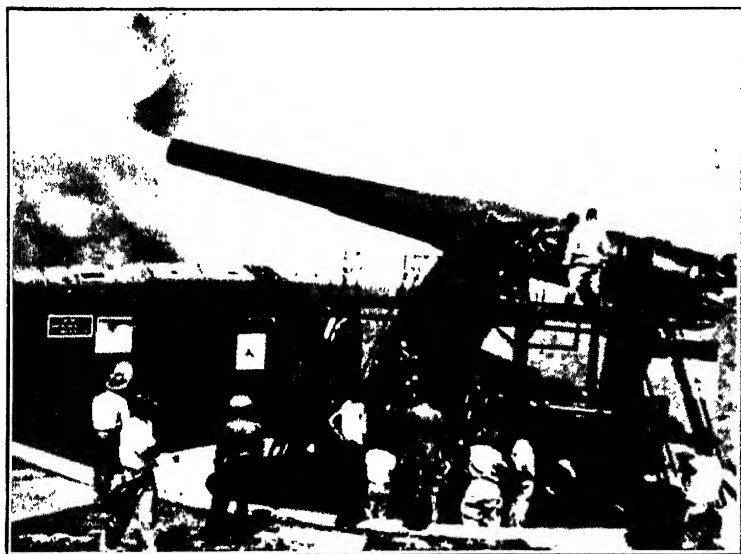


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MACARTHUR READY FOR ACTION—On alert, waiting at headquarters before commanding troops in battle against Jap invaders.



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BARRACKS OF CORREGIDOR—World's longest barracks—1,320 feet—facing Bataan Peninsula where MacArthur's men fought and died.



© International News Photo

GUNS OF CORREGIDOR—Great coast artillery roared in defiance at Jap bombers in terrific battles between ground and air.

lies in the Harbor of Manila where Admiral Dewey won his glorious victory and first planted the American flag in the Philippines 43 years before and where the father of Douglas MacArthur—General Arthur MacArthur—served as Military Governor.

It was here, too, that his brother, Captain Arthur MacArthur, Jr., then a young ensign in the Navy, after participating in the Battle of Santiago, sailed halfway around the world to the Philippines and served on board the *U.S.S. Yorktown* in the China Sea (1899–1901). Three MacArthurs have followed the American flag to wars in the Philippines.

Rock-bound Corregidor lies in the harbor with its head toward the City of Manila. Its tail seven miles away is known as “Monkey Point,” or “Monkey’s Tail,” because of the thousands of monkeys that live in the wild caves.

Manila Bay, with an area of 770 square miles, is the finest harbor in the entire Far East. It is the roadstead in which ships from all parts of the world find anchorage with a huge breakwater for shelter. This was the great strategic possession for which the Japanese fought while MacArthur held Corregidor.

Along the banks of the Rio Grande de Pampagne, which empties its dozen mouths into Manila Bay, MacArthur’s men stood on the Island of Luzon against the oncoming Japanese invaders with their bayonets dripping Jap blood.

The defense of Corregidor, which began simultaneously with the “Rape of Hawaii” and the heroic siege of Wake Island, rivals the historic defense of the Alamo in the annals of American courage.

"We stand undaunted before a devastating fire, against the scorching fire of the most reckless foe that free men ever encountered," is the message that came out of the Philippines over the radio as MacArthur and his men took their stand.

The strength of MacArthur's American-Filipino forces at the outbreak of the battles along the islands was variously estimated at from 160,000 to 200,000 men. What troops he had with him was withheld as military information and not divulged in the first weeks of the war.

MacArthur, as shall see, once stated that any army of less than 400,000 that attempted to invade the Philippines would meet with disaster. The Japs were undoubtedly familiar with this estimate for they made desperate attempts to land such an army on the islands.

MacArthur's forces stood their ground at garrison posts as Japanese bombers attempted to drive them out: Fort William McKinley, Fort Stotsenburg, Camp John Hay, Pettit Barracks, Clark Field, Nichols Field, and the harbor defenses at Fort Mills, Fort Hughes, Fort Drum, Fort Frank, and Fort Wint on Subic Bay. These are points that appear in dispatches from the Philippines and in communiques released by the War Department.

General MacArthur is an executive. His staff functions like clockwork. They outplay any similar group of men that ever matched brains in the war game. In command at Fort Mills, on Corregidor Island, Major General George Fleming Moore, a 55-year-old Texan artillery expert, directed his forces.

MacArthur's right arm is Major General Jonathan M. Wainwright, veteran cavalryman and infantryman, known as "Skinny" at West Point, who ranks next to MacArthur in the Philippines and is in command of the Northern front. His left arm is Brigadier General Albert M. Jones, 51-year-old Yankee from Massachusetts, graduate of the Army War College, in command of the southern front in Luzon. We shall meet these men in later chapters as they are decorated for bravery in action by General MacArthur.

MacArthur surrounded himself with military geniuses of the highest calibre—last ditch fighting men: There is Major General George M. Parker, Jr., a 53-year-old fighting Iowan—Major General Richard Sutherland, 59-year-old Marylander, graduate of many military schools including the École Supérieure de Guerre in France—Brigadier General Edward P. King, a fearless Georgian—Brigadier General William Brougher, 53-year-old tank expert from Mississippi—Brigadier General William Sharp, 57-year-old South Dakotan, chemical warfare and artillery expert—Brigadier General Hugh G. Casey, Brooklyn-born Army engineer—Brigadier General William F. Marquat, coast artilleryman from Seattle.

Here on the battlefields at Luzon we find Brigadier General Harold H. George, advanced from Colonel by MacArthur for bravery under fire. Brigadier General James Weaver, 54-year-old Ohioan, expert in tank and chemical warfare—Brigadier General Bradford G. Chynoweth, 52-year-old expert engineer, infantry officer, and tank expert, from Wyoming—Brigadier General Carl Seals, a 59-year-old Texan whose specialty

is infantry—Brigadier General Clifford Bluemel, 58-year-old West Pointer from New Jersey—and a staff of Colonels and Majors that MacArthur recommends for promotion as fast as they produce results in stopping the Jap invaders.

The adversaries trying to outwit MacArthur are headed by Japan's top flight commander, 57-year-old General Tomayuki Yamashita, who throws all rules overboard when he has an objective to gain. Surrounding him is a great staff of shrewd and cunning warriors who know neither fear nor honor. They have but one objective: "*Get MacArthur! Force him to surrender—or kill him!*"

When Homma, former Jap commander who has since committed hari-kari for his failure to knock out MacArthur, reported to Tokio that he had got possession of the bottle and had MacArthur trapped in the bottleneck, McArthur replied: "*Homma may have the bottle—but I've got the cork!*" Corregidor is the cork!

Hitler, while these events were taking place in the Philippines, was engaged in a death-struggle with the sagacious and steel-fisted Stalin. When "double-crossed" by Hitler, he stood his ground in defense of Moscow waiting for the hour when he would send his mighty armies on the offensive that sent Hitler's Armies staggering back from their conquered territory. Reeling from the blows, they began their retreat through the winter of 1941-42 which was almost the exact counterpart of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

Alarmed by these major disasters, Hitler discharged his generals and took command of his own armies—

only to be further driven back from Russian soil. His battles in the African deserts swept back and forth when he attempted to swing around toward Egypt and the Suez Canal, the lifeline of the British Empire.

How America threw its might against him is related in the sequence of this powerful drama. Hitler's machinations in "buying" the Japanese into creating a war in the Pacific, which would force the United States to stay off his back, did not work out according to his expectations. Japan gained initial victories while Hitler met initial defeats—the tables were turned. He must now strike at Gibraltar—or attempt to invade England—or thrust through Turkey at the Suez—or strike at America from Dakar—or send his bombers against Iceland—and wage submarine war in the Atlantic—or bomb some American city—anything to divert the attention of his own people from impending disaster and give him the excuse for another bombastic harangue before his Reichstag—something that smacked of victory as a morsel for his retreating armies.

America's industrial might and manpower were now in action. It was only a question of time when it would strike with overwhelming force against the Axis in all parts of the world. The American people were fully aroused to the duty that lay before them. The United States was drafting a manpower of over 26,000,000 eligible for its Armies—when this struck it would be the decisive blow.

President Roosevelt's appeals to the American people had united them into a solid front against the Dictators. And he was informing the enemies of

Democracy that we never would stop until victory had been won and the nations of the world were freed from the shackles of despotism.

It was after eighty-one days of fighting in the Pacific that a spokesman for the President, his Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle, Jr., addressed the American people over the radio, again proclaiming the Four Freedoms which were President Roosevelt's only terms of peace.

"On every continent of the world, and in every corner of the seas, soldiers, sailors, armies and ships of the United Nations now are engaged in a titanic struggle for *freedom of thought—religious freedom—freedom from want—freedom from fear*," reported the President's Assistant Secretary of State.

He told the American people exactly what they were fighting for: "The right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and the sovereign rights and self government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them . . . equal terms to trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity. . . ."

"After the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny," he exclaimed, "they (the United Nations under the Atlantic Charter) hope to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, and which will afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want."

The President's spokesman clearly set forth the principles for which the world is fighting: "It is a war of men to preserve their right to be men, fought

against slave armies led by masters who propose to wipe out even the right to manhood. The Declaration by United Nations, like the Declaration of Independence, speaks not of desire to seize territory, or plunder or power. It speaks of the rights of men by which you and I live:

"The right to be free to worship God; the right to be free from fear of foreign bombs or bayonets; the right to think; the right to be fed and clothed and housed in a modern world which can give food and shelter and clothing for every child, woman and man in this teeming earth."

And this is what General Douglas MacArthur and his MacArthur-men are fighting for in the Philippines—not alone for defense of the Islands in the Pacific, but for the Four Freedoms in every part of the world—the emancipation of the human race.

Behind the barricades at Corregidor on Washington's Birthday February 22, 1942, he listened intently to voices coming to him over the shortwave from America. It was 3:15 Pacific wartime and 6:15 Eastern wartime. The voices were those of the Deep River Boys, a famous Negro quartet, singing over KGEI radio station in San Francisco, California, to the tune of "Old Man River:"

Fightin' out there in the Bataan jungle—
Fightin' out there in the Green Hell's heat—
Shootin' down Japs from the Dawn till Sunset—
Makin' 'em die if they don't retreat—
Just like Black Jack Pershing he,
Tough like Grant and smart like Lee!

Day and night a watch he'll keep—
He ain't off guard and ain't asleep—
Fightin' out there with a little handful,
Holdin' like death on the Philippines!
Bangin' away at the sons of Nippon—
Drivin' 'em back to the rising sun—
Doug MacArthur—that's Doug MacArthur!
A soldier's soldier—
He don't say nothin'
He just keeps fightin'—he just keeps fightin'
along!¹

MacArthur's men, with ears intent on the radio back of the lines during the lull in action, joined in the rhythm:

With his men he sweat and strain—
Bodies all weary and wracked with pain—
Ships get sunk and planes get downed—
But Mac he wouldn't give an inch of ground!
An old West Pointer, a bitter-ender—
A last-ditch fighter—he don't surrender!
That's Doug MacArthur—he just keeps fightin'
along!

¹ This song entitled "Doug MacArthur," sung to tune of "Old Man River," was written by Howard Schiebler, assistant to Superintendent of New York City schools at Department of Education. It is recorded here by Mr. Schiebler's permission with request that it be sung throughout our country in tribute to General MacArthur.

CHAPTER II

THE FIGHTING MacARTHURS—A NEW AMERICAN EPIC

THE STORY behind General Douglas MacArthur —what makes his gallant stand in World War II one of the great fighting epics of history—is told here for the first time. There are more than a thousand years of Fighting MacArthurs in his blood. One of the oldest proverbs in Scotland is: "There is nothing older, unless the hills—MacArthur and the Devil."

Original researches in Scotland reveal that the MacArthurs, thirteen centuries ago, were the senior clan of the great "Siol Diarmid au Tuirc." Some authorities claim that they even preceded the Campbells of the famous war song: "The Campbells Are Coming!" The traditions of the two clans are linked in the classic legends of King Arthur of the Round Table.

The forefathers of General Douglas MacArthur first appear in the records as warriors under Robert the Bruce (Fourteenth Century A.D.) fighting for the freedom of the Scots and laying the foundations for the independence of Scotland. In "recognition of their valor" they were awarded large grants of land out of the forfeited lands of the MacDougalls. The chief of the MacArthur-Campbells was beheaded during the reign of James I. One of the peaks on the shores of

Loch Long in Argyllshire is known as Blinn Artair, or Arthur's Mountain. MacArthurs also are found as hereditary pipers to the MacDonalds.

With this fighting blood in his veins is it any wonder that General Douglas MacArthur leads his gallant men in the cause of human freedom in World War II?

While some of these MacArthurs came to America in the earliest days of the founding of a nation based upon the "equality of man" and government of, by, and for the people, the direct line of the family from which General MacArthur comes arrived in America shortly after the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo.

Here we meet the grandfather of the "Warrior of the Philippines." Coming from Glasgow, Scotland, where he was born on January 26, 1815—the same month and day as his famous grandson—he arrived on the shores of America with his widowed mother in one of the first steam-packets—a youth with visions of future greatness in the New World.

And with him he brought the spirit of the old Scottish clan. His name was Arthur MacArthur. His father and mother were both born MacArthurs—his father, Arthur MacArthur, had married Sarah MacArthur—and there have been Arthur MacArthurs in every generation since. Strange as it may seem, his paternal and maternal grandfathers bore the name of John MacArthur.

So it is that the first of these Arthur MacArthurs is found in New England. He was a studious lad, eager for education and determined to "make his way." We find him as a student at Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts—then at Wesleyan University in

Middletown, Connecticut—and finally studying law in New York where he is admitted to the bar in 1840.

The MacArthurs, as will be unfolded in these stories from family records, are a resolute clan—nothing can hold them back. At twenty-five years of age, this grandfather of General Douglas MacArthur was establishing himself in law. A few years later, having removed his “shingle” to Springfield, Massachusetts, we meet him as Judge Advocate of the Western Military District of Massachusetts. With true Scottish instincts of family, he was married to Aurelia Belcher—“the proper girl to become mother of the MacArthurs in America.”

A son was born—and they named him Arthur MacArthur—June 2, 1845, at Chicopee Falls (then a part of Springfield), Massachusetts. And this first of the MacArthurs to be born in America was to become the father of our General Douglas MacArthur.

These were the days when Horace Greeley, with prophetic vision, was giving the advice: “Go West, young man!” The trails across the continent rattled with the heavy wheels of the covered wagons. The canal boats to Lake Erie were jammed with fortune seekers. The Gold Rush of 1849 was on!

The young Military Judge Advocate, but thirty-four years of age, headed “Westward Ho!” With his wife and four-year-old son we find them with the pioneers along the Great Lakes—a vast region of potential wealth. When they reached Chicago they “held court.” A new State called Wisconsin had just been admitted to the Union. The Indians had named it “Ouisconsin,” meaning “meeting of the rivers.” “Here,” they decided,

"on the frontier of the Great Northwest, we will cast our future."

The MacArthurs were on their way! Two years later the "Young Judge Advocate from the East" was City Attorney in Milwaukee. Four years more and he was Lieutenant Governor of Wisconsin. The campaign for the Governorship had been a hot fight between Barstow and Bashford. Barstow had won but when Bashford, his opponent, swore out a *quo warranto*—Barstow resigned. The constitution of Wisconsin provided that "in case of death, resignation, or inability to serve" the duties of Governorship should devolve on the Lieutenant Governor. The legal title was clear. Arthur MacArthur became Governor of Wisconsin!

He held the Governorship exactly five days. The courts decided that Bashford—not Barstow—had been elected. But this decision also established Arthur MacArthur as the Lieutenant Governor and President of the Senate. While administering these offices with dignity and probity, he was appointed Judge of the Second Judicial Circuit, the most important in the State. "His course," says the records, "was so upright, his decisions so just and courageous, and his bearing so blameless that after the expiration of his first six-year term he was re-elected with great unanimity."

The eminent reputation of Judge Arthur MacArthur throughout the Great Lakes region reached Washington. President Lincoln held him in high esteem. When General Grant was swept from his victory in the Civil War into the White House, he sent for Judge MacArthur to come to Washington and confer with him. President Grant "found a man to his liking."

The MacArthurs always "measure up" to the needs of their times. The Scot who had become the highest personification of integrity and ability in the East and the West now became a conspicuous personality at the nation's capital. He was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in 1870. It was not long before he was attaining nationwide fame. The wisdom of his decisions in criminal cases was discussed by jurists throughout the country. Hard-boiled prosecutors complained that "his kindly disposition and humane impulses influenced his decisions and prevented his administration of severe sentences."

Justice MacArthur knew what he was doing; he was fighting for a great cause—the scientific treatment of crime. He was one of the first criminologists and penologists. His inborn sense of justice and his deep understanding of human nature were the motivating forces in his verdicts. The records in Washington show that in all cases where the evidence produced criminal intent and wanton disregard for law his sentences were severe. This same characteristic is imbedded in the rigid justice maintained by his grandson, General Douglas MacArthur, in World War II.

As one of the strongest and most lovable characters that Washington has ever known, Justice MacArthur dispensed his "new brand of justice" on the bench for seventeen years, resigning in his seventy-third year, in 1888, during the administration of President Cleveland.

The patriarch of the MacArthurs was noted for his wit as well as his wisdom. He gathered about him in

his home the leading statesmen and diplomats, never forgetting the common people who came to his doors for advice. His last years were spent with "friends and books." He gave liberally of his "full pay under Act of Congress" to benevolent and educational causes, serving as President and Chancellor of the Board of Regents of the National University at Washington; as President of the Washington Humane Society in his lifelong "fight for justice to even the dumbest of animals"; and as President of the Associated Charities of the District of Columbia, in the alleviation of poverty and suffering of his fellow-beings.

We can hear the white-headed old Scot citing as his precedent the stirring words of his beloved Robert Burns:

"A Man's a Man for a' that
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that . . .
Then let us pray that come it may,—
As come it will for a' that
That Man to Man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Justice MacArthur lived to see his son grow up to manhood and become General Arthur MacArthur, one of the great military figures of his times—and to see his grandson, Douglas MacArthur, then sixteen years of age, decide to follow his father in the "service of his country." He died in his eighty-second year, "with love for all humanity in his heart," on August 24, 1896, in Atlantic City . . . watching the surging sea break on the shore.

The first of the MacArthurs—the great Scots in America—had gone. His world-famous grandson, General Douglas MacArthur, reveres his memory. With him in the Philippines, at the time of the first attack of the Japanese in World War II, he treasured at his home in Manila a little library of books written by his grandfather: *Historical Study of Mary Stuart—History of Lady Jane Grey—Biography of the English Language—Essays and Papers on Miscellaneous Topics—Education and Its Relation to Manual Industry*—and a course of fifteen lectures on law as applied to business. Whether these books were saved when the Japanese Army invaded the city is not known. But if they fell into their hands they may receive a liberal education.

General Douglas MacArthur also has possessed for many years the papers, documents, medals and mementos of his illustrious father, General Arthur MacArthur, for next to his country is his love of his clan. His reverence for his father is a classic in itself which will be developed in later chapters in this book, with many hitherto untold anecdotes and reminiscences.

Let us sit here and watch this father, the second Arthur MacArthur in America, “grow up” in these pages. Born, as we have related, in Springfield, Massachusetts, June 2, 1845—and “going West” with his father and mother when he was but four years of age—his boyhood was spent in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His “great ideal” was Lincoln—the long, lanky, rail-splitter of log cabin days. He would lie on the floor for hours in front of the burning log on the hearth and read in the newspapers about “Honest Abe.”

This wise little fellow, too, had a "library"—six worn and thumb-printed books just like the ones Abe Lincoln owned: *Pilgrim's Progress*—*Aesop's Fables*—*Robinson Crusoe*—*Life of George Washington*—*The Bible*—and a history of his country. He listened eagerly to stories of the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

The exciting days when Lincoln was campaigning for President of the United States thrilled the lad, now fifteen. With glowing eyes he watched the torchlight processions in the streets of Milwaukee, cheering wildly as the flag passed by. He heard his father read Lincoln's First Inaugural Address and interrupted constantly with animated expression: "Is there going to be a war?" Events-in-the-making fired the boy's imagination. The blood of the Fighting MacArthurs stirred within him.

His teachers in the public school and his private tutors at home were amazed at the "brilliant mind" of the little fellow. He devoured knowledge so rapidly that it was necessary to "hold him back." Every day seemed a new revelation. But when the news swept across the country that "The South Has Seceded"—"Fort Sumter Is Fired On"—"Lincoln Calls for Volunteers to Save the Union"—Arthur MacArthur decided that the moment for action had come.

"Father," he announced decisively, "I'm going to war! I'm going to join the Army! I can't stay here while my country is in danger!"

"Son," his father replied, "you're not yet sixteen years old. Wait one year—and then we'll talk about it."

Stories in the MacArthur family relate that the boy was so determined to "get into action" his father was



FATHER AND MOTHER OF DOUGLAS MACARTHUR—His father, famous General Arthur MacArthur, was "Boy Colonel" under Grant. His mother, Mary Pinkney Hardy, a Virginian, whose family fought under Lee. North and South united.

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Photo, Collection of Rosebud Picty, Classroom—Press Association, Inc.
"DOUG" MACARTHUR AS FOOTBALL HERO—MacArthur (wearing class numerals), "key man" on undefeated 1896 team of West Texas Military Academy. Photo, when he was 16 years old, found in Gig Harbor, Washington.

forced to keep a constant guard over him. It was even necessary to employ a private detective to see that he did not get away and enlist. During that year he read everything he could find on military strategy. Judge MacArthur, always a man of his word, kept his promise to his son. When the lad reached his seventeenth birthday, father and son sat down and talked it over.

"I'm ready to give my consent," Judge MacArthur rendered his decision. "I guess Father Abraham needs you." It was in August, 1862, that the boy-soldier marched away as First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 24th Wisconsin Infantry—and one of the great military careers in American history began. The "Little Adjutant" was a mere stripling, small for his age, and not physically strong. He had a weak, boyish voice. The first time the 24th was on dress parade, Adjutant MacArthur gave the orders. His squeaky piping could not be heard farther than the third company of the 1,000 men in line.

That evening, all through the camp, the soldiers imitated the boy adjutant, laughing uproariously and shouting words of derision. The officers at mess made taunting comment. Adjutant MacArthur shut his teeth close together, clenched his fists, and tried to put on a bold front. "I may be little and lacking in strength," he confided to a captain. "My voice may be weak and squeaky, but these officers and men who are making fun of me will be sorry for it some day. I know why I'm a soldier and when we get into action I'll do my duty."

And the "Little Adjutant" went to his tent and cried like a heartbroken child.

The Colonel of the regiment flew into a rage and shouted: "I shall write to the Governor and ask him to give me a *man* for Adjutant—instead of a boy!"

General Douglas MacArthur likes to tell this story about his father—for the 24th Wisconsin gained fame as one of the most gallant and hardest fighting regiments in the Civil War. The General is a good storyteller with a fine sense of humor. He will talk with intimate friends for hours about his father's exploits.

The first time the "Boy Adjutant," who was to become his father, went under fire was at the Battle of Perryville, in the heart of Kentucky, on October 8, 1862. No man in the regiment was closer to the front than "Little MacArthur."

"He's the bravest little devil we ever saw," his comrades agreed after the battle was over. "He isn't afraid of the devil himself. He'd fight a pack of tigers in a jungle." And they talked about him at reunions as long as they lived.

It was at the Battle of Stone River, in Tennessee, just before Christmas, 1862, that young MacArthur covered himself with glory and was the regiment's hero from that time forward. When General Phil Sheridan took command of the regiment in several fierce combats, he commended the lad for valor and held him up as a model for American boyhood. They became staunch friends.

Three of the greatest battles of the Civil War were fought in the rugged mountains of Tennessee, around Chattanooga—at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the "Battle above the Clouds" on Lookout Mountain. The boy MacArthur's big moment came when his

regiment was charging up a rocky hill so steep and broken that his lines could not be maintained. A raking fire threatened to annihilate the entire regiment. During the fierce charge the color-bearer of the 24th Wisconsin fell wounded. A comrade picked up the colors and sprang forward when he, too, was struck down. Little MacArthur saw the colors lying tattered on the ground. He caught up the flag and rushed to the front in the face of a shower of lead. Through the smoke he could be seen mounting the enemy breastworks—the first man in his command to break through the enemy line. There he stood—shell bursting around him—waving the proud colors of his regiment.

“Three cheers for the flag!” The voice of the “Boy Adjutant” echoed shrilly above the din of battle, and the soldiers broke into resounding cheers. And there was rejoicing some weeks later when the word came from Washington that “MacArthur has been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.” When the vacancy came for a major in the Fighting 24th the men shouted with one acclaim:

“MacArthur! MacArthur!”

Not one of the ten captains raised an objection. The little officer was but eighteen years old when he was “jumped” right over the heads of the captains from Lieutenant to Major—the youngest field officer wearing the gold leaf in the great army around Chattanooga.

The Fighting MacArthur was now proving true to the tradition that his forebears were “Knights of King Arthur’s Round Table” in the days of idyllic valor. He led his troops at the Battles of Resaca—Adairsville—

New Hope Church—Kenesaw Mountain—Peach Tree Creek—Jonesboro—Lovejoy's Station—on to Atlanta—and in the great battles around Franklin and Nashville.

In the battle of Kenesaw Mountain a bullet passed through his wrist and entered his right breast—but he refused to leave the field. At the grim battle of Franklin, after twelve hours of forced marching, he plunged with the now-famous 24th into a hand-to-hand encounter and bayonet charge. MacArthur and his men were compelled to cut their way through in man-to-man combat. Struck down with serious wounds in right shoulder and left leg, he fought on—drenched in blood—until the brigade to which the 24th was attached saved the day. In one engagement a bullet tore its way through a packet of letters in his pocket. Letters from home saved his life.

These tales of valor and hundreds more preserved by his life-long friend, General Charles King,* are in New Hope Church—Kenesaw Mountains—Peach Tree possession of the MacArthur family. Every old soldier to his last day tells them and retells them with the fervor of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and Kipling's "Barrack Ballads."

When the then father-to-be of General Douglas MacArthur came home from the Civil War, he was wearing the silver leaf of a Lieutenant Colonel on his shoulder, which in dress uniform entitled him to four strands of gold lace from cuff to elbow. He was mus-

* The author of this book personally heard General King relate the MacArthur stories when we were associated on the semi-centennial *Photographic History of the Civil War* which preserved the famous Brady-Secret Service war negatives.

tered out on June 10, 1865—fifty-seven days after Lincoln's assassination—the youngest officer of his rank in the Army. Moreover, he had been commissioned as Colonel—the “Boy Colonel of the West,” but his regiment had been so depleted by casualties that it could no longer marshal fighting strength. There were but 334 men and twenty-five officers left in the regiment which started out 1,000 strong.

Young Colonel MacArthur was but twenty years of age—not old enough to vote. He pledged his life to the “service of his country” and entered the regular army—starting again at the bottom as Second Lieutenant, the lowest commission issued, on February 23, 1866. How he worked himself up rank by rank by “meritorious service” and “conspicuous bravery” in many wars until he was Lieutenant General—the twelfth officer to attain that rank in the history of the Army at that time—will be related as we follow him through his remarkable career to Military Governor of the Philippines.

The tragic death of the grand old soldier, while delivering a patriotic oration back home at the fiftieth reunion of the famous 24th Wisconsin, will be told as we relate his life story along with that of his great son, General Douglas MacArthur, who is adding glory to the tradition of the Fighting MacArthurs in World War II.

General Douglas MacArthur, of this “Father-and-Son” classic, years ago made the resolution that he would “carry on” the inspiring record of his sire. The family states that he carries with him a photograph of his father and sits with it facing him when on duty in

his offices. When last seen it was occupying a conspicuous place at his quarters before Manila was evacuated as an "open city." Inasmuch as the Japanese invaders disregarded all international law—and even ordered every American shot who appeared on the streets after nightfall—looting and plundering the capital of the Philippines—neither life nor family treasures were respected.

We are sure, however, of this truism: a MacArthur never forgets. With dive bombers raining death and destruction—with huge guns blasting at his barricades—with savage hordes charging his ranks—General Douglas MacArthur fights with the inspiration of his father. The spirit of the great Scot stands at his side as he gives to the world a new American epic.

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CHAPTER III

WITH THE MacARTHURS AT ARMY POSTS ON AMERICAN FRONTIERS

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR was born at an Army Post on the American frontier at Fort Little Rock, Arkansas, on January 26, 1880, when his father was fighting in the Indian Wars along the trails of the Great West. His early boyhood was lived with fighting men and frontiersmen, Indian scouts, daring cavalymen. There never was a pack of harder-fisted fighting men than these of the early "Lone Ranger" days.

Buffalo Bill, scout and plainsman, was a friend of the MacArthurs. Many are the tales told of Douglas MacArthur's father in the old Wild West. Tales of Indian massacres, Indian raids and war dances, grim-faced men fording rivers, penetrating forests, constantly on the alert for the clattering feet of horses and signs of smoke from the campfires.

Douglas MacArthur's early years were spent on the outposts of these thrilling events. He would listen for hours to the men coming back from the front as they narrated their exploits—how they scouted through the giant forests, riding their horses over rocky cliffs and across the plains to come back scratched and bruised

and thirsty and hungry, escaping an ambush by Indians and outlaws, some of whom they left hanging to the limbs of trees. He would watch them as they saddled up and headed out on the trails, frequently riding into traps at waterholes, where the lead flew thick and deadly.

General MacArthur, in recalling these boyhood days at the Little Rock barracks in Arkansas, says, "My earliest recollection is the sound of Army bugles." He relates an incident when he was four years old. There was an Indian raid on the barracks. Arrows flew past him thick and fast. One arrow just skimmed over the top of his head. His mother and a sergeant carried him quickly to a place of safety, or we might not have had a General MacArthur in World War II.

We have introduced his father in the preceding chapter. Now let us make the acquaintance of his mother. She was the daughter of an old Southern family, whose life story is related in Chapter XI—Love and War—Women in the MacArthur Family.

We will give you here only a glimpse of the romance to be unfolded. It is sufficient to say now that this Virginia belle, Mary Pinkney Hardy, of Norfolk, Virginia, whose family fought under Lee, met and fell in love with the then Captain Arthur MacArthur, who fought under Grant. Thus the North and the South were united on May 19, 1875—and thereafter they lived an adventurous life at Army posts far and wide through many wars.

Five years after young Captain Arthur MacArthur had married Mary Pinkney Hardy in Virginia, Douglas was born at the army post in Arkansas. Two sons had

been born to them while they were stationed in New Orleans, Arthur and Malcolm. Arthur was four years old when his little brother, Douglas, came into the world, and Malcolm died the year Douglas was born.

This, then, is the family as we meet it at Fort Little Rock—father, mother, and two young sons. Captain MacArthur, with Company K, 13th Infantry, already had lived through many adventures. He had been in Indian Wars around Fort Rawlins in Utah Territory; he had barely escaped being scalped around Fort Bridger and Camp Stambaugh and Fort Fred Steele and Camp Robinson in Wyoming Territory when a soldier's life depended on who pulled the trigger first.

He had been called back from the Great West and stationed at Jackson Barracks and at New Orleans in Louisiana in the old river days when the Mississippi was romance and legend. While on his honeymoon with his Virginia bride, they were sent to Holly Springs, Mississippi, then to Baton Rouge, and finally to Fort Little Rock in Arkansas where we now find them.

It is not surprising that Douglas MacArthur is the soldier courageous, for he was born and bred "under fire," and the sound of guns always has rung in his ears.

When he was six years old he was with the soldiers at Fort Wingate and Fort Seldon in New Mexico, where his father was stalking the plains and mountain trails of the Pueblos and the sons of the ancient Aztecs. He would stand by his father's side and listen to tales of the soldiers spurring their horses as they dashed into clouds of alkali and rode out to meet gun-fighting

six-shooters—and he would gaze in admiration at the coiled rope on a Vigilante's saddle.

His little fists would clench tight when he heard about the hell-roaring days when "there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith." The days when hardy pioneers would exclaim: "Goodbye, God! I'm going to Californy!"

The history of the plains, when his father was a young soldier, was "written in blood punctuated with bullets." Douglas' eyes would blaze with anticipation when his father told him about Wild Bill Hickock—the Overland Stage—the Pony Express—when the tenderfoot exclaimed: "Hell's on the rolling prairies."

These were the days when men died with their boots on, when "shootin' irons" were man's best friend—when men were as tough as a bullwhip.

Douglas "grew up" watching broncho busters and listening to the bellowing herds of longhorn cattle on their way to slaughter. When told by his mother of the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty far away in New York Harbor, and that some day he might see it, he saluted the flag.

These are the stories in the Hardy-MacArthur family that they like to relate when they think of General Douglas MacArthur, the greatest fighting General of his times in World War II.

Because of the rigorous life at Army Posts, the early education of Douglas MacArthur was at his mother's knee. Despite the distance from large cities, she kept informed on everything happening in the outside world, read the latest books, and upheld the highest standards of culture and learning. After her own father's death

in Virginia, she seldom returned to the old home, but frequently took Douglas and Arthur to Milwaukee, the old MacArthur home.

Early in life Douglas decided that he was going to be a soldier and carry on the traditions of the MacArthurs which extended far back to the times of the Knights of King Arthur. He had inherited the clan spirit of his ancestors.

When ten years of age, manly little Douglas was a well-educated, well-informed "gentleman-soldier." He was a good horseman, a daring rider, and a good shot. He was reading every history and every military book he could lay his hands on, and absorbed by the lives of men who had done things in the world.

Moreover, with all his Western background, he was a debonair cosmopolite who could make a lightning change from dungarees or Indian leathers with feathered hat to the garb of a well-dressed youth of the fashionable cities. This impeccable propriety in both attire and manners is one of his chief characteristics today. Of course his mother believed this came from the "gentlemen plantation owners" back in Virginia and the Carolinas, but it must be added that his father was also a great gentleman and he made an elegant appearance in the full-dress of a General in later years. His father, also, was a student who never ceased learning as his grandfather, the eminent jurist in Washington, was before him.

The blood of the Old South and the North was distilling a man in young Douglas MacArthur as well as a soldier. Courage and culture intermingled in his veins. And above all it was making a Great American.

His brother Arthur at sixteen was taking the examination to become a cadet at the United States Naval Academy, and eventually a Commander of the best destroyer in the Navy. And when Douglas was sixteen he was a cadet at the West Texas Military Academy at San Antonio, Texas—and on his way to West Point. The institution in the Southwest is now known as the Texas Military College, and the records of Douglas MacArthur's cadetship have been photostated and will be sent to libraries throughout the country for future historians.

As a youth in Texas, "Doug" MacArthur was a football hero—the key man on the undefeated 1896 team of the West Texas Military Academy. A photograph in this book shows him with his team, wearing the class numerals. It was found in the home of Roscoe Piety, in Gig Harbor, Washington, who was a fellow cadet and who tells many stories about "this amazing young man with a great future."

Young MacArthur was an all-round athlete. There was really nothing that he could not do. And he was a handsome lad, with distinguished courtesy to fellow cadets and gallant with the girls whose hearts fluttered when he walked by in uniform, erect and soldierly.

In the next chapter we shall see him as he entered West Point and hear what his classmates say about him. But now let us go to Milwaukee where the Historical Museum and Library are making a collection of MacArthurana for future generations to study.

Old residents of Milwaukee remember Douglas MacArthur and his mother as they visited the old MacArthur home—and his father, General Arthur

MacArthur, has long been the "idol" of every one in the Copper State where the motto is: "*Forward!*"

Wisconsin is proud of three MacArthurs—son, father, and grandfather—all of whom have brought honor and fame to the Great Lakes country.

And New England is claiming Douglas MacArthur as a great-grandson, while Virginia takes priority rights on him as her grandson. The West claims him as its son, with Arkansas as his birthplace. New Mexico, Texas, Kansas, New York, Maryland, Georgia, California, all claim him as a former resident—with Colorado entering the list of claimants. Douglas MacArthur, we repeat, is an American—he is big enough to go around in this whole tournament of the States—he belongs to every state in the Union.

We find in the records in Milwaukee that Douglas MacArthur at eighteen years of age was a well known and beloved youth in his father's home city. While his father was away in the Spanish-American War, Douglas and his mother were residing at the old home. On the front page of the *Milwaukee Journal* (June 7, 1898) is a news article predicting great things for the young man. It reports:

Douglas MacArthur, appointed to West Point from Wisconsin, won first place in the examinations with the remarkable grade of 93½ per cent against the next highest of 77.9 per cent. His address was given as the Plankinton House where he was living with his mother during his father's absence in the wars.

The record in the Milwaukee Historical Museum and Library states: "He came to the examination with the determination to win, after studying very

hard in preparation for the tests, and gave strictest attention while at work, and consequently, like Dewey and Hobson, put aside all possibility of failure in his undertaking. . . . He accomplished this purpose with a big margin to spare. . . . Douglas MacArthur has spent the greater part of his life in army camps with his father and has lived here since last fall. . . . Professor McLenagan, under whom young MacArthur studied for the examinations, said: *'He will make his mark.'* "

Dr. Franz Pfister, a retired Milwaukee physician (81 years old when World War II broke out in the Pacific), relates this story: "I remember clearly the day when Douglas MacArthur, eighteen years old, came to my office. I remember him distinctly because he was such a fine looking and exceptionally brilliant fellow. He had taken the examinations for West Point and established a record. The physical examination for West Point was severe. They had detected some slight trouble with his spine and he came to me intent on having it corrected. He insisted that he must be physically perfect, for he intended to make the Army his career.

"I gave him a thorough going-over and found him in excellent health. His outdoor life on the frontiers had made him a fine specimen of young manhood," continued the aged physician. "We worked together for a year. He was one of the quickest fellows to obey orders I ever treated. He was tremendously interested in anatomy, biology, physiology, and everything that concerned health and medical science. He would have made a great physician and surgeon.

"We talked together about his boyhood and youth in the West and he was always enthusiastic when he talked about his father. His devotion to his mother, too, was outstanding. She often came with him to my office and was as interested as her son in all matters pertaining to good health. Knowing that he was going to be a soldier she wanted him to be developed in strength to the fullest possibilities.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Dr. Pfister, "when the time came for his final physical examinations for West Point, Douglas MacArthur was perfection itself. That was in 1899—he was nineteen years old and you never saw a finer example of American manhood. You know the rest. It makes me feel proud in my venerable years to think that I once was his physician."

A boyhood friend of Douglas MacArthur says: "He was a born leader. Every other boy took orders from him. And yet he was never dictatorial. He simply told them what we were going to do—and we did it.

"He sopped up knowledge as if he were a sponge. I never saw a lad learn so fast. He could scan a book or a newspaper and tell us everything there was in it. And what a memory he had! He never forgot anything. If you told him something today and gave a different version of it sometime next year, he looked at you quizzically and corrected you."

"Douglas was a wizard at mathematics," says another friend of his youth. "He knew history up-side-down. He talked about famous men as if they were his friends. He was stirred by the famous Captain Dreyfus trial in France—and by the Cuban Revolution. When he was sixteen he followed the strategy of the

battles in Ethiopia. When the Battleship *Maine* was blown up in Havana Harbor he wanted to go right out and enlist."

The story of the MacArthur boys is an epic of American youth. They spent their boyhood, as we have seen, on American frontiers. While we now follow Douglas to West Point, Arthur, three years out of Annapolis, is fighting with the fleet off Cuba and off the Philippines. He served first on submarines and commanded the *Holland*, subsequently commanding a division of submarines.

When we see Douglas graduate from West Point and go to the Philippines and Japan, Arthur is aboard U.S. Battleship *Ohio* in Asiatic waters—then aide to Superintendent of Naval Academy at Annapolis—navigator Battleships *Ohio* and *Louisiana*. Commander U.S. Destroyer *McCall*—Battleship *Nebraska*—and then mine layer *San Francisco*.

When we see Douglas MacArthur as Colonel and then Brigadier General on battlefields of France, Captain Arthur MacArthur on U.S.S. *Chattanooga* is convoying the Army safely across the Atlantic and awarded Navy Cross for skill in avoiding submarines.

While we see General Douglas MacArthur in command at United States Military Academy at West Point, we find Captain Arthur MacArthur as Commandant of Naval Training Station at San Diego, California, then at Naval District at Philadelphia.

Then comes the tragedy that parts the two brothers forever. While in command of U.S.S. *Henderson*, Captain Arthur MacArthur dies (December 2, 1923), after 31 years in naval service, with 19 years at sea.



© International News Photo
CADET MACARTHUR—At West Point (1899-1903).
 He graduated with highest record in twenty-five years.



© Acme Photo
CAPTAIN MACARTHUR—Mexican crisis (1914) with
 Vera Cruz Expedition. Matches wits with Spy Von Papen.



© Acme Photo

MACARTHUR IN WORLD WAR I—Commanding famous 42nd (Rainbow) Division on battlefields of France, celebrated for valor.



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DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS—General Pershing decorates MacArthur for bravery at Chateau Thierry with Rainbow Division.

CHAPTER IV

WITH CADET MacARTHUR AT WEST POINT

HIS FIRST VISION into the future met the eyes of Douglas MacArthur, age nineteen—just out of the West—when, on a glorious June day in 1899, he walked up the hill leading to the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was on his way from Wisconsin—the old family home in Milwaukee on Lake Michigan—to become a cadet in the greatest military institution in the world.

The vision of grandeur before him remains vividly in his memory. The historic academy stands majestically on the heights commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson River, rivaling in beauty the most picturesque scenes of the Rhine or the Danube in the Old World. Standing guard on the right flank is towering Bear Mountain and on the left flank noble old Storm'King Mountain and the Highlands.

Douglas MacArthur had come to this shrine of military science to enter the "service of his country" as loyal American youth have been doing since Washington was leading his forces in the battles for American Independence. He was treading on sacred ground. Here, in our first fight for freedom, stood Fort Putnam, designated in Army orders as "the citadel and its dependencies"—citadel of the four Hudson Highland fortifications during the American Revolu-

tion. The records tell us that "a great wrought-iron chain with protecting log boom was stretched across the Hudson (at this point) to block British ships." Here, too, is Stony Point, where Anthony Wayne led his men through the July midnight in 1779 and put to rout British regulars at bayonet point, winning a victory that heartened the American cause. And here, nearby, is Treason Hill where Arnold, the traitor, plotted to "deliver West Point to the enemy" and where André, the spy, took the papers that betrayed the secret conspiracy. The American flag has flown over West Point since 1778, and the Academy itself was opened here in 1802.

Where could an American youth like Douglas MacArthur better start his life career? It was here that the greatest military strategists of their times—Lee, Grant, Jackson, Sheridan, Early, even Jefferson Davis—had started. Edgar Allen Poe, the first great short story writer, was a cadet here, but after eight months he was "dismissed for insubordination." Likewise James McNeill Whistler, one of America's most illustrious artists, who was flunked out for calling silicon a "gas." And in the West Point cemetery, behind the chapel, lie the bodies of General Scott and General Custer, whose "last stand" was as famous in its day as the "last stand" of one named Douglas MacArthur is in World War II.

On this June 13, 1899, while the Spanish-American War was raging and his father was fighting far away in the Philippines, Douglas MacArthur walked into the stately administration building and registered. The record stands in his own handwriting:

"Born: Little Rock, Arkansas. Little Rock Barracks, Pulaski Co. Schools: 3 yrs. Public School; 2 yrs. private school; 4 years normal school; 2 yrs. private study; 3 months special preparation for admission to West Point."

MacArthur had been appointed from Wisconsin, the old family home when the MacArthurs were not living at Army posts. Assigned to his quarters at 8½ Division he merged himself into the strict routine of the institution which is under the direct charge of the War Department.

Life at West Point is rigid discipline in an atmosphere of culture and learning. The West Point cadet is a gentleman. The cadets room in pairs, with their twin cubicles separated by a partition, opening to a "study" used jointly. The routine is: Early roll call—rooms put in order—breakfast—morning classes—military training for Plebes (freshmen)—more classes until three o'clock—then intramural competition in sports—Retreat—lowering the flag at sunset—evening meal—call to quarters—taps at 10 P.M.—to bed. This is the discipline that "makes or breaks" a man—that shows the "kind of stuff" that is in him.

Cadet MacArthur as a Plebe walked the straight line in double-time, removing his cap before entering mess hall—detailed as "gunner" to carve meat—as "coffee corporal" to pour coffee. These, too, were days of hazing and servitude to upper classmen. These were the times of the traditional "Hundredth Night" and "Two Hundredth Night," when fourth classmen were permitted to "indulge in a free appraisalment of upper classmen"—the old "Ring Hop"—Flirtation Walk and

Kissing Rock where tradition says: "If a cadet passes underneath with his best girl and fails to kiss her, the rock will fall and crush them both."

But Cadet MacArthur found that all was not drudgery in this world apart from other worlds. There was the thrill of the cavalry and the artillery, the gymnasium and sports—football and baseball, tennis, golf, soccer, lacrosse—the dances, proms, and entertainments and gay hours with the beautiful ladies who were fortunate enough to "receive bids" to these exclusive affairs. Guests gathered under the trees to watch the battalion parade on the beautiful parade ground at 4:35 in the evening, with the band playing martial music, and as the flag comes down at sunset, breaking into the national anthem.

"I remember Douglas MacArthur from the day I arrived at the Academy," says Lieutenant Colonel Chauncey L. Fenton, a gallant officer in World War I now stationed at West Point during World War II. "I came to West Point a year after Douglas and was a cadet with him. He was an athletic fellow—6 feet tall and weighing about 160. He had dark hair and a ruddy, out-of-doors complexion—a typical Westerner. Spending his boyhood on frontier military posts with his father, he was a 'born soldier.'"

Colonel Fenton, a distinguished white-haired gentleman and soldier sitting at his desk in the administration building, walked to his files and brought back the year book containing records of Army and Navy baseball games in which Douglas MacArthur played left field and right field for two years. The Army won in 1901—score 4-3; the Navy won 5-3 in 1902. In the

first game Douglas MacArthur was at bat three times, made one run, one stolen base and no errors. In the second game he made one run and no errors; he made no hits in either game but got a first base on balls, showing that he was a skilled strategist at the plate.

"Douglas was one of the finest men I ever knew," said Colonel Fenton. "He had one of the greatest brains I ever came in contact with—always in the lead in his classes. We all thought the world of him and are not surprised at the great job he is doing in the Philippines. A better man couldn't be there in World War II."

Cadet MacArthur as a plebe in barracks was in "A" Company and roomed with Arthur P. S. Hyde, then Adjutant in Class of 1900, since a clergyman in New York City, and his class historian.

MacArthur was made Second Corporal (June, 1900) and was with "D" Company in camp. He was on duty as a drillmaster over the new plebes. He was promoted to First Corporal (September) and lived with Charles F. Severson, a classmate, during the remainder of his cadetship (according to recollections at West Point).

As a second classman, MacArthur was First Sergeant of Company "A" and was located in the 1st. Division of barracks. As a first classman he was First Captain and lived in the second floor tower room of the 1st. Division. This room is marked in his honor.

The records at West Point testify to the brilliant mind of Douglas MacArthur. He settled "right down to business"—knowing at all times exactly what he wanted and what he intended to do. While friendly and

companionable, beloved by the cadets and the officers, entering into all the activities with vigorous determination, he became first corporal as a yearling—second sergeant as second classman—first captain as first classman—and graduated first in his class with the highest scholastic record in twenty-five years.

Lieutenant Colonel E. E. Farman, in charge of the Library at West Point, and Lieutenant Colonel Meade Wildrick, in charge of public relations, place the records before us with well justified pride. The name MacArthur—with that of Lee and Grant and a host of others who came from West Point to stand among the world's greatest Generals—has brought added fame to the historic institution.

The official register reveals an interesting and hard-fought battle of brains from the time Douglas MacArthur entered the Academy. The "Order of General Merit" at the end of his first year in 1900 shows a fight for first place between young MacArthur and Ulysses S. Grant III, grandson of General U. S. Grant and bearing his famous grandfather's name. MacArthur won the battle, with Grant in second place. MacArthur was first in drill regulations and service of security and information—in mathematics and English, beaten only in French by Grant. Trailing behind them were 134 men, many of whom have since become leaders in various pursuits in the military, financial, industrial and professional world.

Douglas MacArthur won again at the end of his second year in 1901, with Grant dropping to fourth place while a cadet named Charles T. Leeds, from Massachusetts, nosed into second place—and Harold C.

Fiske, of New York, in third place. A cadet named Hugh S. Johnson, appointed from Oklahoma, a classmate of Douglas MacArthur, was later to become a first place figure in the affairs of his country.

The third year of this battle in 1902 was a complete upset. MacArthur dropped to fourth place and Grant to fifth place—with Fiske in front and Leeds close behind him.

But the final victory in 1903 came to MacArthur. He fought his way back to first place, with Leeds in second, Fiske in third, and Grant dropping to sixth position. MacArthur had won three years out of the four and held, as before stated, the highest scholastic record in a quarter of a century.

This gives us a clear insight into the character, ability and genius of the MacArthur of World War II. The penalty of greatness, as Washington, Lincoln, and all world-famous personalities have found, is the detective instincts of historians and biographers to “dig up” even the minutest detail concerning their heroes. Therefore, to prove that the great MacArthur is not a legendary being, but a man through-and-through with all our human characteristics, we have “dug up” what are known as the “skin sheets” at West Point.

It is a privilege, as well as duty, to report that these “skin sheets” show that Douglas MacArthur, strong, upright, brilliant, the acme of integrity, was not a mere “book worm” or “grind.” He won first place without the necessity of “keeping his nose to the grindstone.” He was at all times human and humane—a good-fellow with his classmates. While taking leadership in scholarship and military sciences, he did not

make himself a "tin saint." While always keeping a level head, never allowing success to inflate him—evidence of greatness in itself—he, like every other cadet, committed petty offenses against the strict rules and regulations and the rigid restrictions at West Point.

Here are the records from the "skin sheets": Douglas MacArthur during 1899 is reported ten times. These are the "offenses": "Tent walls not down at retreat"—"Late at supper formation (twice)"—"Saluting improperly at class formation"—"Not wearing belt in gymnasium"—"Not turning in paper in mathematics at proper time"—"Late at breakfast formation"—"Shoes not blacked at formation of guard detail"—"Word misspelled in explanation submitted"—"Wrong number of section on paper at recitation."

Douglas, as they all call him at West Point, certainly got through his first year with no major crimes. The "reporting officers" spotted him fourteen times in his second year in 1900: "Not leaving proper margin on paper"—"Misspelling word in official communication" (we would like to know what the word was)—"Dressing gown on chair at police inspection"—"Late at formation for drill"—"Out of bed, 10:40 P.M."—"Waist belt not properly adjusted at inspection"—"Late at dinner formation"—"Cut off turned down at inspection"—"In shirt sleeves at inspection"—"Not returning book to library at proper time"—"Wearing sweater in hall of barracks"—"Late at breakfast formation"—"Not stating grade on brief of permit"—"Late (again) at breakfast formation."

What happened in the year 1901 is a mystery. He was reported ten times in the first six months—and then

has a clean sheet without a single offense for the next six months: "Hours of instruction incorrectly posted"—"Dust on cleaning box at inspection"—"Late at retreat"—"Late at breakfast formation"—"One pair socks less than marked on list"—"Not reporting return on permit at proper place"—"Bedding not properly piled at inspection"—"Late at 9:30 class formation"—"Not complying with par. 58, Blue Book, when submitting explanation"—"Handkerchief on table at police inspection"—and silence for the next six months.

Cadet MacArthur was showing rapid "improvement." During 1902 he overstepped the restrictions but eight times: "Bedding not properly piled about 8:55 P.M."—"Thick dust on top clothes press, morning inspection"—"Field belt out of place, morning inspection"—"Swinging arms excessively marching to front at parade"—"Two undershirts in bundle not marked on his wash list"—"Falling in at formation for inspection without sword"—"Trifling with drawn sabre in area, 11:06 A.M."—"Late at breakfast formation." And through the months of October, November, and December there was not one infraction of regulations.

His last year at West Point, when he was graduated with record-breaking honors, showed but seven charges: "Not reporting to Officer of Day before sounding retreat"—"Late at 4:25 P.M. formation of 1st. Class"—"Absent from room at inspection by sentinel of 1st. relief"—"Visiting officer's quarters after Indoor Meet at gymnasium without permission"—"Slow obeying call to quarters"—"Long hair at inspection"—and again: "Slow obeying call to quarters."

This ends the "skin sheet" of Cadet Douglas MacArthur. Perhaps the greatest of his "crimes" was "long hair." There is not one major infraction in the entire four years—not one incivility to classmates or officers—no fist fights or disputes—no "absence without leave"—nothing unbecoming an inbred gentleman. If there is a better "skin sheet" anywhere in the world, covering four years of life, history does not record it. Douglas MacArthur, as all his officers testify, was the highest type of the young American soldier.

Colonel Albert Gilmor tells us this: "My first recollection of MacArthur at the Academy was when we were receiving punishment for some infraction of rules. We were forced to stand rigidly at attention for one hour. This is a severe test—many fell to the ground from exhaustion. In those days they were intensely hard on us with discipline.

"MacArthur stood like a statue for the sixty long minutes. When it was over and the cadets were relaxed we got to talking together. We became friends during the next four years—a friendship that continues through life."

Colonel John Carter Montgomery, a classmate of Douglas MacArthur at West Point, gives this picture of him as cadet and man: "There were about 145 who started with our class and ninety-four finished. Douglas became our captain. He was very popular—we all looked up to him. He had been raised under military conditions and had a military flair. He was tall, handsome, slender, gallant. He would have made an ideal leading man in *Gone With the Wind*. His hands showed great character as did his whole body. Records say that

Napoleon had magnificent hands. When measurements were taken of MacArthur's hands they showed greater strength and character than Napoleon's, yet they were sensitive and delicate. We considered him a perfect soldier.

"The days when Douglas and I were at West Point were different from conditions today. Boys would come in from the West with their ten-gallon hats and high boots and boys from sections of the South would come in with guns on them. These were the days of hazing, which was stopped in 1903. The rivalry of Douglas MacArthur and U. S. Grant III was one of the chief interests among the cadets. Men were placed at the head of their class because of military character and high standing in studies—Douglas had both. The boy had genius. We are not surprised at his record in World War II. We have said for some time that *he is the man* to command the Army at the front. My regard for him is such that it is impossible to say too much for him as soldier and man. Douglas MacArthur is a great soldier and a great man."

The first roommate of Douglas MacArthur at West Point—a young lieutenant who became Colonel in World War I—today is the Reverend Doctor Arthur P. S. Hyde, pastor at Fort Washington Avenue, New York: "The first time I saw MacArthur was at camp in the summer of 1899," says Dr. Hyde. "He was an outstanding, clean-cut fellow. I was looking for a roommate. Unfortunately, I had lost the man I had previously made arrangements with as he was transferred to another company. I went to MacArthur and asked him if he would like to share rooms with me.

MacArthur asked if I would wait half an hour as he would like to confer with his mother. He returned within the half-hour and said he would like to share rooms with me, and thanked me graciously.

"I immediately noticed that Douglas was a very studious chap. He took advantage of the 11 o'clock lights that I rated as a first-classman—all other plebes' lights were out at 9 o'clock. This gave Douglas a two-hour advantage. He was up an hour before reveille every morning hard at his books. He had one ambition—that was to lead his class. Grant didn't trouble him—it was Fiske who always was on his heels.

"Douglas wanted to be in everything—never in the midst—but always at the head. We lived in two rooms on the third floor of the tower of 8½ Division. It was situated facing the grounds overlooking the parade grounds.

"Every night after supper he spent one-half hour with his mother. If he could not get off the grounds, and it was nice weather, his mother would meet him and they would walk up and down in front of the barracks.

"He was exceptionally fond of his father. Every time he or his mother received a letter from his father in the Philippines, he would discuss it with me. He never showed me the letters but talked about them enthusiastically. He often wondered if he would be as great a man as his father—and thought if hard work would make him so, he had a chance. He studied continuously—nothing else seemed to interest him. About a half-hour every night he would go to the gymnasium and work out to keep himself fit."

Dr. Hyde, hail-fellow-well-met, sitting in his parsonage, is a store-house of anecdotes about Douglas MacArthur. And he is a brilliant raconteur. "I was on my way out of West Point when Douglas came in," he says. "When I was finally stationed at Fort Leavenworth I heard that General Arthur MacArthur was on his way to Washington, and was going to stop over at the old Coat's Hotel in Kansas City. I went down to Kansas City, went to the hotel, met the General, and told him I had been the roommate of his son, Douglas. The General was delighted. I, as a young lieutenant, invited the General and his aide to dinner. The General accepted and we sat for an hour and told stories about Douglas. The General was eager to hear everything I could tell him about his son."

"The next time I met Douglas," relates Dr. Hyde, "was in Washington when he was Chief of Staff. His loyalty to friends was amazing—he never forgot a friend. I dropped in to congratulate him on being made Chief of Staff. I went to his office and was met by his Adjutant. He asked me if I had an appointment. My name is Hyde . . . just tell the Chief that my name is Hyde. In five seconds the Adjutant was back and threw the doors wide open. I was received with open arms. It was the same Douglas . . . he had not changed.

"At the end of the visit I got up and started for my overcoat—but MacArthur beat me to it. He helped me put it on and I remarked: 'This is the first time I have had a General help me on with my overcoat. It is quite an honor.' MacArthur replied: 'The honor is mine.'"

It is interesting to note that that the mothers of both Douglas MacArthur and U. S. Grant III lived at

Craney's Hotel at West Point while their sons were at the Academy. They were devoted friends. Mother MacArthur, as we have seen, was a Virginian. She took an intense interest in life at West Point and was beloved by everyone who knew her, held in high affection by the officers' wives and families as well as the cadets.

"One of the grandest women I ever knew," is the consensus at the Academy. "No wonder she has a great son, for he is the son of the great mother as well as of a great father."

Mother Grant holds the same high opinion at West Point. She was a charming hostess; she liked to give parties for the cadets with a touch of home life. Mrs. MacArthur would assist her in entertaining. They were the true mothers of every soldier, advising them and treating them as their own sons. They took the rivalry between Douglas and U. S. III with keen enjoyment.

Douglas MacArthur's devotion for his mother is still recalled by all the old West Pointers of the time. They were inseparable when he was "off duty." His older brother, Arthur MacArthur, later a commander in the U. S. Navy, visited them often. Mrs. MacArthur was proud of her two sons—one in the Army and the other in the Navy, and she lived to see them both rise to eminent positions.

During these years while Douglas MacArthur was at West Point his father, General Arthur MacArthur, was making an enviable reputation in the Philippines where history was in the making. He also was stationed here in the United States at important posts during the intervals when he was not in action at battlefronts.

It was a great day—June 11, 1903—for the MacArthur and the Grant families when their sons received their Second Lieutenant's commissions and diplomas. Mother MacArthur and Mother Grant watched their sons as they marched on the parade grounds in perfect step and full military dress and their hearts throbbed with pride. The corps in colorful and dramatic scene passed in review before the graduating class as the martial notes of the Army band echoed through the hills. The custom today—in World War II—is to blast out the stirring notes of "On to Victory" and "Alma Mater" and then the battalions march off the plain to the tune of "The Dashing White Sergeant"—the band trooping the line with "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Auld Lang Syne" (very appropriate for the Scot MacArthurs)—and "Home, Sweet Home," the guests break into the last lines:

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, oh, there's no
place like home!

General Arthur MacArthur was at West Point on this historic day. He had come home to see his son graduate from the United States Military Academy. Here is a story never before whispered to anyone. It comes from an "Old Grad."

"When Douglas' father left the Philippines he was having a feud with Judge Taft (later President Taft) who had been sent out to the Philippines to take over as soon as fighting had ceased. There arose a sharp

difference of official opinion. General Arthur MacArthur could not certify that the fighting had ceased when in fact there were active operations in many provinces. The feud apparently was not forgotten, and when Judge Taft became Secretary of War, General MacArthur was ordered back home."

Douglas MacArthur never forgot this; he considered it an injustice to his father. And Secretary of War Taft never forgot it—for Douglas MacArthur got his revenge. It came quickly on the day of his graduation from West Point (1903). Here is the authentic story: It was the custom to invite the cadet's father to sit on the platform and hand the diploma to his own son. General Arthur MacArthur sat proudly with the dignitaries waiting for the biggest moment in his life.

When Douglas stepped forward as Number One man and Cadet First Captain, Secretary Taft extended the diploma and his hand. Douglas accepted the diploma—ignored the hand—saluted as a soldier—faced about—and walked straight to his father, placed the diploma in his father's hand and then sat down at his feet. Douglas MacArthur left West Point that day never to return until 1919 when Secretary of War Baker sent him back to take command—to save the old Academy.

CHAPTER V

WITH THE MacARTHURS UNDER FIRE IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE MacArthurs are men of destiny. Wherever their country is in danger—there they are! Fate seems to have decreed that in time of peril a MacArthur must be in the midst of the fight.

Ninety days after Second Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, age 23, had won his commission at West Point, he was on board ship on his way to the Philippines, the gateway guarding the Far East, where his father had just helped plant the American flag.

And here, in October, 1903, Douglas MacArthur received his baptism of fire. He found himself on Guimaras Island with Company I, 3rd. Battalion of Engineers, in the first detachment to undertake the daring job of clearing the jungles, subduing savage tribesmen who were continuing primitive guerilla warfare, and laying the foundations for civilization in the almost impenetrable giant forests, where few white men—except Spanish adventurers—had ever trod until the approach of the American armies.

Out of the jungles roared a fusillade. The peaked campaign hat on the head of young Lieutenant MacArthur flew into the air and he flung himself on the wet, soggy ground. He picked himself up, then walked over to the jungle, recovered his hat and examined it

contemplatively. Had the bullet hole been one inch lower, it would have been through the skull of the youthful soldier—and there would have been no more events to relate in the life of Douglas MacArthur. This was the way his father had begun his career in the War between the States, and he too had been saved by a miraculous inch.

A tough top sergeant was moved by the Second Lieutenant's stolid contemplation of his narrow escape.

"With the Lieutenant's kind permission," he growled sympathetically, "may I remark that the rest of the Lieutenant's life is *on velvet!*"

The official records in the War Department at Washington show that Douglas MacArthur served thirteen months (October, 1903 to November, 1904) on his first commission in the Philippines and was raised to First Lieutenant of Engineers, on April 23, 1904. The work of the young officer was highly commended.

The service sheets read: "Assistant to Engineer Officer, Department of the Visayas, Iloilo, P. I., Oct., 1903 to March, 1904—Survey of Camp Bumpus, Tacloban, Leyte; of Camp Connell, Calbayog, Samar, and of Cebu Reservation, Cebu, Cebu; in charge of construction work at Guimaras Island, P. I., wharf, sea-wall, roads, etc.; Disbursing Officer and Assistant to Chief Engineer's Officer, Philippines Division, Manila, P. I., Feb. 27, 1904 to Oct., 1904; Survey of Caloocan, Luzon, P. I., and of Mariveles, Luzon, P. I."

Behind these cryptic military data is a book of adventure in itself, for many of the Philippines at this time were as dense and impassable as darkest Africa

in the days of Livingstone and Stanley. Head-hunters, brothers in savagery to the nearby "wild men of Borneo," once lived in the virgin forests and the foothills of volcanic mountains; wild animals skulked through bamboo and banyan jungles. These islands had been the "Land God forgot" during the three centuries since the Spanish discovered them, except in the larger centers of population.

Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur learned to love the islands and became the loyal friend of the native people. He risked his life to survey the country and to help the islanders start the new age of construction which in a generation was to transform this land by the magic of engineering into the homeland of strong, intelligent, cultured, progressive people living in beautiful modern cities. These were the days when their new-found American friends were giving them roads and schools, always the forerunners of civilization.

How the United States came to be their "god-father"—working out plans with them for their independence as a free, self-sustaining people—is a long story. It is sufficient here to recall only how we were drawn into the Spanish-American War by the blowing up of the United States Battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor (February 15, 1898)—halfway around the world from the Philippines. This tragedy led to battles with the Spanish fleet on many seas.

The great hero tale of its times was the Battle of Manila Bay (May 1, 1898) when Admiral George Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet and the American flag was planted in the city of Manila. At the peace treaty signed between the United States and Spain at

Paris (December 10, 1898) the Philippines and Puerto Rico came into the brotherhood of the United States.

Events followed rapidly. The Philippines declared their "Independence of Spain," and a group of revolutionaries began the insurrections which caused the Philippine-American War (February 4, 1899—March 23, 1901). Civil government was established by the United States (May 3, 1901) and William H. Taft became the first civil governor (July 4, 1901).

It is in the midst of these events that we find the father of Douglas MacArthur—Brigadier General Arthur MacArthur—while his young son was preparing at West Point to follow in his footsteps. Since these historic days the name MacArthur has been a household word in the Philippines.

Brigadier General Arthur MacArthur sailed from San Francisco, on June 27, 1898, with 4,700 men, later to be followed by Major General Wesley Merritt as Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army of Occupation in the Philippines. A force of Americans had landed at Cavite, 2,500 strong, under Brigadier General Thomas M. Anderson a few weeks earlier, joined by an additional force of 3,500 men under Brigadier General F. V. Greene, all noted warriors of their times.

"We have decided," in the words of the immortal Mr. Dooley, "to give the Filipinos a measure iv freedom . . . whin they'll shtand still long enough to be measured."

The story is recorded by General Arthur MacArthur in his testimony before the Senate Committee of the Philippines when he returned home to report:

"When we landed we found the entire population in open, violent revolt, with vindictive resentment against Spain as an expression of their desire to be emancipated from that monarchy."

The love of freedom which lies deep in the hearts of the Filipinos inspired them to seize this opportunity to establish their independence from all other nations, without full realization on their part of the dangers that would beset them from Japan and other powers bent on extending their dominions. American occupation was solely for the purpose of blocking these invaders and protecting the Philippines from their enemies, with the full intent of granting them independence the moment they were prepared to defend it and sustain it. It was wholly for their own security and safety against slave masters who would reduce them to absolute servitude and penury.

The MacArthurs realized this the day they stepped foot on the islands. How they pleaded and appealed to their Government to build strong defenses and maintain large standing armies is disclosed in these chapters as we proceed. If their advice had been followed, there would have been no War in the Philippines in 1941-2, for Japan would not have been foolhardy enough to attack them. General Douglas MacArthur was in the process of accomplishing this when the Japanese, realizing another year would be too late, struck the fatal blow.

Thrilling stories of General Arthur MacArthur's exploits in the Philippine-American War rival those of his bravery as a "Boy Colonel" some thirty-five years before in the War between the States. The best

of these storytellers was one of his fellow-officers, Brigadier General Frederick Funston, his lifelong friend. He frequently related his memories of Corregidor, where the son, General Douglas MacArthur, was to make his heroic stand in 1942.

General Funston's affection for the MacArthurs was such that he named his only son Arthur MacArthur Funston. It was a grievous blow to Funston when this child whom he adored died suddenly. The MacArthurs, too, were deeply grieved, for they were very fond of the bright little fellow who bore their name.

"General Arthur MacArthur was the coolest man I ever saw in action," said General Funston. "And he was always in the thick of things. We had not been in Manila many days when we realized that a clash with numerous and truculent forces of the so-called Filipino Republic was inevitable. A Filipino insurrectionist strolled over to one of our sentries and asked for a cigarette. The American sentry started to give him a cigarette when the Filipino suddenly drew a bolo concealed under his coat and slashed our sentry a terrible blow across the face. Though blinded from his own blood the plucky soldier settled the score then and there, fairly blowing the man's head off with his big Springfield. If a bullet from one of them hit a man he never mistook it for a mosquito bite."¹

This was the prelude to a fierce battle commanded by General Arthur MacArthur. General Funston¹ continues: "At the front lines we found a big cannon in an excellent gun pit. The shot, like overgrown croquet balls would come tumbling and bounding along,

¹ Funston, General Frederick, *Memoirs of Two Wars*.

smashing the bamboos. . . . The men of Company G had a bulldog they had brought from Coffeyville, Kansas. He was frantic with excitement. . . . At the charge he distanced everybody in the race to the enemy's position. On his return to Coffeyville, he bit a policeman and was shot, nearly causing a riot among Company G's troops."¹

General Funston was a "born fighting man" like General MacArthur and enjoyed relating these experiences. "One time," he confessed, "I lost my temper and cussed out an officer who curtly replied he would take no orders except from General MacArthur. . . . I raced back and came upon General MacArthur and sputtered out my tale of woe. He looked at me in a quizzical way and said: 'Well, well, Funston, is *that* all that is the matter? Let's not get excited about little things. It is better to wait for something serious.' . . . He was considerably amused by my outburst."²

General Arthur MacArthur was never afraid to place himself under fire. He was standing during a battle near a burning bridge in direct line of fire when he called Funston to him and asked him to take a detachment of men and "feel your way into town."

"We were fired upon from behind street barricades of stone," related Funston. "We gave them a couple of volleys and rushed them. A minute later we were in the Plaza and exchanged shots with men who were running through the streets setting fires. The building occupied by Aguinaldo as a residence and office and the Hall of Congress were burning. We gave such cheers

¹ Funston, General Frederick, *Memoirs of Two Wars*.

² *Ibid.*

as a few men could. . . . I sent word back to General MacArthur that the town was ours. . . . The victory belonged to the whole division under General MacArthur.”¹

At the Battle of Calumpit, General MacArthur stood watching the progress of events, directing the troops when the passing of the Rio Grande was forced. He ordered the dead and wounded sent to Manila at once while the enemy's dead were buried in their trenches. In his official report, General MacArthur, “a man not given to gushing even in the slightest degree,” stated:

“The successful passage of the River must be regarded as a remarkable military achievement, well calculated to fix the attention of the most careless observer and to stimulate the fancy of the most indifferent.”

During a terrific combat Funston was shot through the left hand, and his aide shot through the left hand “barring a fraction of an inch in the same spots.” General MacArthur looked at the bandaged hands and the khaki blouses drenched in blood.

“Well, Funston,” he said. “You got it at last. I am glad it is no worse.”

When Aguinaldo's forces had been badly shattered, they continued guerilla warfare from the ravines and caves and the windows of houses. There were now twenty-five regiments of United States Volunteers in the Philippines with a greater part of the Regular Army. Over 70,000 troops were scattered through

¹ Funston, General Frederick, *Memoirs of Two Wars*.

hundreds of towns. General MacArthur was placed in supreme command with headquarters at Manila.

The Capture of Aguinaldo was the event which brought fame to both MacArthur and Funston—and ended the Filipino-American War. General MacArthur laid the plot and got Admiral Remy, commander of the Asiatic fleet, to transport a small expedition along the coast of the Island of Luzon, to a landing place seven miles from Palana, where Aguinaldo was in secret hiding in the mountains. It was a daring adventure that required greatest secrecy. General MacArthur decided that Funston was the man to do it.

“Well, Funston,” he said, “this is a desperate undertaking. I fear that I shall never see you again.

It was some weeks later that Funston walked into the Malacañan Palace where General MacArthur had his headquarters. It was 6 o'clock in the morning—and the General was still in bed. He arose, put on a dressing gown, and came out to greet Funston. Shaking him by the hand, and looking at him quizzically, he did not ask a question.

“Well, General,” smiled Funston, “I have brought you—Don Emilio!”

“Where is he?” General MacArthur inquired.

“Right in this house!” replied Funston.

General MacArthur turned about—walked to his room—dressed—and came out—greeting Aguinaldo and the two aides captured with him with great cordiality. He treated them as distinguished guests and invited them to have breakfast with him. Aguinaldo was apparently too overcome by the courtesy to talk. He remained silent during most of the breakfast.

General MacArthur, however, soon put him at ease by telling him he would immediately send for his family. Aguinaldo had not seen them for a long time and there is deep affection in all Filipino families.

General MacArthur hurried his official dispatch of the Capture of Aguinaldo to Washington. The news swept through the United States. It was a nine days' wonder.

Dispatches from the Philippines told how Funston with his men had made their way cautiously along the treacherous coast of Luzon, hiding in clumps of deep underbrush. Having obtained the secret information of Aguinaldo's hiding place in the mountain fastnesses, they stole through the mountain passes until they came upon sentries. They persuaded the sentries that they were friendly Spaniards. When safely through the lines, Funston and his comrades rushed the house, which was a veritable arsenal, and overpowered the unsuspecting Aguinaldo and his aides with revolvers pointed at their heads. A terrific struggle ensued until at last Aguinaldo and his guards surrendered. They were disarmed and led down the mountainside to the naval vessel waiting for them—and delivered to General MacArthur.

The City of Manila was wild with excitement. The war was over! Soldiers and natives celebrated together. It was several days before General MacArthur sent for Funston.

"Well, Funston," he exclaimed. "They do not seem to have thought much in Washington of your performance. I am afraid you have got into trouble."

And he handed a cablegram to Funston announcing

his appointment as a Brigadier General in the Regular Army. The officers who had accompanied Funston on the expedition also were given commissions in the Regular Army. The natives who had aided Funston in finding Aguinaldo's secret hiding place—Segovia, Segismundo, the three Tagalas and the Macabebes—were given sums of money.

While Aguinaldo was held as prisoner, he was granted every military courtesy. He was given residence in a fine old house near the Malacañan Palace where General MacArthur and his personal staff resided. He was surrounded by his reunited family, allowed to entertain his friends and confer with them in private. A guard stood outside the house to protect him from assassination as well as to take precaution against escape.

Deeply impressed by the gallantry of General MacArthur, Aguinaldo issued a statement "entirely of his own volition and not under pressure of any kind." His proclamation appealed to all his subordinates to "give up the struggle that had wrought such harm to the country and to accept the Sovereignty of the United States."

General Arthur MacArthur was hailed as a military genius. He was appointed Military Governor of the Philippine Islands on May 5, 1900, and served until July 4, 1901. His military record, at Washington, in the Spanish and Philippine War reads: "Brigadier General, U. S. Volunteers, May 27, 1898—Commanding brigade, Independent Division, Eighth Army Corps, Camp Merritt, San Francisco, June 12, 1898—

Third Expedition to Manila, June-July, 1898—Commanding First Brigade, First Division, Eighth Army Corps in advance on Manila, July-August and at Battle of Manila, August 13, 1898—Commanding Second Division, Eighth Army Corps, Manila, August 13, 1898 to February, 1899—Repulse of insurgent attack, north and east front, Manila, February 4-5, 1899—Advance on Caloocan, Battle of Caloocan, February 10, 1899.”

The official record in the War Department continues: “Commanding the advance upon the successive capitals of the Insurgent Government—Malolos, San Fernando and Tariat—and in the Battles of Tuliajon — Polo — Marilao — Bigaa — Guinguinto (Malolos occupied March 31, 1899)—Passage of the Bag-bag and of the Rio Grande—Battles of Santo Tomas (San Fernando occupied May 6)—Bacolor—Calulit—Angeles (Tarlac occupied May 12)—Capture of Banban and in the general engagement of San Fernando, June 16, 1899—Commanding Department of Northern Luzon, April 1, 1899 to May 5, 1900—Commanding Division of the Philippine Islands and Military Governor of the Philippine Islands, May 5, 1900 to July 4, 1901.”

Thus we have the amazing records of the Mac-Arthurs, father and son, in the Philippines four decades before World War II. General Douglas Mac-Arthur, the son, fighting at the gates of Manila, barricaded behind Fortress Corregidor, is defending the same ground that his father fought for on these same islands. He is fighting for the future safety, security

and independence of the Philippines, with the courage and valor that flows in the veins of the MacArthurs.

And the same Emilio Aguinaldo, who surrendered to his father forty years ago, now seventy-two years old, is, according to dispatches hard to believe, again taking his stand against the Americans who befriended him and aided for a generation in building up the Philippines to take their important place in the modern world. This is the man who took the oath of allegiance to the United States and once issued this proclamation to his countrymen:

"The time has come when the Filipinos find their path (of independent aspirations) impeded by an irresistible force. . . . Enough of blood—enough of tears and desolation."

The Filipino people stand solidly behind their great President Quezon in World War II—staunchly and loyally at the side of General Douglas MacArthur under the American and the Filipino flags—*united* in the same great cause of human freedom. But Emilio Aguinaldo, according to the dispatches, has "emerged from retirement to strut briefly as the Quisling of the Philippines."

Can it be possible that this old Tagalog chief could place faith in the Japanese who would reduce his people to veritable servitude, confiscate the potential riches of the Philippines and destroy the "future" for which they have long waited? Victory for American-Filipino Armies means *a free and independent nation in 1945*—with the United States of America as their friend and ally.

Those who know state that General MacArthur has

kept himself fully informed about the work of Japanese and German spies and Fifth Columnists in the Philippines. These undermining moles have been trailed by MacArthur's own secret service. Traitors who "sold out" to the Japanese or who did their treacherous work in the United States are all known to the Intelligence Division.

It is also known that Aguinaldo's life ambition has been to be president of the Philippines. This son of a Malay father and a half-Chinese mother, whose name means "Christmas Gift," inherits the tribal instincts of the Tagalog chieftains. This, with the polish acquired from the Spanish and forty years of association with Americans, makes him a shrewd politician.

A friend recently said to him: "Some day you may again live in Malacañan." Malacañan is the executive palace.

Aguinaldo shrugged his shoulders and replied: "*Quien sabe, amigo!*"

An amusing incident occurred here in the Philippines that threatened to break into a major scandal. The 80,000 soldiers in the American Army were singing a rollicking song. It resounded through the lines like "Mademoiselle from Armentières" in World War I. Douglas MacArthur once took it upon himself to run down the composer, who was found to be a Lieutenant Cotton, with the U.S. Navy.

"I hear you are a great composer," remarked MacArthur. "I thought you might be willing to sing your song to me."

Lieutenant Cotton is said to have become somewhat embarrassed. He felt he was being put on the spot.

"It's a soliloquy we dedicated to Major General Otis when he was Military Governor of the Philippines," stammered the naval officer. "You might not like it."

"Go ahead—sing your song!" exclaimed MacArthur. "I enjoy a good song."

The song-writer-in-uniform hesitated a minute and then let go in full blast:

I've been having a hell of a time*
Since I came to the Philippines—
I'd rather drive a bob-tailed cart
And live on pork and beans.
They call me "Governor General"
And the "Hero of the Day,"
I cable home: "The trouble's o'er,"
But to myself I say—
"Am I the boss or am I a fool?
Am I the Governor General—or a hobo?
And I'd like to know who's the boss of this show—
Is it me—or Emilio Aguinaldo?"

"Go on—sing the next verse," exclaimed Douglas MacArthur, "I'm under orders to hear it all."

The rebels up in old Tarlac—
Four men to every gun—
They say the trouble's over now—
I say it's just begun.
My men go out to have a fight—
The rebels fade way.
I cable home: "The trouble's o'er—"
But to myself I say—(chorus)

"Any more?" queried MacArthur. "So far—so good."

* Song by Lieutenant Cotton, U.S.N., in possession of General Douglas MacArthur. Recorded in this book from copy contributed by Colonel Arthur P. S. Hyde, roommate of General MacArthur at West Point.

"I don't think I should sing the last verse," begged the young naval lieutenant. "It's . . . it's about your father, sir."

"That's fine," MacArthur exclaimed. "That should be the best verse in the song."

The Lieutenant's voice rang out courageously:

I am Mac—and that's a fact—
As you must surely know—
Appointed by McKinley, Bill,
To run this blooming show.
I've been out here an entire year,
And haven't done a thing,
But I cable home: "The war is o'er"
And to myself I sing:
Am I the boss or am I a fool?
Am I the Governor General—or a hobo?
And I'd like to know who's boss of this show—
It is ME—not Emilio Aguinaldo!"

Douglas MacArthur broke into uproarious laughter. "It's a grand song," he said, "I'll have to learn to sing it myself!"

And intimate friends of MacArthur tell us that he knows every word of this song and sings it even today.

CHAPTER VI

WITH THE MacARTHURS IN RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

SMOLDERING flames of the War in the Philippines had hardly died down when Japan, avaricious and jealous in its watchdog kennel looking out at the Pacific, decided to break its chains. In an overnight "blitzkrieg" it struck at the coastline of the Asiatic mainland—and the Russo-Japanese War (1904-5) was in full rage. The conflicting interests of Japan and Russia, brewing for many years, had come to a showdown.

The war threatened to burst into a conflagration that might spread its flames over the whole world. President Theodore Roosevelt went into immediate action to forestall the impending calamity.

"The two best-qualified men in the country to send to Japan are the MacArthurs," advised the War Department at Washington.

Orders were issued instantly and General Arthur MacArthur, with his son, Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, were soon on their way to Tokio. General MacArthur, as former Military Governor of the Philippines, knew the dangers that beset the Islands if the Japanese decided to strike for the control of the Pacific. His son was a keen observer, who at twenty-five years of age had pledged himself to the defense of the Islands he loved.

It may surprise the reader to know that the Russo-Japanese War in 1905 was but the prelude, the curtain raiser, for World War II. Here we find the nations lining up in two powerful groups behind the respective belligerents. This was Japan's first attempt to establish herself as the dominant power on the Asiatic mainland with eventual dictatorship over all the Pacific.

War makes strange bedfellows. The alignment in the Russo-Japanese War seems rather perplexing when considered in the light of World War II. Germany and France allied themselves on the diplomatic table with Russia. In World War II, Germany is with Japan and fighting against Russia, with France held as a slave state by Germany. Great Britain had a treaty with France, but acted in concert with the United States, while President Theodore Roosevelt warned Germany and France that if they entered the war on the Russian side he might demand that the United States throw its balance of power to Japan. World War II finds the United States fighting against Japan with Russia as our ally.

The diplomatic exchanges during the Russo-Japanese crisis reveal an amazing story. President Roosevelt was fully informed on Germany's hatred of England, which was to burst into flames in World War I and again in World War II. The strong position he took was for the purpose of defeating German ambitions for the conquest of Europe—and eventually for a war against the civilized world.

This was the alarming situation in which the MacArthurs found themselves when they were ordered to

Tokio as "military observers" in the Japanese Army. The real import of their mission, as indicated, was far greater than this. Their mission, based on their knowledge of the Philippines, which must be "defended at all costs," was to measure the strength of the Japanese army and its methods of warfare.

Which country was to blame, Japan or Russia, was not the major consideration of the MacArthurs. There was but one question in their minds: "*Are the Philippines in danger?*" They had never trusted Japan and were not sure they would be *personae gratae*. But the Japanese, either desiring to retain the good-will of the United States, or with Machiavellian deceit, greeted the American observers with open arms.

The attack on Port Arthur was a stunning blow—three units of the Russian fleet were blown up and four badly disabled. The news of the sudden victory came as a surprise to the Western nations. Then came the news that the Russian fleet had been lured out to sea and their flagship sunk by a floating mine. The Japanese armies began to force the Russians back with heavy losses—city after city was captured—fortresses evacuated—until after many months of terrific combat the Japs stood at the gates of Mukden.

Here at the Battle of Mukden we find young Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur under fire with the Japanese Army. The Japs made six desperate charges up a steep hill, but were driven back by the defending Russians. In the seventh and last charge—under deadly fire—was young MacArthur! The hill was theirs as the Russians fled before them.

The boldness of the Nipponese soldiers, plunging headlong to death or victory with fatalistic grimness, impressed the youth but two years out of West Point. He now saw war in all its fury. He saw, too, that the soldiers under the flag of the Rising Sun were ruthless fighters, brutal and relentless. Orgies of blood, even from their own wounded bodies, seemed to bring them sadistic fervor. This lesson Douglas MacArthur learned early in life—no man knows the Japanese better than he.

MacArthur heard the Nipponese soldiers raise their voices loud in their national anthem as they held up their cups of sake and toasted the Emperor, Son of Heaven. An English military observer translated the words into this swing:

The great rocks—the great rocks and the pebble stones
Suffer change, sad and strange.
The Emperor! The Emperor and His Dynasty—
Gods divine—deathless line!

The victorious generals in the Japanese Army celebrated in oriental grandeur. They told stories and roared with laughter, feasting, drinking toasts in Bacchanalian joy, applauding speeches with rapturous applause. Grim in battle, they were like children at a Thanksgiving dinner when the battle was over—if it was won. If it was even temporarily lost, they were sullen and morbid—the Japanese cannot take defeat. When driven back, they stand stubbornly for a time and then with expressions of utter horror on their faces flee in rout.

Young Lieutenant MacArthur saw and learned much in the Russo-Japanese War. It was not all a "peony garden in Fenghuangheng bathed in soft moonlight." He remembered what Ian Hamilton, a British observer, vividly described as "the Swallow's-nest Fort and bloody Rice-cake Hill—the heroic bayonet fight on Okasaki Yama's brow—the rapid march—the manœuvre—the fierce attack—the stubborn defense—the red battle and the crowd of pale corpses—the dense ranks toiling on, ever onward, towards the shrieking shell and angry hiss of rifle bullets . . . as the columns draw nearer and yet nearer to the valley of the shadow of Death."

Scenes behind the scenes in Washington, while the MacArthurs were with the Japanese Army as American observers, reveal a startling situation when considered in the light of events taking place in World War II.

The vigorous and beloved "Teddy" in the White House was wielding the pen as if it were a "big stick" (even as if it were a sword) in a diplomatic battle fully as decisive as the bloody combats on the battle-grounds of the Far East.

While the fighting Armies at the front were firing guns, "Our Teddy" was firing hand grenades of letters at all nations concerned. He waged a continuous bombardment that fell like exploding bombs in the diplomatic chambers and chancellories of the world.

The first of the great Roosevelts was a fighter to the core; if there was a fight anywhere on the face of the earth he must take a hand in it. He took his stand, according to his convictions—and "the devil

take the hindmost." This forthrightness of action was what the American people admired in him, lead them where it might.

After the war was over—after all the wars in the delightfully turbulent life of the magnificent Roosevelt were over and he lay at rest in the little shrine at Oyster Bay—his remarkably revealing letters were deposited in the Library of Congress,¹ where like time-bombs we can hear their detonations more than thirty-five years later in World War II. Let us handle them with care, lest they explode in our faces:

I believe that our future history will be more determined by our position on the Pacific, facing China, than on the Atlantic facing Europe. (Written by Theodore Roosevelt to Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler on June 17, 1905.)

The amiable peace-at-any-price people who in our country have been prancing about as anti-imperialists . . . are generally men weak in body or mind, men who could not be soldiers because they lack physical hardihood or courage. (Written to the British statesman, Cecil Springs-Rice, on December 27, 1904.)

These letters of long ago spring back to life and we see standing before us the powerful figure of Theodore Roosevelt. He will live forever in the hearts of the American people. We wonder what he would think and say if he were living in World War II. He urged preparedness against any possible emergency in this rapidly changing world.

¹ The Theodore Roosevelt Letters, presented to Library of Congress by the family, are of great historical value in understanding events leading to two World Wars. Excerpts presented for record in this book are by written authority of the Edith K. Roosevelt Trust by permission of Guaranty Trust Company of New York as one of the Trustees under will of the late Theodore Roosevelt.

Here in Tokio we meet again the dashing cavalryman from Indian fighting days in the West and in the jungles of the Philippines when General Arthur MacArthur was Military Governor of Manila—the up-and-coming Captain John J. Pershing, on the road to the highest rank and honors in the United States Army. This long, erect, I'm-from-Missouri soldier was Military Attaché in Tokio (1905–6), leaving Japan to become Governor of Moro Province, commanding military operations against hostile Moros which were to terminate in their defeat at the Battle of Bagsag and establish peace throughout the Philippines.

“Our Teddy” knew that human nature, like himself, was volatile. He knew that nations who are friendly today might become enemies tomorrow, and he believed in always being ready for whatever might happen with your finger on the trigger. Let us look at a few more of these revealing letters treasured in the Library of Congress:

It may be that the Japanese have designs on the Philippines, I hope not; I am inclined to believe not. . . . But I believe we should put our naval and military preparations in such shape that we can hold the Philippines against *any* foe. (Written to Hon. J. A. T. Hull, Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, on March 16, 1905.)

If Japan is careful, and is guided by the best minds in her empire, she can become one of the leaders of the family of great nations; but if she is narrow and insular, if she tries to gain from her victory (in the Russo-Japanese War) more than she ought to have, she will array against her all of the great Powers, and you know very well that however determined she may

be; she cannot successfully face an allied world. (Message sent to George Keenan in Japan in January, 1905.)

Our vital interest is to keep the Japanese out of our country and at the same time to preserve the good will of Japan. . . . I utterly disbelieve in the policy of bluff, in national or international no less than in private affairs, or in any violation of the old frontier maxim: 'Never draw unless you mean to shoot!' " (Written to President Taft at his request on December 22, 1910.)

During these diplomatic battles, while President Roosevelt was maneuvering like a field marshal to protect the United States against all possible events, General Arthur MacArthur and Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur were sending back to Washington their military observations in Tokio and at the war front. These secret reports, sent by cable and special messengers, lie in the archives of the War Department.

The MacArthurs, while deeply impressed by the military astuteness and daring of the Japanese, were concerned with their apparent plans to strike when the time was ripe for control of the Pacific and the domination of the Far East. They saw that Nippon had designs for a conquest of Asia, even to the extent of taking over China—Siberia—India—the islands of the Pacific—with greedy eyes toward Alaska and the western coast of the United States. Wild dreams, perhaps, but nevertheless on the map for the future Japan as ruler of everything that borders on the Pacific or the Indian Ocean on the route to the Occident.

"The Orient shall be ruled by the Son of Heaven" was the dictum being planted in the Japanese mind way back in the Russo-Japanese War in 1904—and the MacArthurs were there on the spot to observe it. This knowledge and firm conviction was behind their lifelong appeals to the Government of the United States to "get ready for the day."

That the MacArthurs were statesmen and diplomats, as well as military strategists, was proved in many crises. There is a story told about a secret conference in the White House when Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur was aide to Theodore Roosevelt. Urgent necessity had caused the President to call a cabinet meeting. Congressmen and journalists, getting a tip on the conference, had hurried to the White House and were waiting outside the conference-room door. When President Roosevelt came out, they gathered about him and began to ask questions.

The President's teeth clicked. His face grew crimson; he was boiling inside. Lieutenant MacArthur, at his side, knew all the signs of brewing storm. Suddenly a servant appeared with a tray of refreshments. MacArthur, always on the alert, thrust his foot in front of the servant and tripped him. The tray fell to the floor with a crash and the refreshments splashed over the Congress and the press. As they scrambled out of the way. Teddy stepped quietly back into the conference chamber.

"Mac," he is quoted as having said later, "You're a great diplomat. You ought to be an ambassador!"

How the brilliant strategy of President Roosevelt brought the Russo-Japanese War to an end, with the

peace treaty signed on September 5, 1905, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is history.¹ There are those who believe that while Japan won the war, she lost the peace. Outwitted by the Russian statesman, the shrewd M. Witte, Japan failed to get the indemnity she was after to reimburse her almost bankrupt treasury. While Japan won territory, it was money she needed to maintain it.

"It seems incredible," said the relaxed M. Witte, as he sat in his private room a few minutes after signing the treaty. "We pay not a kopek of indemnity. We get half of Sakhalin back. That is the agreement in a nutshell. The Japanese wanted war indemnity, reimbursement for the cost of the war, aye, demanded it—and I have not consented. The Japanese wanted the Chinese Eastern Railway, south of Harbin—but I gave them only the railway in possession of their troops south of Chengchiatum. The Japanese wanted the Island of Sakhalin—and we divided it between us. It was a complete victory for us!"

Wily, cunning, scheming, treacherous Japan after its smashing victories on the battlefields had lost the war on the checkerboard of diplomacy where all final victories are won. She had been trapped by her own contemptuous disregard for lawful authority. Her "blitzkrieg" had turned into a boomerang. Is this prophetic of days to come?

The MacArthurs, after the armistice in the Russo-Japanese War, left Tokio with confidential orders from Washington to go on an "important mission" at

¹ The author was founding *The Journal of American History* in 1905 and had an observer at the Peace Conference at Portsmouth.

“certain strategic capitals” along the Asiatic coasts of the Pacific and the Indian Ocean.

They sat behind closed doors with the military leaders in Siam—Java—the Malay States—Ceylon—India. They inspected military fortifications and discussed defense plans for a common cause if and when the emergency arose. These reports are sealed in Washington. Most of the authorities involved have since died but the records are still confidential military information.

Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, while in command of the Division of the Pacific, returned for a visit to his home in Milwaukee. On Washington's birthday, February 22, 1908, he was entertained at the Old Settlers' Club, and from them we receive this record of his words of warning on that memorable night:

“Speaking in the United States Senate on the bill for admission of California into the Union, Secretary of State Seward said: ‘The Pacific coast, its shores, and the vast region beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter.’ ”

“Mr. Seward's prophetic utterances have been so far fulfilled,” exclaimed General MacArthur, closing with this declaration: “The solution of problems in connection with the Pacific is perhaps to be the great work of the twentieth century.

“It will be impossible for Americans to keep the sea unless we meet quickly the desperate attack which Japan is now organizing against us.” This is MacArthur's warning that was issued thirty-three years before Japan struck the blow.

CHAPTER VII

WITH LIEUTENANT MacARTHUR ON DUTY AT THE WHITE HOUSE

THE SCENE of great-events-in-the-making was laid in the White House in 1906. President Theodore Roosevelt, jubilant over his "master stroke" in ending the Russo-Japanese War by the peace treaty at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was sitting before his executive table examining secret documents.

The MacArthurs, father and son, had returned from their "military adventures" in the Far East with the first reports of their kind in military history, and President Roosevelt was eagerly scrutinizing every word. These documents are now in the archives of the War Department. What they reveal in the face of events which were to take place thirty-five years later in World War II is evidence of almost prophetic penetration.

Through the mysterious processes of Time, the ubiquitous and beloved Teddy was no longer to be with us when the fatal blow was struck. His kinsman, another of the great Roosevelts, just starting on his career, was to sit in the President's chair in the White House—directing the destiny of the American people and the nations of the entire world in the greatest crisis in human history. And the senior MacArthur was to be lying in honor at the nation's shrine at

Arlington, while his son was fighting to save his country's freedom on the very islands discussed in these secret military reports.

Teddy loved the MacArthurs—they were “men after his own heart—men of action.” He commanded that the father be made Lieutenant General in the United States Army on September 15, 1906. And he appointed the son, Douglas MacArthur, to be the President's military aide. President Roosevelt's affection for this young lieutenant—he was now but twenty-five years of age—is discussed frequently in the Roosevelt family.

The testimony of Irwin Hoover, known by Presidents as “Ike” Hoover during forty-two years as Chief Usher at the White House, relates many interesting episodes of the time when Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur was military aide with the Roosevelts. While he does not speak of MacArthur in his memoirs, he gives us a vivid picture of the family.

“Keeping up with the Roosevelts” is the heading to one of his chapters in his *Forty-Two Years in the White House*.

He tells about the stunts of the Roosevelt children that kept the household upset: how they rode their bicycles and roller-skated all through the White House; how they climbed the carpeted stairways on stilts; how they played leap frog over the furniture; how they rode their pony up the elevator into their bedrooms. This was the “strenuous life.” But he assures us that everybody loved the Roosevelts because they were vital human beings.

Douglas MacArthur arrived as military aide to President Roosevelt in the year that Alice Roosevelt

was married to a gallant young Congressman from Ohio, Nicholas R. Longworth, of a distinguished Middle West family, in 1906. Her reminiscences, *Crowded Hours*, are as charming as the brilliant lady herself. She had just returned from the Philippines where both MacArthurs, father and son, had become household names.

Life in the White House with the Roosevelt family, while Lieutenant MacArthur was the President's military aide, was (as we have observed) always exciting. He, too, tells many delightful stories about this most interesting American household, his experiences with both branches of the Roosevelts for whom he holds lifelong devotion.

Lieutenant MacArthur, having decided to master the science of military strategy and tactics, left the Roosevelts and entered the Engineers' School of Application in 1908. An excellent cavalryman from his early boyhood at military posts on the American frontier—a hard riding horseman—he became instructor at the Mounted Service Schools in 1908-10 and then instructor at the Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he was promoted to Captain on February 27, 1911.

While the son was preparing himself for "action" and helping build the Army for "crucial days ahead," the father, General Arthur MacArthur, was in command of the Division of the Pacific and retired on June 2, 1909, when sixty-four years of age, leaving behind him a brilliant career in the service of his country which today serves as an inspiration to every young soldier. His last days were spent at his old

home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he gathered his old comrades about him and relieved his fighting days.

The events now to be recorded from papers in possession of the MacArthur family tell their own story.

It was in Milwaukee on the night of September 5, 1912—General Arthur MacArthur was in his element—"never happier in his life"—surrounded by his old comrades. The historic occasion was the banquet at the fiftieth anniversary of the famous 24th Wisconsin—the "fightingest group of battle-scarred old veterans in the whole country." They were sitting around the tables in Grand Army Hall, retelling the old war stories and singing the old war songs. They stood at attention before the flag of their country to sing the national anthem; then with faces aglow the words of *The Star Spangled Banner* rang through the hall. The "big moment" came.

The toastmaster called on General MacArthur. A dignified, stately figure, straight and commanding, sixty-seven years of age, he rose to address his "army." Cheers filled the hall as he stood before them with the battleflags behind him. It was fifty years ago this week that these soldiers had bidden good-bye to their wives and sweethearts and marched away to the front with their "Boy Adjutant," then only seventeen years old. There were only ninety left tonight—750 had died in conflict or from illness contracted in camp, or in Southern prisons, or fallen on the long marches, while the others had passed on during the last half century.

The beloved General recalled old days with anecdotes and with brilliant wit and oratory. His patriotic spirit was flaming again within him. His listeners were deeply impressed.

"We all remember with pride," he said, "the Campaign at Peachtree Creek about six miles from Atlanta. Here one of the most remarkable scouting expeditions of the war was engineered by the 24th Regiment. Our men were sent out on a reconnaissance under the impression that the enemy was several miles away. They followed a wooded ridge for a distance until they were startled to find they were entirely surrounded by the enemy. After crawling on their hands most of the way, they escaped back to the Union lines with news which helped make decisive the Battle of Atlanta."

General MacArthur was frequently interrupted by cheers and hearty laughter as he retold these old war stories, for he was a master storyteller. Then came the peroration. He raised his voice in oratory.

"Comrades!" he exclaimed with fervor. "Such occasions as these are appreciated only when they are over. We tonight can never realize what enjoyment the reminiscences of this meeting will bring. Little did we imagine fifty years ago that we should ever be allowed to gather in this way. Little did we think that on that march to Atlanta so many of us would be spared to see Wisconsin again. Your indomitable regiment . . . your indomitable regiment. . . ."

General MacArthur hesitated a moment. He was seen to stagger as his face grew ashen white. He gripped his hands as though struggling for strength. His head fell forward. Ninety old comrades gathered

about him. Dr. William J. Cronyn leaned over him, grasping his hand and putting his ear to the great heart. Dr. Cronyn looked up at the old soldiers, standing as if at attention, and quietly shook his head.

"Comrades," spoke Dr. Cronyn, "our commander has gone to his last rest."

The hands on the clock were pointing to 9:55. Tears flowed down the cheeks of the ninety old warriors as they drew their handkerchiefs from their pockets when their prostrate General was laid gently on a couch. Reverend Paul B. Jenkins, who had delivered the invocation at the banquet, stepped forward and raised his hand. Ninety old soldiers knelt at the side of their old commander. Their voices trembled with emotion:

"Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen."

General Arthur MacArthur was dead. His lifelong friend, Captain E. B. Parsons, pulled from the wall the bullet-torn battleflag that the "Boy Adjutant" had triumphantly planted on Missionary Ridge, for which act he had received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

He stood in silence for a moment, gazing at the battleflag draped over his dead commander, then fell forward, stricken with paralysis, and died a few days later. Sobbing like children, the warriors with whom they had fought during the bitterest years of the Civil War left the room.

Dr. Cronyn called the MacArthur home and Mrs. MacArthur answered the phone.

"Your husband, the General, is . . . is seriously ill," he said and put up the phone. Turning to General Charles King, oldest and most intimate friend of the dead General MacArthur, he remarked: "I haven't the heart to tell her." General King hurried to the MacArthur home. Mrs. MacArthur met him at the door. She seemed intuitively to divine the import of the visit.

Quietly, gently, General King gave the tragic news of the death of her husband. Mrs. MacArthur, with clasped hands, listened bravely to every word.

"He died the death of a soldier," General King assured her. "He died in the midst of his comrades."

Mrs. MacArthur fell forward, her body swaying, and would have fallen if General King had not caught her in his arms. Throughout the night she remained unconscious. Physicians were unable to revive her for many hours. Finally she opened her eyes and smiling whispered: "I must notify my sons."

Messages were dispatched to the children of the dead General, Captain Douglas MacArthur at his post at Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, and Lieutenant Commander Arthur MacArthur, of the United States Navy, who was on duty at the Naval College at Newport, Rhode Island. They hurried to Milwaukee and were at their mother's side during the simple funeral services of the great General at the MacArthur home.

Messages flooded into the home from all parts of the country and from the far-away Philippines. Former Presidents, Generals, and soldiers who had fought with

him, telegraphed words of affection. President Roosevelt and President Taft, who was then in the White House, were deeply affected when they heard their old friend had gone. A gold sword that had been presented him by his townspeople some years before lay sheathed near his casket.

General MacArthur a few days before his death remarked to his wife: "When I die bury me in civilian attire. I have worn military clothes nearly all my life—let me rest in peace as an American citizen.

As the two sons, Captain Douglas MacArthur of the Army and Commander Arthur MacArthur of the Navy, returned with their bereaved mother to their home after the civilian burial, a telegram was waiting for the Commander. It was from the Secretary of the Navy and read: "I have the honor to inform you that your destroyer has won the official pennant of the entire Navy."

Commander MacArthur's face grew grim. He tore the message into bits and turning to his brother, Douglas, muttered: "*Too late . . . It came too late!*"

General Arthur MacArthur was buried in Milwaukee but later was removed at the request of the Government to the National Cemetery at Arlington, where today he lies with Presidents, statesmen, and warriors—with the great Americans of all time.

It is the indomitable spirt of this father that is a controlling force in the life of his son, General Douglas MacArthur. Among the most valued treasures of the family again we turn to the fading papers which contain tributes to the great father of a great son. It gives us a better understanding of the son to read them.

Here is a tribute from General Charles King: "The greatness of General Arthur MacArthur as a General and as a Commander is well understood among officers of the Army. . . . Beyond all compare he was the 'Scholar of the Army,' the best read and best informed. . . . His reasoning was deep and acute; his range of knowledge wide and comprehensive. . . . There seemed to be no subject worthy of study or thought on which he could not speak advisedly. It was an education to sit and listen to MacArthur as was my frequent privilege. . . . When he relinquished active service he spent most of his time with books in his library and with his devoted wife. They were otherwise almost alone, for both their sons were in the military service—two of the most brilliant and accomplished officers of their day . . . the elder (Arthur) in the Navy, the younger (Douglas) in the Army. . . . General Arthur MacArthur's splendid record was complete. His glorious soldier work was done. He has lived to earn every honor open to the soldier of America today—last of our illustrious line of Lieutenant Generals."

And in the old files and scrapbooks safeguarded by the Historical Society in Milwaukee we find this on the editorial page of his home-town newspaper:

A FITTING END

Not to many soldiers who have survived the day of battle is it given to meet such a soldier's death as General MacArthur's. . . . Around him were gathered the few survivors of that regiment whose colors he had planted on the summit of Missionary Ridge. . . . Ready

to speak to them of the days when they had marched together, as he had often been ready to lead in battle, the last call sounded and he answered. . . .

To General MacArthur's military record there are many witnesses. General Funston, himself a hero of the Philippine Insurrection, has testified that General MacArthur was the most unruffled man he ever saw on the field of battle; that he used even to smile at the men who grew excited under fire. . . .

So remarkable a record of service in three wars with such a fitting close to a soldier's career reminds us of Wordsworth's picture of the Happy Warrior:

“’Tis finally the man, who lifted high,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where that he most doth value must be won . . .
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last;
This is the Happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.”

The death of General Arthur MacArthur of “three wars” was a severe blow to his young son who had been Military Aide to the President at the White House and gone on to Fort Leavenworth, soon to return to Washington as member of the General Staff—then to Mexico in that punitive expedition—and to the battlefields of France on through World War I, and thence to rise to fame in World War II—always the “true son of his father.”

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CHAPTER VIII

WORLD WAR I—WITH MacARTHUR ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS MACARTHUR was thirty-four years old when World War I exploded on a world living in the delusion of security. He was on the General Staff at the War Department in Washington, serving as Chief of Censors.

The shot fired in the streets of Sarajevo, in Serbia, on June 28, 1914 by a peasant student named Gavrilo Princip set the world in flames. When, with burning vengeance, he assassinated the Archduke Francis of Austria and his wife, who were being received with great homage in his homeland, little did he realize that Europe, always sitting on a powder keg, would explode into the first World War.

German militarists, as we have seen in the Russo-Japanese War when Douglas MacArthur was a military observer with his father in Manchuria, had been planning for "der Tag" when they could realize their dreams of empire under the battle-cry, *Deutschland über Alles!* The land of *kultur* which had given the world the great Handel, Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Wagner—and the intellectual riches of Goethe, Schopenhauer, and a host of poets, composers, painters, scientists—was in the grip of the military clique with its grandiose schemes of conquest.

Germany, like a modern Samson, pulled down the pillars of the temple of civilization crashing on its own head. More than 65,000,000 soldiers were mobilized in all the armies—more than 8,000,000 were killed—more than 22,000,000 more were wounded—7,750,000 were taken prisoners—with the stupendous total of more than 37,000,000 casualties.

During the early days of this first world catastrophe, Captain MacArthur was with American troops sent to quell uprisings along the Texas border and later served with the expedition to Vera Cruz, April-September, 1914. Here he was with General Funston, his father's old friend in the American-Philippine War, fourteen years before.

The exploits of Captain MacArthur in Mexico delighted General Funston, who looked upon him as a son. There were three locomotives behind the Mexican lines that Funston wanted to capture. MacArthur volunteered to do the job. Disguising himself as a vagrant, a peon bum, he succeeded in penetrating the enemy lines. While locating the engines at the risk of his life—after several dangerous adventures—he came upon one Franz von Papen, now a notorious spy, who was then a young German legation attaché. MacArthur contrived to use Von Papen and made him an unwitting liaison man behind the enemy lines.

MacArthur had become a Major on December 11, 1915 and was in service at the War Department in Washington when Congress declared war against Germany as the inevitable result of more than two years of unrestricted German submarine warfare. This indiscriminate sinking of American ships, culminating

in the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* on May 7, 1915, with the loss of 124 Americans, roused the righteous wrath of the American people.

President Woodrow Wilson had done everything in his power to keep America out of the war, but Germany's continuous offenses against American ships forced Congress to throw the weight of American power into the conflict. Great Britain, France, and their Allies had borne the brunt of the German attacks for more than two years. It was America, placing its gigantic industrial might and man power behind them, that was now to turn the tide which was to force Germany to surrender.

Major MacArthur was trusted implicitly by President Wilson and Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, who looked upon him as a coming young man in the American Army. Secretary of War Baker frequently related the incident which brought Major MacArthur into the conflict. Baker, a genius for organization, liked to believe that he discovered MacArthur. This is his story:

"I conceived the idea of forming a Division from the National Guards of the entire forty-eight States," said Secretary of War Baker. "No officer in Washington liked the idea. When MacArthur walked into my office with some papers, I asked him what he thought of it.

"'Great!' MacArthur replied. 'It will spread over the country—*like a rainbow!*'"

"MacArthur had named it! We called it the Rainbow Division. Eventually we organized it from twenty-six States and the District of Columbia. I told General

Mann that I wanted him to command it, with MacArthur as Chief of Staff. Both were enthusiastic. We raised MacArthur to the rank of Colonel on August 5, 1917. The men were completely assembled at Camp Mills on Long Island by September 13, 1917, and embarked for France on October 18th. Division Headquarters landed at St. Nazaire on November 1st. The troop debarkation was completed on December 7th."

The Rainbow had stretched across the Atlantic—and had started on its great career in World War I. Two other Divisions had landed before them. Many more Divisions with picturesque names were to come: Pathfinder — Lafayette — Plymouth — Wolverine — Thunderbolt— Twilight— Yankee— Keystone— Blue and Gray—Old Hickory—Prairie—Sandstorm—Buckeye—Sunshine—Sunset—Liberty Bell—Metropolitan—Lightning—Liberty—Blue Ridge—All American—Lincoln—Custer—Black Hawk—Acorn—Middle West—Alamo—Wild West—Buffaloes—and other fighting insignias.

General John J. Pershing was Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, which as the war progressed reached the amazing total of over 2,000,000 men—with another 2,000,000 back home waiting for the call to join them. The magnificent achievement of General Pershing has been recorded in many volumes and therefore our story here is confined to the Rainbow Division.

Colonel Douglas MacArthur, with the Rainbow, was under direct command of Major General William A. Mann—later of Major General Charles T. Menoher—then of Major General Charles D. Rhodes. The Rain-

bow was to come out of the war under Douglas MacArthur as a Brigadier General.

Through one of the severest winters that France has known, MacArthur trained his troops and then went with them into combat. He fought with them at Luneville and led them in their first real battle at Baccarat, February, 1918. He was cited for gallantry at Rechi-court (March 9) where he led his men in terrific assault. He suffered severe gas poisoning but refused to go to the hospital. After this engagement he was made a brigadier general in the National Army (June 26, 1918). With his men he withstood heavy assault at Esperance-Souain sector, Champagne (July 4-17), and in the Champagne-Marne defensive (July 15-17). He fought with them gallantly in the Aisne-Marne offensive (July 25-August 3) and drove the Germans back in the second Battle of the Marne. His brilliant strategy commanded attention. He was placed in command of the 84th Brigade when they struck decisive blows in the St. Mihiel offensive, September 12-16. Again he struck violently at the enemy with Rainbow troops at Essey and Pannes and Woevre, September 17-30—and in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, October 12-31.

The Rainbow advanced nineteen kilometers in two days to the Meuse River and the heights of Sedan, driving the Germans back with irresistible force in the Sedan offensive—when the Armistice stopped them. Then, under command of MacArthur, they marched with the Army of Occupation into Germany.

"If that d—— Armistice had not stopped us," says every man in the Rainbow, "we would have gone right

on to Berlin and planted the American flag on the Kaiser's palace!"

MacArthur was wounded severely twice, gassed, and escaped by a hair's breadth in many other bloody battles. He was a famous warrior at thirty-eight years of age. The Rainbow was one of the fiercest fighting aggregations that ever went into battle. They left 2,713 of their men dead in France—13,292 wounded in battle—and lost but 102 prisoners. Distinguished Service Crosses were awarded to 205 Rainbow men.

There are many stories told about General Pershing and MacArthur. During the boyhood of Douglas MacArthur, when his father was stationed at military posts along the western frontier, Pershing was a young soldier in command of scouts fighting the Apaches in New Mexico and Arizona and the Sioux in Dakota. He met the MacArthurs again in the Philippine War where he commanded the Department of Mindanao and was Governor of Moro Province. He met the MacArthurs in the Russo-Japanese War, while he was an attaché at Tokio and with Kuroki's army in Manchuria. Again in Mexico, while he was in command of the border control of the United States troops and led the punitive expedition against Villa, young Captain Douglas MacArthur was engaged on dangerous missions in Mexico.

Pershing and MacArthur came face to face in World War I—when Pershing was Commander-in-Chief of the AEF and General of the Armies of the United States and MacArthur was a colonel about to become a brigadier general—and in later years a full rank general, like Pershing himself.

General Pershing, a strict disciplinarian and a brilliant strategist, expressed the opinion that the Rainbow Division, MacArthur's pride, should be used as a replacement outfit. While his own Division Commander remained silent, MacArthur, in defense of his men, raised his voice in protest. Here is the version given to the author by an old Army officer:

"All that you say, General Pershing, is quite correct," MacArthur agreed, "*except* that the fault lies not in this Division. Rather, Sir, it lies in orders as carried out by your staff."

General Pershing's eyes penetrated MacArthur as he defended his men in the Rainbow Division. "This Division, Sir, has been gravely injured," declared MacArthur. "It is an Infantry Division. It comprises the finest riflemen of the American National Guard—riflemen who have gone annually to Camp Perry, at their own expense, firing their own Springfields. Today they have been deprived of those very rifles which have been placed in salvage while the riflemen have been issued an English weapon in which they have no confidence.

"Moreover, Sir," continued MacArthur, "their very American uniforms have been taken from them and replaced by British jackets, a bitter blow to the proud spirit of such regiments as the Fighting 69th. In fact their very undergarments, such as sweaters knitted for the men by their mothers, wives, sweethearts, have been turned in for salvage along with the morale of these men!"

General Pershing is quoted by observers as having replied: "Young man, I do not like your attitude."

And MacArthur as, bowing respectfully: "My humble apologies, Sir, but I speak only the truth."

The Rainbow Division was not made a replacement outfit. It became one of the greatest fighting divisions in World War I. MacArthur's courageous speech, whatever it might cost him, had saved the Rainbow. It won for him the lifelong devotion of his men. And before the war was over, General Pershing, a great soldier who knows a great soldier when he sees one, decorated MacArthur for valor.

A soldier who was with MacArthur during the St. Mihiel operations tells this story: "MacArthur was sitting with his staff at a table at headquarters. The orderly was bringing in dinner when a shell blew the man to bits. There was nothing left of him—he disappeared as completely as though he had never existed. When the shock was over, MacArthur turned to his staff and exclaimed:

"'All of Germany cannot fabricate a shell that will kill MacArthur! Sit down again, gentlemen, with me.'"

MacArthur was known to his men as the "Fiery Arkansan." When the Rainbow Division was formed, he was made its Chief of Staff with the Table of Organization authorized rank of Colonel. There was no Chief of Infantry and so MacArthur was sworn in as Colonel of Infantry. Here is the way his comrades tell the story:

General Black sent for MacArthur and told him he could not properly accept such a commission.

"But I have already accepted it, General Black," MacArthur is quoted as replying. "However, if you are offering me a Colonelcy of Engineers, I will accept it."

General Black retorted, according to reports: "No! *Major MacArthur*, I am offering you nothing. I am *telling you* what you should do."

MacArthur with his most impeccable courtesy replied: "I regret exceedingly to inform you, Sir, that I am unable to accept your advice."

"Beware, *Major MacArthur*," General Black allegedly retorted: "You will be coming back to me ere long."

"Again you are wrong, General," smiled MacArthur. "I shall never come back to you."

Rainbow veterans like to tell how MacArthur with nothing but a riding crop for a weapon persuaded a German officer to surrender. Also how General MacArthur insisted on his men wearing their helmets at all times as a measure of safety. Yet, he would go up to the front line with an overseas cap on his own head. When asked why he did not wear a helmet and set a good example to his men, he replied:

"I am setting a good example. I want my men to know that *they come first!*"

Colonel Albert Gilmor, a fellow cadet at West Point, who was in France with another division, met his friend, MacArthur, one day and told him he had heard how he went on trench raids with a riding crop in his hand—no other weapons on him.

"Why in the world do you do that?" asked Gilmor. "You're too good a man to place yourself in danger."

MacArthur passed it off nonchalantly: "Oh, there wasn't any danger in that! It's all in the game, Gilmor."

We asked Colonel Gilmor recently: "What kind of an officer was MacArthur?"

"He was this kind of an officer," replied the Colonel. "When MacArthur's right flank was broken and ready to go—his left flank in danger—the center having difficulties—his report to Headquarters would be: 'Doing fine. Advancing on enemy. Will reach objective soon.' Other officers might be calling for more men—but not MacArthur."

During the last weeks of the war (October–November, 1918), General Summerall's Fifth Corps was designated as the spearhead of the final drive. To clear the line of departure it was necessary to reduce a strongly held hill—the *Côte de Chatillon*. As its final task the 42nd Rainbow was given that objective to take. The Commander naturally called upon his best Brigadier—MacArthur—offering him everything he had or could get to do the big job.

MacArthur laid out his plan to capture the hill by surprise in a night infantry attack. General Summerall advised caution.

"I would utilize all of the available artillery to support me," General Summerall suggested. "I will make it available to you. Blast the Germans off that hill and then go in with ease. That is the way I would do it."

"Very good, Sir," replied MacArthur, "if you were doing it, General. But I am doing it. It must be my way."

"And if you fail?" queried General Summerall.

MacArthur flashed back the answer: "I know the penalty! And if I succeed?"

"If you succeed," replied General Summerall, "I shall recommend you for promotion."

MacArthur went out—and captured *Côte de Châtillon*. General Summerall hurried to 42nd Headquarters and congratulated him.

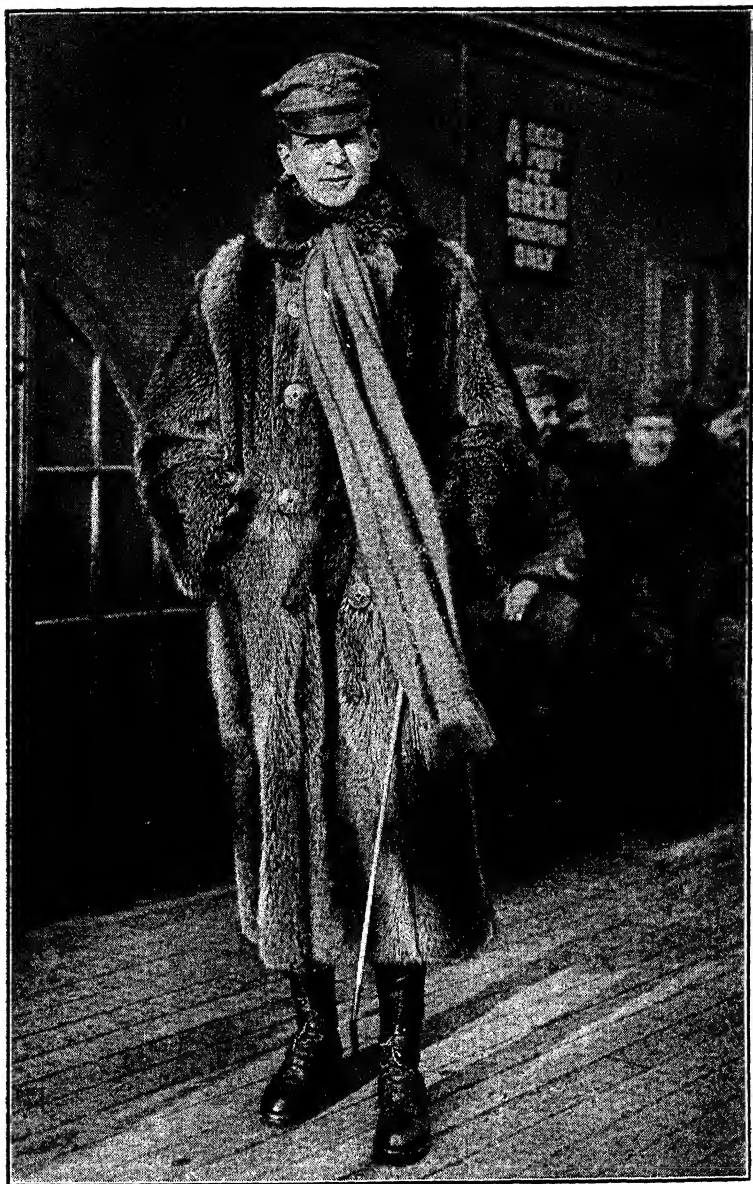
"I shall recommend your promotion to command the First Division," General Summerall exclaimed enthusiastically. "That is *my* old Division."

"I am very grateful to you, General," replied MacArthur. "But the honor belongs to the 42nd. *They earned the promotion!* Therefore, I ask that the Division's Commander, General Menoher, be given the promotion to command an Army Corps."

This was done. The First Division remained under command of its fighting Brigadier, Parker—while MacArthur succeeded to command of the 42nd as it marched into Germany with the Army of Occupation.

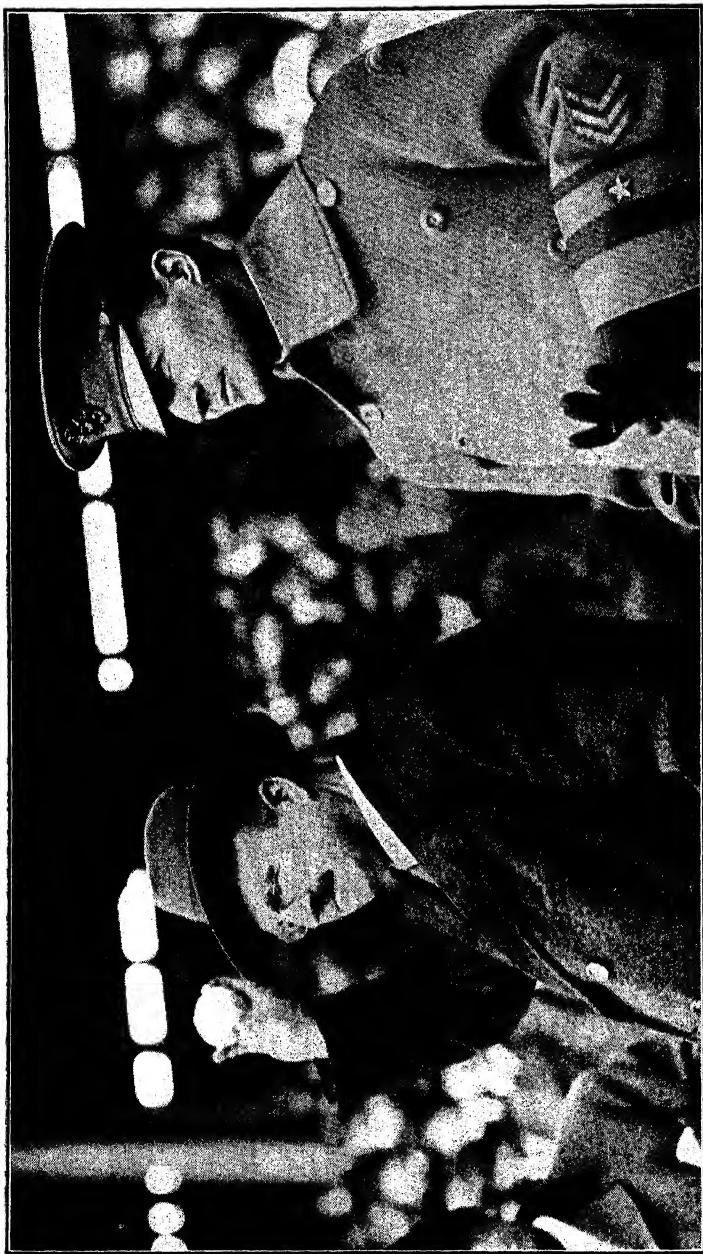
MacArthur is known in the AEF as the "most daring brigade commander on the Western Front." He was daring, audacious, fearless, a valiant leader in every respect. While War Department records tell of his winning the D.S.C. at least twice—and probably more times—for bravery in action, what MacArthur really yearned to earn was the medal his father had won twice—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Twenty-four years after the close of World War I, General Douglas MacArthur was leading his forces against staggering odds on the battlefields of World War II. His old comrades were sitting at a banquet in his honor in Washington. It was Washington's Birthday (1942). The veterans of the Rainbow Division sat through the night swapping stories about their old commander.



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WARRIOR COMES HOME—MacArthur returns Brigadier General from World War I, where he was wounded three times on battlefields of France.



MACARTHUR AS BASEBALL FAN—With Mayor Hylan, of New York, at opening of 1920 Series. MacArthur played field while cadet at West Point in Army-Navy games. He was President of the 1928 American Olympic Team.

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They re-lived the days when MacArthur personally led the first assault, when he was gassed—how he led his forces in the dangerous penetration of Bonnard Forest, accomplishing the greatest advance of any unit of American troops—how he broke the famous Kriemhilde line in the face of blinding rain—how General Menoher and General Pershing commended him for his bravery in the daring raid at Rechicourt.

"It was worth your life even to visit MacArthur at his Headquarters," declared some of the AEF chiefs, "because he was always up on the firing line where he could be with his men and keep his line of communication right behind him. He frequently could be seen, when his wounded fell around him, calling for ambulances to aid in their removal."

MacArthur's old veterans at the Washington Birthday banquet, rose to their feet and toasted their old commander—about 9,000 miles away, paying tribute to his "*brilliant leadership, unflinching perseverance, undaunted courage!*"

Brigadier General James Crane, raising his voice so it could be heard over the radio at General MacArthur's Headquarters at Corregidor, saluted him as: "*Our loyal friend—who causes every American to say—'There stands a man!' "*

Colonel William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan addressed him as: "General MacArthur—a symbol for our nation — outnumbered — out-gunned — with the seas around him and skies above controlled by the enemy—*fighting for freedom!*"

Colonel John Monroe's voice called out to him: "General MacArthur! Assembled in your homeland on the

birthday of the Father of Our Country—*we salute you!* Your battle-scarred veterans salute you—*America's Greatest Soldier!* You have perpetrated no surprise on us—we know you! We know you of old. No matter to what heights you carry your fame, you will not astonish us—your old friends of the Rainbow Division. *Good luck, General MacArthur!*”

CHAPTER IX

“HOME AGAIN”—AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

CHEERING CROWDS greeted the home-coming of the American troops from France as they returned from World War I. The first to arrive marched in triumph through flag-draped streets while the home-folk received them with tumultuous acclaim. But of the 2,000,000 who had crossed the Atlantic to “make the world safe for democracy” 37,568 never came home—they were killed in action on the battlefronts—12,942 more died of wounds received in action—182,674 were brought home wounded. The total casualties were 233,184 from the ranks of the fighting American Expeditionary Forces on foreign soil.

Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur, with his occupational forces in Germany, arrived “home” in 1919, reported to his chiefs in Washington, and was assigned immediately to another “big job”—the reorganization of the United States Military Academy at West Point, which had become completely disorganized and depleted by demands made upon it for officers during World War I. The “School of the Army” met the necessity of creating a new generation of officers, for 8,690 had been killed in action or wounded in France. It was now his duty to “save West Point.” He was the youngest man ever placed in command of the institution.

A few days later the cadets saluted him as he stood before the Cadet Chapel, a towering neo-Gothic structure of granite. He bowed his head and entered the nave with its high buttressed tower. Rows of battle-flags hang beneath the ceiling vaults. This classic structure had been erected seven years after Cadet MacArthur had left the institution. Now, as a General, he looked upon the twenty-seven panels of the great chancel window, representing the militant figures of Biblical history, with angels dressed in suits of mail guarding holy places, symbolic of the sacred writ: "The Son of God goes forth to war."

As a military strategist and tactician, he had covered himself with honor on the battlefields—now the responsibilities of peacetime action were placed on his shoulders. Service medals and decorations were awarded him now and in the years to come, until, when he entered World War II, he bore the Distinguished Service Medal (oak leaf cluster)—the Silver Star (six oak leaf clusters)—Purple Heart (oak leaf cluster)—Victory Medal (five battle clasps)—Philippine Campaign and Mexico Campaign. Then came the decoration of the Legion of Honor (France)—*Croix de Guerre* (three palms, France)—*Fourragere* of Legion of Honor (France)—Grand Cross of Poland Restitute (Poland)—Grand Cross, Order of Military Merit (Hungary)—Grand Cross, Order of White Lion (Czechoslovakia)—Grand Cross, Order of White Eagle (Yugoslavia)—Grand Cross, Order of Military Merit (Roumania)—Grand Cordon, Order of the Crown (Italy)—Grand Cross, Order of Military Merit (Mexico)—Order of Abdon Calderon, first class (Ecuador),

with many other awards which are recorded as this story of his life progresses.

When General MacArthur returned to West Point and took command on June 12, 1919, he was greeted by his comrades who had been "holding the fort back home." With his usual determination he went to work to re-create the historic institution. The problems before him seemed overwhelming. Officers who were on his staff at that time relate many anecdotes of the obstacles he was forced to meet and pay him high tribute.

General MacArthur tells his own story in the official records. Here we get a true insight into the man as he speaks for himself: "My assumption of the command of the United States Military Academy synchronized with the ending of an epoch in the life of this institution. With the termination of the World's War the mission of West Point at once became the preparation of officer personnel for *the next possible future War. . . .*"

The far-sightedness of General MacArthur again demonstrated itself. He fully realized that the "haters of American democracy" and the nations of aggression were now settling down to plot and plan for their next conquest of the world. This has been his constant warning to his Government. To produce officers to lead the fighting men in defense of human freedom in the "next war" was the problem which now faced him.

"Until the World War," he continues, "armed conflicts between nations had been fought by comparatively a small fraction of the population involved. . . . It became evident, due largely to the elaborate and rapid methods of communication and transportation

which had grown up in the past generation, that national communities had become so intimate, that war was a condition which involved the efforts of *every man, woman, and child*. . . .”

General MacArthur foresaw the appalling possibilities of aviation and the forebodings of war in the air—bomb raids over homes and cities, and their ultimate destruction and devastation—new reigns of terror from the skies. He also saw the future of radio with its instantaneous communication with all parts of the world. He further warned that new types of armies must be created to meet the conditions which would inevitably result from new inventions applied to new instruments which threatened to annihilate nations.

“Changed conditions will require an intimate understanding of the mechanics of human feelings,” he warned, “a comprehensive grasp of world and national affairs, and a liberalization of conception which amounts to a change in the psychology of command.” Thus his penetration into the future perceived the new world psychology, with the power of propaganda insidiously entering every home, everywhere in the world, playing upon the emotions of the people and grossly distorting the truth, creating fear and undermining the morale of every man, woman, and child.

General MacArthur called upon our Government to prepare for the war to come as he set himself to the task of creating a *new* West Point in the true spirit of the Old West Point, but in step with the rapidly changing condition of a *new* world: “To hold fast to those policies typified in the motto of the Academy—DUTY—HONOR—COUNTRY, to cling to *thorough-*

ness as to a lodestar, to continue to inculcate the habit of industry, to implant as of old the gospel of cleanliness—to be clean, to live clean, and to think clean—and yet to introduce a new atmosphere of liberalization in doing away with provincialism.”

“I bespeak a broad and mature consideration of the question,” he pleaded with the War Department and Congress, *“lest a condition may ultimately result which will be paid for in the bitterness of American blood.”*

When we consider that these are the exact words of General MacArthur in 1920, we can begin to see into the mind and character of this man—a statesman as well as a soldier. These are the strong qualities which were to focus on him in World War II the attention and admiration of the entire world. He set up a comprehensive plan and placed it before the War Department and then went into action with characteristic MacArthur courage and resolution.

Again in 1921 we find General MacArthur driving his points home in his report to the War Department, restating that we must “face frankly certain new national demands upon the Academy’s development . . . to prepare . . . for the next possible future war . . . to deliver a product trained with a view to teaching, leading and inspiring the modern citizen in a crisis to become an effective officer or soldier.” The plan upon which he was rebuilding West Point was based on democracy-in-action.

“It has ever been a source of pride to those interested in West Point that the democracy of the Corps assured every individual cadet a standing won by his character and personality, irrespective of his social or financial

position outside the walls of the institution. This democracy is maintained. . . . Every member of the student body throughout his four-year course wears the same clothes, eats the same food, passes through the same course of study, rises and retires at the same hours, receives the same pay, and starts always without handicap in the same competition. Friends, even roommates, have remained throughout the four years ignorant of, indeed uninterested in, each other's social and financial status in the outside world. . . . Each man has free opportunity to win his own place in the estimation of his fellows."

General MacArthur exemplifies and demands the highest standards of honor as the only solid foundation for democracy—a code of individual conduct which will maintain the reputation and well-being of the whole—a personal responsibility to your fellow man, your community, and your country.

There also is the story of the time MacArthur "told off" the War Department. He had dismissed a certain cadet in an honor case. MacArthur was adamant in all matters involving the honor of the army. The War Department demanded the cadet be reinstated.

"That man committed an offense against the honor of the Corps," exclaimed MacArthur, emphatically. "He shall never return to the Academy so long as I am its Superintendent!"

"In many businesses and professions," he says, "the welfare of the individual is the chief object; in the military profession the safety and honor of the State is involved." Then again comes his warning: "A comparatively small outlay by the United States will *serve*

in the future to lessen the tremendous expense and the loss of blood for which no money can repay when the unforeseen tragedy is upon us."

West Point was revitalized and given "a new birth of freedom" under General Douglas MacArthur during his three years in command. Its military courses were adapted to modern needs—its scientific courses were brought up to date—its classical courses were utilized as cultural foundations—a new course on economics and government was added—increased emphasis on history and world trends—studies into European conditions and the Far East—modern science, chemistry, electricity, aerodynamics, mechanics, languages, and a course of physical, mental, moral training unexcelled by any institution in the world.

General Douglas MacArthur throughout his life has been a vigorous champion of athletics. He firmly believes in the value of competitive games that develop skill, mental alertness, co-ordination of brain and brawn. We have seen that in his preparatory school days he was on the undefeated football team as its star player; while a cadet he was on the baseball team.

Here is what he says about athletics: "Nothing more quickly than competitive athletics brings out the qualities of leadership, quickness of decision, promptness of action, mental and muscular co-ordination, aggressiveness, and courage. And nothing so firmly establishes that indefinable spirit of group interest and pride which we know as morale." This, he declares, makes efficient leaders in every walk of life. It was this championship of athletics that later made him President of the American Olympic team in world contests.

Let us now give you General MacArthur's last words of advice when he left West Point to return to active service in the Philippines in 1922: "The Government's expenditures for . . . military needs are a form of national insurance, from which come dividends year-by-year . . . dictates of wisdom . . . to correspond with the needs of our country in peace or in war."

The masterful organizing genius of General MacArthur is testified to by Colonel Louis E. Hibbs, who was his adjutant and aide at West Point. "What a splendid administrator he is!" remarked Colonel Hibbs. "He is a supreme organizer. He gathers his men around him and gives full consideration to all their opinions. He trusts his men. When he once gives an order he expects and believes it will be carried out. His system of handling multitudinous details is based on this faith in his officers. His custom when in command here at West Point was to come to his office at eleven o'clock in the morning. The purpose behind this was to give his entire staff sufficient time to get everything in order without the pressure of his being present. Upon his arrival he would finish his mail in less than an hour. The hour from 12 to 1 P.M. was given to interviews with officers who had business with him. He went to his home from 1 to 3 P.M., where his mother kept house for him. Returning at three he held official meetings and left between 4:30 and 5 P.M."

"During this daily routine he accomplished a tremendous amount of work," says Colonel Hibbs. "He preferred to meet his officers face to face and disliked the old method of typewritten sheets being shifted from office to office. He never let any work that came

in one day hang over until the next. He prefers to work with the smallest clerical staff possible. And his consideration for those working with him is one of his finest characteristics. General MacArthur gets loyalty.

"I recall the day he came in—the youngest superintendent that ever came to the Academy—he was only 39 years old. He wanted instant action. We all know how he brought the Academy right up to date, modernized it, out of the chaos created during World War I."

Colonel Hibbs adds this anecdote: "One day General MacArthur was ill. I, as his adjutant, phoned and asked him if he wanted me to bring his papers over to his home to be signed. The General replied: 'You bring over the papers that are going to win or lose a war—and you sign the others.'"

"The best way I can show how General MacArthur places full dependence on his men is the time he was going to motor to an Army-Yale football game. He was enthusiastic about all sports. 'I've got an important engagement in New York after the game,' he told me as we stepped in the car. 'When we start home from New Haven after the game, chart out a route along back roads that will avoid all the traffic.' The General stepped into the car—went to the game—then to New York—and never one word of his orders again. He placed full confidence in his adjutant to get him through on time. And we did get him through—the first to arrive in New York."

Another characteristic story told by General MacArthur's adjutant is this: "A board of officers were to meet on this day. The General had been having some

trouble with them on certain points. I asked the General: 'Shall I call them to meet at eleven o'clock?' 'No!' replied General MacArthur. 'Call the meeting at 4:30 P.M. I want them to come here hungry—and I'll keep them here till I get what I want.' And he did, too!"

Here is a MacArthur classic: "The Quartermaster came in one morning and asked if the General was up. I said 'No.' The Quartermaster said: 'You know about that fire we had last night?' I said: 'Yes, I knew there was a fire.' The Quartermaster then announced: 'I came to report that the fire engine burned up in the firehouse last night. Will you tell the General and ask him to make a report on it?' When the General came in I told him. This was his reply: 'Tell the Quartermaster to get a fire engine if he has to build it himself. I will not report a fire engine being burned in a firehouse.' "

Colonel Hibbs tells us that with all his activity and the groups surrounding him General MacArthur is a lonely man. "One day he remarked to me: 'When you become a General you haven't any friends.' He missed the companionship of the men below his rank. He loves human beings for he is one of the most human and humane of men. He really was very lonely until he married."

With the official records herein inscribed, let us now listen to what another of his fellow officers thinks about him: Lieutenant Colonel R. G. Alexander, on the staff at West Point, says: "I think General Douglas MacArthur is the greatest man I ever knew. I was here at West Point while he was in command as our Superintendent. He is a born statesman as well as a great soldier. His strategy at a meeting of the Board of Offi-

cers was as skillful as that on the battlefield. He listened attentively to his fellow officers, never entered into contentious arguments, weighed every word they spoke—and then always got exactly what he wanted. He was the quickest thinker I ever met—quiet, courteous, dignified—with a keen, penetrating mind. He reached his decisions instantly, after all the witnesses had spoken, and his judgment was always right.”

It was while in command at West Point as its Superintendent that MacArthur, who was a brigadier general in the National Army (AEF), was made brigadier general in the Regular Army, on January 20, 1920. These, too, were the epoch-making days of world reconstruction. The Treaty of Versailles was signed in France—the League of Nations came into existence—suffrage was granted to women in the United States—President Woodrow Wilson’s administration retired—President Warren G. Harding was elected to succeed Wilson—and the Limitations of Armament Conference was held in Washington.

General MacArthur was now to move on to the stage which destiny set for him in a surging drama, where he was to meet fate with courage and valor surpassing that of the ancient Greeks at Thermopylae, who later conquered the Great Empire of the East.

CHAPTER X

MacARTHUR WARNS NATION AGAINST DANGERS OF NEXT WAR

MACARTHUR'S big job done at West Point, rehabilitating it after the disorganization created by World War I, he was ordered back to the Philippines in 1922 to deal with the increasingly serious situation there. President Harding's administration—and the Coolidge administration which followed—knew that Japan awaited the day when the United States would declare the independence of the Philippines, then the Rising Sun would fall on them like a Japanese schoolboy on a ripe and juicy cherry.

"MacArthur is the one man who can solve this problem," the powers in Washington agreed. "We have able civil administration there, but we need a strong military alliance. There is a big job to be done—and MacArthur is the man to do it."

"MacArthur is streak lightning in thought and action," the Army men tell us. "And yet he works with the precision of a piston rod on a railroad engine. He can do anything except the impossible."

His old friend, Colonel Albert Gilmor, relates this typical incident: "I was in Washington when MacArthur had just come in from the Philippines as if it were only a trip from Chicago. It was in 1925. He was jumping from Manila to take command of the 4th

Corps Area in Atlanta—and from there to the 3rd Corps Area in Baltimore. I was just leaving for the General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for a ten months' course. Every soldier who has taken this course knows it is one of the severest in Army training—so severe in those days that it was not uncommon for a soldier to commit suicide.

"I knew MacArthur had been through this tough test and so I asked him what he thought about it. 'Gil-mor,' he said. 'There's nothing to it! It's easy to beat. All you have to do is to just get all your pros and cons together and bring them to one point. You can see the complete field from one spot. And there you have it—it's simple!'"

Things were moving fast with MacArthur. He was a little army in himself. Known as the "Kid General"—youngest Major General in the Army—and the "Three Musketeers-all-in-one," he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order World War in 1927; and he was in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1928, as President of the American Olympic Team.

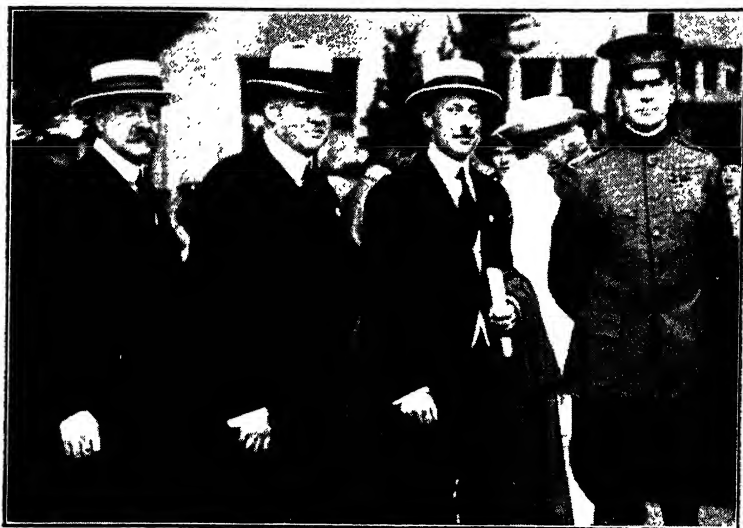
MacArthur, always an enthusiastic sportsman, went to Amsterdam to get records—and he brought some home. This was the Olympic that the Finns practically ran away with—Paavo Nurmi, H. E. Larva, Willie Ritola, Paavo Yrjola. And the Jap, Mikio Oda, made his amazing running hop, step and jump. Percy Williams, the Canadian, was breaking records. But MacArthur's men won their victories, too: Barbuti took the 400 meters run championship, King won the running high jump, Hamm the running broad jump, Carr took the pole vault, Houser threw the discus 155 feet

3 inches, Kuck made the 16-pound shot put 52 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch. And MacArthur came home with his champions.

War Department records read: "General MacArthur (appointed Major General, January 17, 1925) was ordered to the Philippines, in September, 1928, where he commanded the Philippine Department to September 19, 1930. After his return to the United States he commanded the Ninth Army Corps area, San Francisco, to October 30, 1930, when he became Chief of Staff."

We find him in action again in command of the Philippine Department—then back home receiving honors from many universities—D.Sc., LL.D, and many other degrees—until at last the big job came to him. An Army officer in Washington tipped him off that there was a vacancy coming up for Chief of Staff of Engineers. MacArthur replied: "*I am a soldier—not an engineer.*"

And in 1930 Major General MacArthur became Chief of Staff of the United States Army. With the world as his field of action, he made his first strategic move by mastering all the available knowledge regarding the plans, purposes, and organization of the other armies in the world. He made his memorable tour of Europe in 1931-32, meeting military leaders, inspecting their armies, and discussing portents of future wars. He renewed his acquaintance with British, French, Italian, Austrian and Rumanian staff officers in the European capitals. He talked with the old one-armed French hero, General Henri Gouraud in Paris, and they swapped memories of the Meuse-Argonne offensive in the first World War. He went with the High



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COMMAND AT WEST POINT—Brigadier-General MacArthur (right), youngest superintendent in history of West Point (1919-22) receives Herbert Hoover.



© Wide World-AP Photo

MACARTHUR WITH FOCH—Famous French General renews acquaintance with MacArthur and reviews cadets at United States Military Academy.



© Acme Photo

MACARTHUR TAKES OATH—Sworn in Chief of Staff of United States Army by Judge Advocate Kreger (1930). Secretary of War Hurley behind him.

Command of the Yugoslav Army to witness manoeuvres outside Belgrade—and on similar tours with most of the armies of the European nations, gathering valuable information about Germany and Russia.

When MacArthur returned to the United States, he was ready to begin one of the biggest fights of his career—his fight with his own American Congress. The somnambulant Congress was interested only in restoring prosperity to the American people. It did not seem to be able to gather the fact that the depression sweeping the United States and the world was the inevitable result of the staggering cost of World War I, into which hundreds of billions of dollars had been poured by the nations involved. It was incapable of realizing that the cost of war and the destruction of property and manpower is a thousand-fold greater than adequate preparation to keep a nation so strong that no enemy dare make war against it.

“An adequate army to the nation is identical with an adequate fire department to every town and city. It is the best possible investment and security,” MacArthur frequently declared. “The cost of preventing a fire from sweeping a city is insignificant when compared with the cost of destruction when a city is in flames.”

MacArthur bitterly counseled against “retrenchment which cripples national defense and ceases to be economy.” He warned: “Unless an effort is made to curb or combat the unabashed and unsound propaganda of the peace cranks who obstruct national defense a score of nations will soon be ready for *the sack of America.*”

While Chief of Staff, MacArthur was called before a Congressional Committee to make a report. It is the intolerant practice of some congressmen and senators to throw monkey-wrenches into the wheels of progress in an attempt to make themselves important in the eyes of their constituents back home. Instead of constructively trying to get at the essential means for meeting problems, they bulldoze and insult with impunity. MacArthur detests this type of arrogant ignorance.

Some of these alleged statesmen started to ride him. MacArthur got up very slowly, with much dignity, put his papers away, and looked them squarely in the eyes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have insulted me. I, in my profession, am as high as you in your profession. When you are ready to apologize, I shall return." And he walked out.

MacArthur's battles with Congress in his courageous efforts to modernize the United States Army, adapt it to new methods of mechanized warfare, and put it on a basis where it could defend the nation against any foe—these are now history. The Congressional records reveal the evidence. Scrutiny of the reports of Committees of Military Affairs in both the Senate and the House, hearings before special commissions, and reports of the Chief of Staff to the War Department, are revelations in themselves.

General MacArthur, sitting before the Committee of Military Affairs in the House of Representatives, on April 26, 1933, spoke in firm tones: "We muddled through a number of wars [because of this same failure to see into the future]. It has been said that had

there been a Regular Army of 20,000 men . . . at Bull Run, the Civil War never would have been fought. It was the absence of trained soldiers that produced the crisis . . . which practically prostrated the nation for fifty years. . . . It has been said also that had there been in this country 500,000 men under arms at the time Von Bernstorff reported to the German Government that we would not be able to put that number in France, the whole story of the World War would have been different."

MacArthur was indignant. "The World War has demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt that with the new developments, with the new instrumentalities of war—airplanes, tanks, submarines, mechanization—we should not have time or opportunity to muddle through another war if exposed to heavy attacks from the outset."

If ever there were more prophetic words, they are not recorded in history. MacArthur continued: "There is nothing more expensive than an insufficient army. To build an army to be defeated by some other fellow's army is my idea of wasting money. There is no such thing in war any more as a 'glorious defeat,' and if you are defeated you will pay a billion dollars for every million you save on inadequate preparation."

Solomon, in all his wisdom, never was wiser than MacArthur: "You will not only pay in money," he warned Congress, "but you will be a slave in every other way. You will lose that nebulous thing—Liberty—which is the very essence of all for which we have stood ever since George Washington and his followers made us what we are. I repeat that if we had in the

treasury of the United States only sufficient money to preserve our integrity against foreign aggression—that is the first use that should be made of it.”

MacArthur's piercing vision saw into the very battle-fronts of World War II eight years before we were drawn into it. “The country has time and again paid fearful prices for adhering to the doctrine that ‘a million men would spring to arms overnight.’ Men experienced in the actual business of battle have learned this lesson if some of the critics sitting far in the rear have not. . . . Trained troops can overcome several times their number of wholly raw recruits, even if the latter are similarly armed and equipped. The Indians on our prairies in the 60's and 70's often had better weapons than our soldiers. Yet discipline and training time and again were responsible for regular detachments routing five or six times their number of the most warlike people we have ever known.”

With extraordinary insight beyond the range of most Congressmen, MacArthur then gave them some first-hand lessons in the mechanized warfare of the future: “The fire power of modern weapons,” he informed them, “is so great that when they are properly located in strongly held defensive positions exposed men cannot live in the zones lying within their effective ranges. . . . Mechanization has been centered principally in armored cars . . . possessing a high degree of strategic fighting power and technical mobility. . . . The tank must rely upon its rapid movement, surprise, and proper use of terrain and the supporting guns of its army. . . . If the attack is to be supported by strong mechanized units, inevitably the develop-

ment in infantry equipment must be toward the inclusion of greater numbers of weapons capable of disabling the tank. The more complicated the weapons the more necessary it is to have a highly trained personnel. . . ."

Time and again we find Chief of Staff MacArthur appearing before these Congressional Committees and making reports to the War Department. On February, 9, 1935, we find him appealing for Bill S-1404 to "Promote the Efficiency of the National Defense" before the United States Senate Sub-Committee on Military Affairs. He was speaking in behalf of legislation for greater efficiency of personnel. "In time of peace," he said, "the measure of the capacity of an officer—the yardstick by which you measure his capacity—is not of such scope as to really define the officer's combat ability. Some of the most astonishing reverses have been found under actual field conditions."

He foresaw conditions which were to create havoc during World War II. "Officers who everyone thought were of extraordinary merit," warned MacArthur, "under the tremendous pressure of nervous strain in physical contacts—the blood and disaster on the battlefield—have collapsed. . . . Men who in time of peace have a much lower efficiency rating have exhibited traits of character which have brought them to the front at once. They were able to register all their ability under an emergency, whereas . . . the predicted brilliant officer was not able to register more than a fraction of his ability. . . . There really is no measure in time of peace which can determine who are the brilliant combat officers. . . .

"You will find in every war in every nation in every age the phenomenon of apparently young and unknown men suddenly rising to the top. That is because you have an unfailing and infallible measure in time of war. The man who can win is the man you want.

"You pick a man for a division commander, or a regimental commander—he is a man who has to be able to handle his unit to make it fight. His method may be his own, but in battle if he does not fight, you have his measure. On the battlefields *results are the only things that count*. . . . Men, like water, under battle conditions seek their own level. But there are no such conditions in time of peace. It would be just like trying to measure the flow of a river with a couple of gallon-measures."

General MacArthur, undiscouraged by the apathy of men in power, kept up his fight with increasing vigor. He became known as the Army's No. 1 Fighting Man. He confided in his friends: "I have humiliated myself seeking allotments to replace leaking, slumlike barracks housing our soldiers. I have almost licked the boots of certain gentlemen to get funds for motorization and mechanization of the Army. . . . Unless we move quickly we'll be a beaten nation paying huge indemnities after the next war."

It was during these struggles that the depression hit the country a staggering blow. The "Bonus Army" marched on Washington in the last months of the Hoover administration in 1932. President Hoover, weighed down by the burdens of economic disaster, believed the army was organized by radical leaders for the purpose of creating revolution, and that veterans of

the World War were being unwittingly used. If this incipient rebellion were allowed to gain strength, he believed there would be serious outbreaks. The men camped on Government property and were threatening to march on the White House and the national Capitol.

General MacArthur, as Chief of Staff, was called into conference with President Hoover. It was his duty to obey the order of his superior, the President, who is Commander-in-Chief of Army and Navy. President Hoover, with the sole objective of quelling any possible uprising, ordered that the insurgents leave the nation's capital immediately. Riots broke out.

General MacArthur, the "best friend the veterans ever had," took upon his own shoulders the most unpleasant duty in his life—he broke up the unfortunate encampment without a loss of life and the "Bonus Army" quickly disintegrated. The bonus came to them through legislative processes some years later.

Intimate friends tell how MacArthur would go down into the Bonus Army camp at night and lend money to needy soldiers who had fought with him in the A.E.F. His heart was with them—his duty was to disperse them.

As we scan the official records, these statements by General MacArthur command attention: "In the obvious state of unrest now prevailing throughout the world an efficient and dependable military establishment constantly responsive to the will of its Government constitutes a rock of stability."

He calls for "increased speed . . . increased firepower . . . fast machines . . . airplanes . . . tanks . . . guns . . . trucks . . . ammunition."

"We shall be dependent on our air forces," he warns, "in defense of our coast-lines, for attack against hostile ground troops, for bombardment of sensitive points in the enemy's supply organization." (1933-34.)

General MacArthur's four-year duty as Chief of Staff, fixed by law, expired in November, 1934. President Roosevelt, by an unprecedented executive order, continued him in office indefinitely with the words: "It gives me great pleasure to promote so brilliant a soldier. I feel certain that General MacArthur will maintain the high standard set by eminent men who have preceded him as Chief of Staff."

In 1935 the biggest armaments expenditure since 1921 passed through the House and Senate and was signed by President Roosevelt—\$755,000,000 for rehabilitation of the Army. This, said commentators, is "a personal triumph for the man who had driven it through"—General Douglas MacArthur.

"It is nothing more than a national insurance policy," remarked General MacArthur.

It was MacArthur, working against time, who started the modernization of the United States Army, placing emphasis on armored machines, putting all the Army's aircraft into the General Headquarters Force, streamlining Army equipment, discarding ancient traditions and stodgy methods. True, his staff worked indefatigably at his side and the progressive farsighted Army men in the War Department worked with him, but it was under MacArthur's inspiring leadership. He began to bridge the chasm between worn-out military methods and the new age of warfare—"from squads right to armored machines."

"Tanks—planes—submarines will be the decisive weapons in the next war," he constantly reiterated. "Mass movements of airplanes and huge concentrations of tanks will win the battles."

MacArthur proposed a five-year plan for building the Army into a great defense machine with speed, fighting ability, and destructive power. But the Philippines were always on his mind. He believed this was where Japan would strike—and the Philippines were vulnerable. Leaving affairs at home with the War Department, entrusting them to get more and larger appropriations from Congress, MacArthur at the end of his fifth year as Chief of Staff left Washington and went back to the Philippines to build an army for the new Commonwealth that had just elected its first President—Manuel Quezon, "the George Washington of his people," a people who by our statutes were to become free and independent in 1945.

The unconquerable spirit of MacArthur was now facing imminent danger. He was given an almost impossible job in a race against time.

"The Philippines must be defended at all costs," he exclaimed. "The United States must build the strongest defense on all our islands in the Pacific—Wake Island, Guam, Hawaii, the Philippines. There is no time to be lost."

How Congress, penny wise and pound foolish, held back these appropriations until it was too late—and then was forced to throw a hundred billion dollars or more into the defense of these islands, into the defense of the nation itself, and into a gigantic second World War is a matter of history.

CHAPTER XI

LOVE AND WAR—WOMEN IN THE MacARTHUR FAMILY

FOUR HORSEMEN of the new Apocalypse ride with General Douglas MacArthur in World War II—the horsemen of the Four Freedoms for which he fights. And there is romance behind General MacArthur as well as heroic adventure on battlefields. He fights with the spirit of the Old South and the North united in his blood. How his mother, daughter of the old Confederacy, married the “Boy Colonel” of the Army of the North, is fascinating as a novel. The blood of his father who fought under Grant mingles in him with the blood of his mother whose family fought under Lee.

And his courageous wife—standing her ground with her four-year-old son, the last of the MacArthurs, is one more hero tale of dauntless American womanhood.

When General MacArthur recently was asked if the story is true that while he was a cadet at West Point he became “engaged to eight girls,” he replied: “I do not recall that I ever was so heavily engaged by the enemy.” Let us now meet the women who have taken an important part in making Douglas MacArthur the great character and personality he is today—a symbol for American courage and manhood.

General Douglas MacArthur's great-grandmother in the Scottish clan of MacArthurs, as we have seen, was Sarah MacArthur-MacArthur, in Glasgow, Scotland, born during the years while Napoleon was at St. Helena. She was the true Scot, with all the Scottish virtues, the type of bonnie lass that Robert Burns immortalizes in "Comin' Through the Rye" and "Highland Mary." His grandmother was Aurelia Belcher, the kind of girl his grandfather said was "fit to be mother of the MacArthurs in America."

It is the mother of Douglas MacArthur whom we met at the frontier forts of the Great West, where her son was born at Little Rock, Arkansas, while his father was fighting in the Indian Wars along the western trails. We met her again with her son at West Point, and now we meet her for the last time, a noble, snow-white-haired woman of 82 years, with her famous son in the Philippines four years before the outbreak of World War II.

The stories herein related are from the members of her own family, graciously contributed by them for record in this book. Douglas MacArthur has two cousins of his mother, Mary Pinkney Hardy MacArthur, living in Norfolk, Virginia, while he is making world history in defense of the Philippines: Dr. Lemuel D. Hardy, and Margaret Hardy Denby (Mrs. C. Preston Denby).

Let Dr. Hardy speak first: "The old Hardy home where Mary Hardy married Douglas MacArthur's father, then a young soldier in the army, still stands, a big red brick building at the Berkley end of the Norfolk-Berkley bridge. In those days it was famous

for beautiful girls and thoroughbred horses and hunting dogs. The family pet name for Douglas' mother, a girl of great beauty, was 'Pinky.' Her father, who was my father's brother, was prominent in public affairs, a well-known member of the old Virginia Club and President of the Norfolk German, or Cotillion, Club. My sister will tell you the story"—

"We are very proud of Douglas MacArthur," says Mrs. Denby, "and of what he is doing for his country. But he is doing only what we in the family would expect him to do. He is, as you know, the son of a soldier family on both the Hardy and the MacArthur lines. Our folk always have fought gallantly in every war where our homes and loved ones were endangered. We started fighting for freedom in the American Revolution; we fought for our homeland in the War Between the States; and again in the Spanish-American War and World War I. We are nobly represented in World War II by Douglas MacArthur."

There is a cousin, Miss Emily Hall, who is curator of rare books at Sterling Library, Yale University. She was with the Department of Labor Library in Washington and saw much of General MacArthur's mother during their residence at the nation's capital.

Another cousin, Elizabeth Hardy Jones, a charming lady of the Old South now residing in New England, herewith places before our readers the family records: "I am happy that Douglas MacArthur's magnificent mother is to be given her well-deserved place in history." And she is as well qualified as anyone, with the exception of General MacArthur, to

give us an account of Mary Pinkney Hardy MacArthur:

"The first authentic record I have of the Hardy family in America is when they acquired their first North Carolina land grant on October 7, 1695 on the Cashie River in Bertie County, North Carolina. Presumably, they came from Virginia where they later returned, but the county records were destroyed in numerous fires.

"Douglas MacArthur's grandfather, Thomas Asbury Hardy, was born on March 5, 1800, ten weeks after the death of our first President, George Washington. At twenty-nine years of age he went to Norfolk, Virginia, where with his brothers he became a wholesale cotton merchant and built a very successful business."

This Thomas Hardy, father of the mother of Douglas MacArthur, met Elizabeth Margaret Pierce, born December 15, 1812, during the War of 1812, and they were married on August 4, 1831. The early years of their married life were spent in Norfolk proper, but in the fall of 1846 they decided to move their growing family across the river to Washington Point, then called Herbertsville and later Berkley. There he built the large red-brick house known as "Riveredge."

"It was here at 'Riveredge,'" Mrs. Jones tells us, "that Mary Pinkney Hardy, mother of Douglas MacArthur, was born on May 22, 1852. She was the third from the youngest of fourteen children, of whom ten grew to maturity.

"The brothers of Douglas MacArthur's mother were brought up in a military atmosphere. Four of

the six brothers were old enough to fight in the Civil War. I understand they were graduates of the V.M.I. (our West Point of the South). Douglas has fighters on all sides of his family, and his mother lived her entire life in wars or rumors of wars."

Three years before the outbreak of the Civil War, when Douglas' mother was but six years old, her father purchased the plantation known as "Burnside" in the old town of Williamsboro, about five miles from Henderson, North Carolina. It was to this refuge that the children of the Hardy family were taken at the outbreak of the Civil War, immediately after the firing on Fort Sumter. The old family home near Norfolk, Virginia, was taken over by the Northern Army first as a hospital and later as General Butler's headquarters.

Douglas MacArthur's mother was nine years old when the Civil war engulfed their home. It made a vivid impression on her mind. In safety at "Burnside" she asked eagerly for all the news from the warfront, but was removed from the scenes of actual fighting until the close of the war when General Sherman's Army on its march north from Atlanta camped at "Burnside" for one night.

When the war ended, the Hardys moved up to Baltimore for a time. It was two years before Douglas' grandfather could make up his mind to take the oath of allegiance, which was necessary to secure the return of his estates. The four girls in the family attended school at the Convent of the Visitation Order in Catonsville, Maryland, which was all the formal education they had, depending thereafter on private tu-

tors and becoming highly educated and intellectual ladies. At this time the girls began to spend their summers in Massachusetts, which led eventually to romantic marriages with sons of the North—three of the girls married New England men, while Mary Pinkney Hardy, as we shall see, fell in love with a young Northern soldier, Arthur MacArthur, from Wisconsin.

The Hardy sisters, during their maidenhood back in Virginia, after their return to Norfolk, were social belles radiant with grace and loveliness. They were brilliant conversationalists, cultured and charming. It was expected they would marry into the First Families of Virginia and the Carolinas.

But love as well as God and war has mysterious ways its wonders to perform. Mary Pinkney Hardy went on a visit to New Orleans in the winter of 1874-5. She was an enchanting little lady twenty-two years of age. There she met young Captain Arthur MacArthur, the dashing "Boy Colonel" in the Northern Army on the battlefields of the Civil War (see Chapter II), who was now in the regular army as a life career. It was love at first sight. Cupid shot his arrow straight at their young hearts—and both surrendered to the conqueror.

This wedding uniting the North and the South took place at stately "Riveredge," the red-brick mansion near Norfolk. It may be said now that the brothers of the bride who had fought in the Confederate Army, under the great Lee, were so "unreconstructed" that they refused to attend the wedding, but Sister Mary understood their loyalty to a lost cause.

Mary Pinkney Hardy and Arthur MacArthur were deeply in love—and they remained lovers throughout their lives. It is one of the most beautiful love stories in American history—thirty-seven years of perfect union until his tragic death.

Their early honeymoon days as we have seen were spent at army posts on the frontiers of the Southwest (Chapter III). At least on one of these stops she was the only white woman at the post. Three sons were born: Arthur MacArthur, on August 1, 1876, and Malcolm MacArthur, on October 17, 1878—both in Norfolk—and Douglas MacArthur, born in Arkansas, on January 26, 1880. The first grief in the happy MacArthur family came when Malcolm died at the age of five years and the child's body was brought to the Hardy plot in Norfolk where it lies today.

Arthur MacArthur, Jr., when but sixteen years of age, entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1892 and at the time of his graduation was the youngest man ever to have completed the course. He, too, had a romance. He fell in love with Mary McCalla, daughter of Admiral Bowman McCalla of the United States Navy. They were married in August, 1901, and five children were born: four sons, Arthur MacArthur V, Bowman MacArthur, Douglas MacArthur II, Malcolm MacArthur and one daughter, Mary Elizabeth MacArthur.

This brother of General Douglas MacArthur became one of the ablest officers in the Navy, Commander of the best destroyer crew of its time, then Captain. He fought with distinction through World War I and died in 1923 "on the way to becoming an Admiral."

The cousin of General Douglas MacArthur's mother further relates: We all know that she was with him during the time Douglas was at West Point while his father was fighting in the Philippines; she went to the Philippines when her husband became Military Governor and was with both father and son at Tokio when they were observers in the Russo-Japanese War.

"The next time I saw her," says Mrs. Jones, "was when she was at Garden City, Long Island, to bid farewell to her son, then Colonel Douglas MacArthur, as he left with his troops to sail for World War I. She went to Washington to be with the family of her oldest son, Commander Arthur MacArthur, during the years her boys were in the Army and the Navy. She remained in Washington most of the years between 1925-35. We last saw her when she went to the Philippines with General Douglas MacArthur in 1935 to accept President Quezon's appointment as 'Field Marshal of the Philippine Army.'"

Here, in 1935, while General Douglas MacArthur was engaged in the tremendous task of building an army of defense for the Philippines, he met the deepest sorrow in his life since his father's death—he has never recovered from the depth of this grief. The simple dispatches from the Philippines tell the story:

Manila, P. I., Dec. 3 (1935): Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Sr., mother of Major-General Douglas MacArthur, died today after a long illness. She was 82 years old. She had been ill since she arrived in Manila two months ago. Medicine was brought from the

United States by the China Clipper, but it arrived too late.

General MacArthur, former Chief of Staff of the United States Army, is military adviser of the Commonwealth Government of the Philippine Islands. Mrs. MacArthur was born in Norfolk, Virginia, and was the widow of Major-General Arthur MacArthur, former Military Governor of the Philippines.

This was followed by this second dispatch:

Manila, P. I., Dec. 4 (1935) : Private funeral services will be held tomorrow for Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, mother of Major-General Douglas MacArthur, who died here yesterday. The body will be taken to the United States for burial in Arlington National Cemetery, near Washington.

The mother of soldiers, the sister of soldiers, the daughter of a long line of soldiers reaching back to the men who fought for Independence in the American Revolution, now lies at her nation's shrine beside her soldier husband—not far from the tomb of the Unknown Soldier—while her son goes on to greater glories in the service of his country.

General Douglas MacArthur, who, as recalled, says, "the life of a General is loneliness," was now lonelier than ever before in his life. Everything that he loved seemed to have been taken away from him—father, mother, only brother.

His mother had left behind her a true friend—a girl that she loved as she would a daughter. On her last voyage across the Pacific she had met aboard ship a young Tennessee girl, Jean Marie Faircloth, daugh-

ter of an old Tennessee family. They had become inseparable friends.

Jean was a member of the party of United States Senators and Congressmen who were going to the Philippines as the official delegation for the inauguration of the new Philippine Commonwealth in 1935. Vice President John N. Garner was head of the delegation with Congressman Joseph W. Byrns, Speaker of the House. Speaker Byrns was a friend of Jean Faircloth's father who had requested that his daughter be an unofficial member of the party.

On this ship General Douglas MacArthur and his mother were returning to the Philippines. This Tennessee girl with her vivacity and intelligence fascinated Mother MacArthur. When the grand old lady passed away, Jean was heart-broken.

Two years later—on April 30, 1937—Jean Faircloth and General Douglas MacArthur were married in the chapel of the Municipal Building, in New York.

The first romance of General MacArthur had ended unhappily. The girl he met while in command at West Point, in 1922, Louise Cromwell Brooks, had long been separated from him and they were divorced in 1929, shortly before the General started on his extended European tour. The first wife, member of a prominent New York and Philadelphia family of high social position, was a sister of the American Minister to Canada, James Cromwell (both children of Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia by a former marriage). She did not enjoy military life but preferred the active social life of the cosmopolitan cities.

Jean Faircloth was born on December 28, 1898,

daughter of the late Edward C. Faircloth and Sallie Beard Faircloth (later Mrs. Frederick Smith). Jean's mother's middle name was Dromgoole, in honor of her ancestors back in Ireland who came as pioneers to America generations ago.

And it is this Jean Faircloth-MacArthur, now mother of little four-year-old Arthur MacArthur, sixth of the name in the family, who stood courageously behind her husband, with the spirit of a Joan of Arc, when the Japanese struck at the Philippines on that fateful December 7, 1941.

Who is this new heroine in American history in World War II? Let her distinguished uncle, William E. Beard, of Nashville, Tennessee, tell the story: "Jean Faircloth-MacArthur's father, Edward C. Faircloth, was my brother. He figured prominently as a patriotic speaker in all drives during World War I and made the address when a flag was presented to the 114th. Field Artillery on the day of its departure for cantonment. Jean's brother, E. Cameron Faircloth, Jr., was then first sergeant of Battery E of Nashville, and returned a second lieutenant of artillery fire observer with the 30th. Division A.E.F."

Jean's family, like the MacArthurs, was a soldier family. She was reared in the home of her grandfather, Captain Richard Beard, a veteran of Cleburne's Division in the War Between the States, former captain of Company E, Fifth Confederate Infantry. Jean's great-grandfather, Dr. Richard Beard I, was a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, educator and author. Four of his sons (Jean's uncles) were in the Confederate Army: Major William D.

Beard, later Chief Justice of Tennessee, was on the staff of General A. P. Stewart.

Jean's grandfather, Captain Richard Beard, to his dying day was proud of his Confederate service. As he shaved every morning he hummed "Lorena," or sang the well-known words between the strokes of his razor.

Jean, always surrounded by soldiers, was nineteen years old when the United State entered World War I. She immediately volunteered as a nurse and served at the hospital at Murfreesboro. If a woman's brigade could have been formed to fight in France, Jean would have been there. Her love for army life began right there, and since then she has been a guest at army posts throughout the country. She has a half brother, Harvard Smith, at last accounts a first lieutenant in the 191st. Artillery, recommended for captain—and she has a half sister, now Mrs. J. Rees McCarthy, wife of a major in the British Army last located in Brazil.

Jean Faircloth-MacArthur was educated at a private school in Murfreesboro and at the Ward-Belmont College at Nashville. She has spent much of her life as a globe-trotter—travelling the world over—with her father through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast—on an extended European tour—on a trip around the world with her half brother—a trip to South America with her half sister—and back and forth to the Philippines.

Today she is mother of the last of the MacArthurs. Somewhere in the Philippines, while her husband, General Douglas MacArthur is fighting off the Jap-

anese invaders, Jean and little four-year-old Arthur MacArthur are clinging to each other with full confidence that "Daddy" will come out victorious—for they *know* he is "the greatest General in all the world."

Her uncle, William E. Beard, who has given us this record, is the brilliant and scholarly associate editor of the *Nashville Banner* and an honored member of the Tennessee Historical Commission.

"I was talking with Jean," he says, "when she left Murfreesboro for New York to marry General Douglas MacArthur. With her aunt, Mrs. Marie Beard Glenn, and her half sister, we discussed the wedding plans. She was exceedingly happy and in all her letters she says she is 'very, very happy and proud of her distinguished husband.'

"When her husband was made Field Marshal of the Philippines by President Quezon, with the task of creating a strong Filipino Army, Jean wrote: 'I am delighted, as I love it here very much. . . . I am glad we are staying on.' In the same letter Jean enclosed a clipping from the *Manila Herald* quoting President Quezon's words of praise and General MacArthur's reply in which he said: '*This is a call of duty; I cannot fail.*' "

When the youngest MacArthur was expected, Jean wrote: "I am praying it is a boy to carry on the MacArthur military tradition." Master Arthur's first book was sent to him in the Philippines by his Tennessee uncle. It was . . . *A Boy's Life of Robert E. Lee*.

Uncle William Beard tells us: "When last Christmas approached (eighteen days after the Japs invaded

the Philippines) I sent Jean a box of her favorite Nashville-made candy. And I sent General MacArthur a copy of Stanley F. Horn's *Army of Tennessee*. I have heard nothing from either. Christmas Eve I sent by Clipper mail a brief message of hope, faith, and good luck—but it has come back to me . . . *Not Found*. . . .

"Where Jean is (Washington's Birthday, 1942) I do not know. Wherever she is, I am confident she is facing the situation like a soldier—with courage and purpose—and doing her part toward *Keeping the Flag Flying!*

"Let me say for her now: A more generous girl—or a more completely lovable woman—I never knew. Thoughtful and kind always, but with abundant, quiet resolution. Regardless of ties of blood I am confident that Jean is doing her full duty in the trying situation in which destiny has placed her and I know that MacArthur is doing his duty as a great soldier and a great American."

It is interesting to note here that Jean's loyalty to the Old South, like that of Douglas MacArthur's mother, is one of her most admirable traits of character. Every Christmas she presents the General with a book to add to his treasured library of nearly 8,000 volumes. The first Christmas after they were married she presented him with Douglas Freeman's *Life of Robert E. Lee*; the second Christmas she gave him Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson*; the third Christmas he found "in his stocking" Wyeth's *General Forest*; and last Christmas—well, no one knows—for General MacArthur was fighting like a modern Lee, Jackson,

Forest, and all the great Generals of history combined—in his immortal defense of the Philippines.

This is the woman behind General Douglas MacArthur—in World War II—and these are the women of the Hardy-MacArthurs. Love and war have made MacArthur what he is today—devoted and loving families behind him fighting for freedom.

Before we leave the women in the MacArthur family, we should pay tribute to Mary H. McCalla MacArthur, widow of Captain Arthur MacArthur, U.S.N., deceased brother of General Douglas MacArthur. She has given five more MacArthurs to the world, one of whom is Douglas MacArthur II, secretary of United States Embassy at Vichy in World War II and a Second Lieutenant in the Reserve Corps. Her son, Malcolm MacArthur died while a cadet at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Another son, Bowman McCalla MacArthur, named after his famous grandfather, Rear Admiral Bowman McCalla, is in the Government war service at Washington.

Mary McCalla MacArthur accompanied General Douglas MacArthur and his mother to the Philippines and was with them at their home in Manila when Mother MacArthur passed away. She pays her this tribute:

“Mother MacArthur was a wonderful woman and a most devoted and loving mother to her two sons as well as me. She was the most generous and just person I have ever known and *a real soldier*.”

CHAPTER XII

MacARTHUR WATCHES WAR CLOUDS GATHER—CIVILIZATION AT STAKE

OMINOUS rumblings in Germany echoed around the world as early as 1936. Slowly but surely the scheming Hitler was strangling the German people into a state of psychological submission, forging the chains which were to hold them in subjugation and drive their sons into a frenzied crusade in which German youth would be sacrificed on the altar of a mad ambition. Millions of them were never to return. The world was sitting on a volcano which was soon to erupt in the greatest disaster in history.

General Douglas MacArthur was watching the war clouds gather as he sat in his office in faraway Manila, on the other side of the world, catching every detonation as Hitler's boastful, bombastic speeches came over the radio—portents of evil days ahead.

President Manuel Quezon frequently conferred with MacArthur at the Executive Palace, a short distance away. He had honored the American general with the Gold Baton of Grand Field Marshal of the Philippines, designating the high regard and confidence placed in him by the 17,000,000 people of the islands.

The President often retold to MacArthur the story of how his father, General Arthur MacArthur, had persuaded him to surrender his sword when Quezon

was a young major in the insurrectionist forces. And now this same Quezon was President of the Philippines.

General MacArthur faced an enormous task. He must build an army for the defense of the Philippines—train and equip it for the fatal day. Long conferences with the General Staff and military experts from neighboring countries of the Far East filled his days and nights. He had an almost psychic penetration as he looked about him and saw a world heading for chaos.

German troops in violation of treaty agreements marched into the Rhineland in the first defiance of the statesmen who had dictated peace at Versailles at the close of World War I. The pompous Mussolini launched his drive against Ethiopia, the world's most ancient monarchy, and Haile Selassie, "Lion of Judah and King of Kings," descendant of King Menelik, traditional son of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, was forced to abdicate his throne and flee with his family from Addis Ababa to refuge in Jerusalem—and later to London.

General MacArthur in the Philippines read the "Memoirs" of Mussolini's son in which he gloated over the joy of bombing defenseless cities.

The voracious Hitler in Germany was throwing the German people who refused to salute at the click of his heels into concentration camps. Clergymen—Catholic and Protestant—and their followers were given the new inquisition. Pastor Niemoeller, leader of the Lutherans, was cast into a Nazi prison because he refused to yield his allegiance to God and humanity.

General MacArthur followed closely the debates back home in the Congress of the United States where short-sighted "statesmen" were declaring there was no danger and blocking the appeals of President Franklin D. Roosevelt to build defenses both at home and in possessions abroad against the brazen threats of the Dictators. President Roosevelt saw eye-to-eye with General MacArthur. Failure to heed these far-seeing men caused the tragedy in the Philippines, at Wake Island, and in the Hawaiian Islands—five years later.

Hitler's German-American Bund in the United States was only one of the units throughout the world that was laboring defiantly to link "every German, irrespective of birth, to the land of his fathers." Here was the sweeping Pan-Germanism that Hitler hoped would conquer the world. The Germany that Hitler envisaged would not only dominate the world, but would enslave its two billion people for the aggrandizement of the so-called superior German race.

While President Roosevelt and General MacArthur realized what was happening across the seas, the Congress before whom MacArthur had pleaded for defense could not seem to hear and understand the open declarations of the totalitarian Dictators who boasted of what they intended to do—"the annihilation of Democracy and all democratic nations . . . the subjugation of races and peoples . . . the conquest of the world."

These dire threats were repeated time and again in proclamations, the subsidized German press, official orders issued by Hitler's satellites, and in conversations at Berchtesgaden. The mass of evidence is overwhelming in its self-confession and self-conviction.

Here are a few typical statements from authoritative sources:¹ "Empires are made by the sword . . . by theft and robbery . . . by brute force. . . . We shall proceed step by step with iron determination. . . . We shall be master of the earth." Hitler speaking to his intimate cabinet: "I have no conscience. . . . I shall shrink from nothing. . . . We have no scruples. . . . There is no such thing as Truth. . . . We are at the end of the Age of Reason. . . . The ten commandments have lost their validity . . . the Sermon on the Mount is for idiots. . . . Promises, agreements, treaties are sheer stupidity . . . they are made to be broken. Anyone whose conscience is so tender is a fool."

Listen to this: "I am freeing man from the restraints of intelligence . . . from the dirty and degraded self-mortifications called conscience and morality. . . . Yes, we are barbarians . . . we may fail, but if we do, we shall drag the world with us . . . a world in flames."

President Roosevelt heard—General MacArthur heard—those who stood loyally by them heard—but the politicians playing party politics while the world was smoldering and soon to burst into flames seemed to be deaf, blind, and dumb.

Hitler, in Germany—only a minute away by radio—and a night away by airplane—continued to roar and rage: "The world can only be ruled by fear. . . . We are

¹ Our readers are advised to read Dr. Hermann Rauschning's *Voice of Destruction* and *The Conservative Revolution* published by G. P. Putnam's Sons—also *Revolution of Nihilism* published by Alliance Book Corporation. These books give a fuller understanding of what Totalitarianism means. Quotations in the above chapter have been assembled from these three books (and other sources) by permission of the publishers.

above clinging to the bourgeois notions of honor and reputation. . . . We have no time for fine sentiments . . . or humane feelings. . . . It will be unbelievably bloody and grim."

And then he strikes viciously at all free peoples: "Democracy is the last disgusting death-rattle of a corrupt and worn-out system . . . the falsity of liberty and equality. . . . The masses are doomed to decay and self-destruction . . . they are fools, donkeys and sterile old men. . . . Any lie will be believed if it is big enough. . . . Our aim is not to raise the masses from the depth of their own vulgarity to a higher level, but to appeal to their baser instincts. . . . The masses shall be eternally disenfranchised . . . we need not hesitate to call them the modern slave class . . . I shall not be deceived by the Captains of Industry . . . they are stupid fools who cannot see beyond the wares they peddle. . . . Damn your economic science . . . bring me money. I don't care how you get it."

There were those, even in America, who would "appease" these pagans. They did not heed the attacks upon American institutions when Hitler declared: "It is a simple matter for me to produce unrest and revolt in the United States . . . these gentry will have their hands full with their own affairs . . . they are permanently on the brink of revolution. . . . We shall break down the enemy psychologically before the armies begin to function. . . . The enemy must be demoralized into moral passivity. . . . We shall not shrink from plotting revolutions. . . . We shall have friends who will help us in all enemy countries . . . they will come of their own accord. . . . Ambition and delusion, party

squabbles and self-seeking arrogance will drive them into mental confusion . . . indecision . . . panic . . . these are our first weapons."

While President Roosevelt appealed for united defense, Hitler in Nazi Germany was substituting his *Mein Kampf* for the Holy Bible, and setting up his swastika in place of the Cross. Nuns and priests and Protestant clergy were being thrown into concentration camps. The Gestapo was preferring trumped-up charges against the followers of Christianity. Churches and monasteries were being looted and cathedrals stripped of their treasures gathered over the centuries.

The Hitler youth were urged to propagate the race, and young girls were fanatically bearing illegitimate children for the glory of the German Reich.

These were momentous days—the days that held the key to the tragedy in the Philippines where MacArthur was forced to fight with his back against the wall in defense of Corregidor in 1942. The guilt of the disaster in the Pacific in the first months of World War II must be placed entirely on the shoulders of those who blocked Roosevelt and put MacArthur on the spot for the sake of political feuds.

President Roosevelt, in full realization of impending events, made an extended trip to South America (1936) and at the Inter-American Conference, in Buenos Aires, for the Maintenance of Peace, called upon the nations of the New World to help avert the Old World war.

General MacArthur was hastening his defense of the Philippines, greatly handicapped by insufficient appro-

priations and apathy, while General Chiang Kai-shek was being held prisoner.

General MacArthur, six months after taking over the job of building the Philippine defenses, reported to President Quezon: "*By 1946 I will make of the islands a Pacific Switzerland that would cost any invader 500,000 men, three years and more than \$5,000,000,-000 to conquer.*"

He stormed the mail routes back to Washington with a steady flow of reports on the urgent necessity of supplies for his tough little Philippine Army. He declared to the newsmen: "*The Philippines can and will be defended—with the help of God and the United States of America!*"

While some small wits of Manila called him the Napoleon of Luzon, General MacArthur was struggling against apathy at home and abroad.

But MacArthur was not to be turned from his task. He had staked his professional reputation upon the formidable task of defending the Philippines.

While the MacArthur's were at their home in the Philippines, news came from Washington and London that Hitler's Nazi armies were on the march. The Fuehrer had withdrawn to his lair at Berchtesgaden and sent for Austria's Chancellor, Schuschnigg. He threatened bloody revolution unless Schuschnigg agreed to form a new cabinet with Seyss-Inquart as Minister of Interior and two other Nazis as Ministers of Justice and Foreign Affairs. These were the key positions Hitler demanded; they laid the groundwork for the bloodless annexation which followed, March 12, 1938.

On the other side of the world, the Japanese hordes were invading China, striking at slumbering cities, terrifying the countryside in midnight pushes, their tanks crushing over the good earth, while bombers poured flames of death from the skies upon helpless men, women, and children. Doom threatened one-fifth of humanity.

Italy had executed her conquest of Ethiopia, while Japan was looting Manchuria and bleeding China—the greedy Sons of Heaven were looking southward “where the dawn comes up like thunder out of China ’cross the Bay.”

MacArthur was working desperately against time. If Japan, as the fellow-assassin of Germany, struck before 1946, the safety and security of the Philippines would be in dire distress.

Hitler in the meantime was continuing his verbal blasts at America: “We shall soon have an S.A. (Elite Guard) in America. We shall train our youth and we shall have men whom degenerate Yankeedom will not be able to challenge. . . . Two worlds are in conflict, two philosophies of life. One of these worlds must break asunder.”

President Roosevelt, aware of the sinister forces at work to undermine the freedom of the little people of the world, called upon the powerful nations, the decent nations in the world, to stamp out the disease of international gangsterism and “quarantine the gangster nations.”

“They (the Nazis) openly seek the destruction of all elective systems of government on every continent—including our own.” President Roosevelt warned:

"From the Bureaus of Propaganda of the Axis powers comes the confident prophecy that the conquest of our country will be an 'inside job'—a job accomplished not by overpowering invasion from without, but by disrupting confusion and disunion and moral disintegration from within. . . ." How well the President understood the forces of nihilism that threatened to engulf the globe!

Then came Munich! The British Prime Minister Chamberlain—September 15, 1938—was poking his umbrella along the path to the lair of the Beast of Berchtesgaden. He was bent on determining whether Hitler was interested in a military adventure. A week later he went back to Germany for a second interview with Hitler at Godesberg, and came away with the impression that Hitler was a madman. On the 27th of September President Roosevelt sent personal appeals to Hitler urging an international conference to settle the controversy over the Sudetenland that Hitler was using as a smoke screen to force his drive to the East.

Two days later the conference of Munich was on! Hitler made his triumphant entry into Eger, October 3, 1938, which the Sudeten Germans used as a base of operations. The Munichmen sat smugly in their plush chairs back in their homes again and told the little people: "We have assured you *peace in our time!*"

Hitler had swindled the British Stateman into appeasement with promises he never intended to keep—for promises to him are bogie for treachery. He had played blind man's buff with Chamberlain and beat him at the game.

A misty drizzle was falling in front of No. 10 Downing Street when Chamberlain alighted from his car. He had returned from his "victory" at Munich. A woman broke from the milling crowd, and knocked the famous umbrella over, threw her arms about the Prime Minister's neck and shrieked hysterically for all the world to hear:

"Thank you, Mr. Chamberlain! You saved us! You saved us!"

"Ah, madam," said the Prime Minister. "We have endeavoured to assure the world . . . *peace in our time!*"

Czechoslovakia, the progressive republic born of the travail of World War I, its constitution having been set up in historic Independence Hall in Philadelphia by the half-American Masaryk—his mother was born in Brooklyn—had been traded down the river like a slave state in the cause of peace. This "peace" was to cause the greatest war in human history.

Hitler immediately began to plot his conquest of the Czechs. President Benes, successor of the great Masaryk, had been forced to retire from Prague. Hacha, the one-eyed strong man who followed him into the President's chair in the crisis, was being beaten down by Hitler's threats from Berlin. To save himself from being mysteriously murdered—a diabolical Nazi method of persuasion—he issued this proclamation: "The fate of the Czech people and our land must be trustingly placed in the hands of the Fuehrer of the German Reich." He ordered that nowhere must the Czechs resist the German troops who were poised to spring like hungry wolves over the border.

Mussolini, partner in the crime syndicate known as the Axis, who was leading the great Italian people down the road to destruction, took advantage of this opportunity. On Good Friday (1939) the Duce swept into Albania while the people were at prayer this Holy Day. His legions crossed the Adriatic Sea, took possession of the little kingdom, and forced King Zog and his queen, whose mother was an American, to flee the country with their two-day-old son. The mother was taken from her bed, forty-eight hours after childbirth, and driven through rugged and tortuous mountain passes on the long journey to Greece in anguish and pain, with the fascist hordes at their heels.

It was during these crucial days, when the world was figuratively sitting on a keg of dynamite, that the British decided on a brilliant *coup* to consolidate the Anglo-Saxon peoples for the emergency ahead.

King George and Queen Elizabeth, with their royal entourage, came to America (May 17, 1939) on the first goodwill tour of the kind in the history of the Empire. The Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific hailed them with assurances of affection and fidelity. Their entrance to the United States as they came over the border at Niagara Falls (June 7) was the beginning of unprecedented ovations by the American people.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt greeted the King and Queen of England as "members of their family" at the White House and at Hyde Park. The manliness of the King and the graciousness of the Queen, with their inherently democratic spirit, charmed the nation. The

royal party returned to London (June 22, 1939) after a journey that is a bright page in history.

Hitler now began pressing demands upon Poland. Notes and proposals exchanged hands between London and Berlin. Hitler sardonically declared, August 29, 1939: "I never had any intention of touching Poland's vital interest or questioning the existence of an independent (Polish) state." Before dawn on September 1, German bombs began raining on Polish cities. Hitler's hordes were advancing across the borders.

Prime Minister Chamberlain stood before Parliament and declared that Germany's unscrupulous defiance of pledges and agreements created a "State of War" between Germany and Great Britain (September 3, 1939). Hitler had set a match to the keg of dynamite.

World War II had broken upon a disintegrating world. Democracies in their feeling of security and apathy toward threats of the Dictators had been caught unprepared. The "unbelievable" had come true. That which smug statesmen had said could never happen—had happened.

General MacArthur in the Philippines, in constant communication with Washington, reinforced his appeals for "help and more help" to defend the American dependencies in the Pacific—knowing it would not be long now before Japan would strike in the dark and America would be drawn into the vortex.

Human freedom and civilization were at stake.

CHAPTER XIII

WORLD WAR II—GREAT INVASIONS OF EUROPE—AFRICA—ASIA

INVASIONS which eventually were to drag America into World War II caught the nations drowsing in peace and smug contentment. When Hitler, the paper-hanging corporal with delusions of grandeur, was building his gigantic war machine, the democracies slept and snored with dreams of coming prosperity and only occasional nightmares of what was to come.

General MacArthur, convinced by his inspection tours in Europe and confirmed by his contacts in the Orient, reiterated his declaration, "*The nation that first adopts mechanized warfare on a huge scale as an instrument of aggression can overrun the world.*"

Astounding as these invasions seem in their magnitude and their appalling destruction, they were made possible only by the unpreparedness and lethargy of the free nations. Hitler's victories were gained only when he met armies he could outnumber and overwhelm with tanks, bombers, and sheer weight of manpower. We shall see how he was stopped abruptly when Russia threw her might against him after he had betrayed her. Nazi bravado on the offensive shrank back when placed on the defensive. When they met a foe on equal terms, they were driven back in a desperate attempt again to marshal superior forces.

German troops, figuratively marching under the Umbrella of Munich while Hitler chuckled over his "peace victory," invaded Czechoslovakia (March 14, 1939) and seized the ancient city of Prague with all its historic treasures. The Czechs, bound, gagged, and sold on the block at Munich, were forced to demobilize their army of 2,000,000 men willing to die for their country—and surrender their arms. Czechoslovakia's reputed air-power of 2,000 planes was seized by Hitler along with the Skoda munitions works, largest in the world.

Hitler, who boasted that treaties are devices of deceit and "anyone who keeps them is a fool," was soon to betray his Munich "friends" by directing Skoda's shells, bullets, and bombs against France and Great Britain, double-crossing them in one of the most brazen betrayals in history.

The Nazi time-table of invasion was marked: "Poland next." The British people, aroused to the realization that they had been caught in a death trap, set up a united cry: "*Stop Hitler!*"

Britain and France, shaken by Hitler's treachery, issued the warning (March 31, 1939): "In the event of any action which clearly threatens Polish independence, and which the Polish Government accordingly considers it vital to resist with their national forces . . . we shall at once lend Poland all support in our power."

Nazi defiance met every warning. Their fifth columnists had laid the plot for the delivery of the Free City of Danzig. Der Fuehrer, with his Nazi invaders, rode through the streets of Danzig in triumph (Sep-

tember 1, 1939). The corridor was torn from Poland and she was deprived of her port on the Baltic Sea.

Russia, suspicious of the agreements at Munich in which she was excluded from the conference, secretly carried on negotiations for a pact of non-aggression with the Nazi Government. The announcement of this pact dropped like an exploding bomb in Britain. Her diplomats had spent many weeks trying to negotiate a similar policy with the Soviet.

Here was plot and counterplot on the chessboard of diplomacy. If England and France hoped Munich would give the Western Powers respite from war to build their defenses, Stalin hoped this non-aggression pact with Hitler would serve the same purpose for the Soviet. By this time the world knew that war was inevitable. To equalize the many years' head-start the Nazi regime had in arming, the powers most likely to be attacked by Germany were frantically shadow-boxing for time.

MacArthur in the Philippines with President Quezon put all possible speed behind his 1946 program. They knew there was no time to be lost—for the reverberations from Europe were stirring Japan, already engaged in her war of conquest in China, into dreams of ever-increasing empire.

The British Government (August 30, 1939) sent a telegram to its ambassador in Berlin to suggest that the Hitler proposals regarding Poland be handed to the Polish Ambassador in accordance with accepted diplomatic procedure. When Sir Neville Henderson, British Ambassador, called on Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop to deliver this message, the perfidious von

Ribbentrop whipped out a document of formidable length and began to read at top speed in German.

When the British Ambassador asked for the text of the document, he was told: "It is now too late as the Polish Ambassador had not arrived in Berlin by midnight." The document was the sixteen-point program, which, when handed to the Polish Ambassador later, he could not communicate to his government, because all means of communication to his country had been closed to him by the Nazis.

It became clear that the exchange of notes between Hitler's Foreign Minister (a former wine salesman) and the British Ambassador was merely intrigue. Hitler never intended that Poland should be given the opportunity of negotiating. His armies and air force and Panzer divisions were poised to strike. And strike they did on a helpless Poland, who slumbered on believing her diplomats could iron out the differences existing with the Third Reich.

The Polish army consisted of approximately 1,500,000 men, and a scant air force, with practically no mechanized divisions. In the end it was the tanks and aircraft of the Nazis that decided the Battle of Poland.

These were lessons MacArthur had learned years before and had attempted so faithfully to teach his own nation in his reports before Senate and House Committees on Military Affairs.

Within a week the Polish air force was completely wiped out, and Hitler triumphantly announced, "Germany now dominates the air over Poland!" Mechanized Panzer divisions swept in from south and

west crossing the borders at East Prussia, Pomerania, Silesia, and Slovakia.

Great Britain and France, paralyzed by the swiftness of the blitz against Poland, found that they were unable to get aid to their besieged ally. They could do nothing to help Poland, while that nation staggered under the blows of superior forces. It developed that Germany's air force was greater than those of Britain and France combined. France sat back of her so-called impregnable Maginot Line and waited for the westward sweep of the Huns.

Hitler, shrewdly following the plan of attack laid out by General von Brauschitsch, had no intention of taking on the French army at this time. That was to come later. After two weeks of advance into Poland that nation had lost almost all the western provinces that bordered on the disputed Corridor. The siege of Warsaw was on!

Without warning (September 17, 1939) the Soviet armies rumbled across the eastern borders with the declaration that they were "protecting the Ukrainians and the White Russians." This move by Russia caused Poland to fall apart in the middle, leaving only the core at Warsaw holding back the Nazi hordes. Warsaw, led by its heroic Mayor Stefan Starzynski, rocked and reeled under tons of bombs dropped from the air, and the terrific artillery assault outside the gates. The citizens erected street barricades and manned the windows, rifles and machine guns in hand. Women and children armed themselves with the most primitive weapons and stood off the attackers until the 27th of September when an armistice was signed.

Hitler's Nazis in twenty-seven days had blitzkrieged their way through a nation of 34,000,000 people, a country 150,000 square miles in size with an army of 1,500,000 men.

Von Ribbentrop declared (Oct. 24, 1939) that the half of Poland which Germany seized (the other half going to Russia) would be used as colonizing space for 1,500,000 Germans throughout the European continent. Now began a reign of terror under the Nazi Gestapo head, the despicable Heinrich Himmler.

Esthonia—Latvia—Lithuania were devoured by Russia which in turn was to be attacked by Nazi turn-coats.

Little Finland, lover of freedom, was now to feel the impact of war. She was to be thrust into the undertow from two directions: first by the Russians when they were with the Axis; and then when Hitler betrayed Russia, the gallant Finns were to be forced to save their homeland by fighting with Hitler's hordes against the Russians. The story of Finland is one of desperation between the Devil and the deep blue sea.

General MacArthur—watching every move from his strategical position in the Philippines—was not misled when Russia temporarily threw her power on the side of the Axis. He knew that this alliance could not last—for the Nazis hated Russia and were sworn to destroy her. Moreover, Japan was in secret conversations with Hitler with full intentions of allying herself with Germany—and Japan's chief ambition was to drive Russia out of Asia, while Hitler drove her out of Europe, catching Russia in the wedge between two armies and crushing her out of existence.

Russia at this time, therefore, was a "guest lured into the house of enemies" who at the appointed moment would hand her the poisoned cup.

Norway was to be victim of the next tragedy. A strong, independent people, living at peace with the world, they were to be betrayed by false promises and by traitors in their midst.

Nazi troops in surprise raids (April 9, 1940) landed at the Norwegian ports of Narvik, Trondhiem, Bergen, Stavanger, Egersund, and Arundel on the Oslo estuary. Within twenty-four hours Denmark, also, was invaded by land and sea. "Trojan Horse" troopships were disguised as ore ships or innocent merchant vessels. Once more the blitzkrieg caught two neutral powers off guard! Airplanes and warships escorted the troop transports, and the first of the Quislings was to play his infamous part in selling out his country from within. Hours after the invasions had been effected, notes were dispatched to the Danish and Norwegian Governments "explaining" the reasons.

King Christian and the Danish Government submitted to Nazi control and Denmark became a German Protectorate, but King Haakon of Norway and his Cabinet refused to accept the German ultimatum to surrender—or to appoint Quisling as Premier.

Outraged, King Haakon declared that the Nazi offer to "protect" his nation was made only after the invasion of Norway was well under way. It was Poland all over again—lightning war before the victims were aware of the attacks—notes and ultimatums only after military assault. This was becoming the common pattern of Nazi warfare.

So insidiously had the German plot of attack been laid that they had dispatched to Narvik an administrative staff in anticipation of Norwegian capitulation, with detachments of Gestapo agents. These officers were on the German cruisers *Bluecher* and *Brummer* which were sunk by Norwegian coastal defenses. German ships sunk by the Norwegians had a combined tonnage far in excess of the entire Norwegian Navy.

King Haakon, marked for assassination, fled Oslo through hills and mountain passes, keeping his hiding place secret, and constantly pursued by Nazi bombers. Once he narrowly escaped being blown to bits by a shell as he escaped into a forest.

King Haakon from his retreat in the hills sent word to his people, "Nobody can expect that I or the Crown Prince shall ask the Norwegian people to obey German authorities." Reaching the coast, he set out in an English boat across the sea to England.

Time and again the Norwegian workingmen sacrificed their lives for their country. There were instances of heroic death: Norwegian truck drivers, forced at the point of a gun to transport German soldiers, jammed on the accelerator and raced them down steep mountain-sides and over cliffs, plunging to certain death along with their German cargo.

The spirit of the Norwegian defenders shines like a bright star in a bleak sky of oppression in this simple tale of simple men: "The fortress of Hegra, in the Trondhiem area, had lain abandoned for fourteen years. Into this fortress, with its antiquated military equipment, poured two hundred men commanded by a major. None of them was familiar with the fort. There

was little to fight with except some artillery equipment practically useless to them, but for twenty-three days the defenders fought and slept in the water of the ancient flooded structure. They bore continuous bombardment from the skies, without a single anti-aircraft gun to fight back. They were isolated from all communication with the outside world, and at the end of twenty-three days their food supply had given out. These soldiers, stricken with pneumonia and weakened by deprivation and lack of sleep, were finally forced to surrender."

The Nazi losses in subjecting Norway were: 400 to 500 airplanes, approximately 65,000 soldiers of whom 30,000 were lost in the sinking of transports. Norwegian losses were amazingly slight; men who were thought dead later reappeared from the embattled hills and the casualty lists shrank from 7,000 to 2,500 men.

German soldiers, taken prisoners in Norway confessed, "*Hitler has sent us on the road to hell!*"

Without warning, another blow fell from the Nazi mailed fist. This time the Netherlands, Belgium, and tiny Luxembourg were invaded in a single sweep of the Nazi hordes to the west!

In a proclamation to his troops Hitler shrieked: "You are about to engage in battles that will decide the fate of the German people for the next thousand years."

Like obedient robots armed with death, the Nazis swarmed across the borders of the three named countries (May 10, 1940—3 a.m.). Within the hour parachute troops landed in Rotterdam, seized the airports;

seaplanes lighted in the Maas River, and the Nazis were in control of bridges and railway stations. Bombs exploded on all the Dutch airfields; almost from the beginning the small Dutch air force was paralyzed because of the damage to its air bases.

While Dutch troops heroically fought at the border, they were unlike their own national hero who stuck his finger in the hole in the dike—they could not stem the tide. Bombers and parachutists destroyed a huge area of Rotterdam as “an example to the stubborn Dutch resistance.”

Queen Wilhelmina and the Royal Family were forced to flee for their lives to London. The Crown Princess and her children later made her home in Canada. She also visited the United States, where she was a guest of President Roosevelt at the White House and at Hyde Park.

President Roosevelt, of Dutch descent more than 300 years ago, extended his sympathy and protection to the beleaguered Dutch people. General MacArthur in the Philippines extended his assurance of sympathy to the Dutch in the East Indies.

After only five days of blitzkrieg, the Netherlands were prostrated before the Nazi invaders. The tiny principality of Luxembourg never had a chance of survival.

The Belgians were at first hopeful, depending on their extension of the Maginot Line, believing they could stave off the invaders until Britain and France could muster their troops for the defense of the Meuse River Line. Parachute troops, along with Fifth Column treachery, and the use of poison gases, however, con-

tributed to the fall of the most powerful fortress at Eben Emael, outside Liege.

The British people were now to rise up out of the ashes of Munich with fortified strength—the moral, spiritual, physical, economic, industrial, and military power of the world's greatest empire behind them. They were to withstand with unconquerable spirit the greatest invasion by air in the world's history—and to drive back the first attempts of Nazi invaders to step foot on their British soil.

Chamberlain, the tragic victim of Hitler's betrayal at Munich, who now considered the Nazi Dictator "a fiend incarnate," was to step down from the Premiership—a disillusioned, heartbroken man who loved England more than life itself—and to die in the midst of events that were to decide the destiny of the British Empire.

Winston Churchill, strong, iron-willed, indefatigable, a champion of human freedom, filled with vengeance against Hitlerism and all it means in the world, was sworn in as Prime Minister of Great Britain (May 11, 1940). When he walked into 10 Downing Street, he walked into the greatest crisis in the annals of the British Empire, with responsibilities on his shoulders heavier than those ever before held by a British Statesman.

The British people and their brothers in the far-flung Empire reaching out over the whole world, rallied under his inspiring leadership. He warned them of the dangers ahead—staking his life on the outcome.

"I have nothing to offer," declared Churchill, addressing the Empire, "but *blood, toil, sweat and tears.*

We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. We have before us many, many months of struggle and suffering. You ask: 'What is our policy?' I say it is to wage war by land, sea, and air. War with all our might and with all the strength God has given us—to wage war against a monstrous tyranny, never surpassed in the dark and lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy."

The tragedy of France was now to be enacted on the stage of human history—a stark drama of heroism and loyalty in counterplot with conspiracy, treachery, intrigue, betrayal. The great Republic pledged to *Liberté—Egalité—Fraternité* was to fall into the hands of invaders and traitors.

Frenchmen everywhere believed in the Maginot Line. They believed it was impregnable. Their political leaders in control of the *militaire*, seemed to be wholly oblivious to the dangers of the new mechanized warfare. Their great generals had appealed in vain—and so the day of tragedy came.

General Maurice Gamelin, Supreme Allied Commander in France, issued this order: "Every unit that is unable to advance must accept death rather than abandon that part of the national territory entrusted to them."

The German juggernaut drove with irresistible power—tanks, mechanized divisions, bombers raining death on the brave French Armies and setting their cities in flames as homeless women and children fled before them. The French troops serving as their rear guard found themselves entangled in roads clogged with refugees fleeing with their household effects on

their shoulders, or in little carts, mothers dragging their frightened children behind them and carrying terror-stricken babies in their arms.

The British, always loyal allies of the French in fights for freedom, had sent their troops across the channel to help defend France. British and French forces pushed north to aid the Belgians. As they did this they left a weakened line at Sedan. Here was the vulnerable spot where the Nazis finally broke through and flanked the Maginot Line. German soldiers, disguised as French troops, raced up and down the countryside giving false orders and handing in forged dispatches. These amazing Fifth Column tactics deceived the French officers into leaving vital bridge-heads standing when they should have been destroyed. The French Army became completely demoralized. Nazi cyclists and parachutists had done their work well.

German forces split a gap sixty miles wide, passed the Maginot Line (May 19, 1940), and pushed through to St. Quentin and Rethel. Nazi shock infantry, repair engineers, tank squadrons, armored troop carriers, followed by petrol carriers and supply trains, worked in perfect coordination. German Panzers, protected by bombing planes, succeeded in breaking through at Abbeville, isolating the Allied forces in Belgium and Northern France (May 21, 1940). Panic-stricken, the Belgian King, contrary to the advice of his ministers, ordered his troops to lay down their arms in unconditional surrender (May 27, 1940).

Then came Dunkirk! (May 20-June 4, 1940) Dunkirk—the miracle that saved 350,000 lives. Dunkirk—

the sandy beaches and diving bombers—British soldiers beating the angry skies with their fists and calling down the wrath of God upon the vultures that rode on wings of steel.

Across the English Channel in the night 650 fishing vessels, tiny craft, and 220 war vessels answered the call. A fog settled down on the Channel hiding the beaches from the Germans as British troops plunged into the waters in the darkness to the safety of fishing boats. Dunkirk was "Thumbs Up." Soldiers, smiling through faces blackened by the hideous nightmare, were wildly cheered as they landed on British soil, as if they had come up out of the sea like legendary gods.

"Of the 400,000 in the British Expeditionary Forces at Dunkirk," announced War Secretary Eden, "350,000 men were rescued."

The Battle for France raged on all along the Weygand Line as German Panzers battered the French Armies (June 5, 1940). Except for one British Division, which clung to the extreme left of the Abbeville line, the French Army was alone in her stand against the Nazis after Dunkirk.

Airplanes, tanks, Panzer Divisions with a vast superiority in attacking troops broke through the line on the Seine from Rouen. It was to be a matter of hours before the fall of Paris.

President Reynaud of France, pleaded with America and Great Britain to "send us clouds of airplanes to stop the Nazi hordes." But no help could be gotten to France in time. Reynaud was forced to resign and 84-year-old Petain, Hero of Verdun in World War I, became Premier. France was lost. Eighty per cent of her

coal production—Lille, the textile center—Rouen and Havre, the great oil depots—and many other rich plums fell to the Nazi invaders.

More than 10,000,000 French refugees choked the roads and prevented adequate supplies from getting through to the armies. These were the "little people" of France, the peasants, the farmers, factory workers, who fled to God knows where out of the path of the juggernaut. They were the people whose lives were tossed on the wind like straws, thrown up on the roads by Fifth Column rumors behind the lines, deliberately urged to leave their homes and flee, so that they would stand in the way of the advancing French Armies. Low flying Nazi planes machine-gunned the refugee lines, causing untold suffering by their barbaric treatment of these "orphans of the war."

This was warfare in 1940—exactly as MacArthur had predicted it. The world reeled with the news of the fall of France. This great Nation of Voltaire and Napoleon, Lafayette and the French Revolution, fell like a giant oak in a storm. When the world examined the cause we saw that this mighty oak of a nation was politically rotten at the core. When the political leaders of France should have been building her strength against the day when she would come into conflict with the Nazi revolution of nihilism, they were squabbling among themselves for petty party favors. Industrial leaders in France had paralyzed her industries, while the German workers were having dinned in their ears the cry: "*Cannons instead of butter!*"

Last but most important: the British and French together might have succeeded in strangling Nazi ag-

gression when Hitler ordered the Rhineland remilitarized in repudiation of the Treaties of Versailles and Locarno.

Germany's army of occupation marched into Paris (June 14, 1940)—under the Arc de Triomphe erected by Napoleon in honor of his soldiers—down the magnificent Champs Elysées to the Place de Concord and the President's Palace—across the bridge of the Seine to the Chamber of Deputies and the Tomb of Napoleon in the Invalides and took possession along the grand boulevards. The Parisians watched angrily from behind drawn curtains in their homes. A reign of loot and plunder began—brutal oppression and murder by the Nazi conquerors.

The French Government was forced to flee to Bordeaux and then to Vichy, where President-General Petain, surrounded by agents of the Nazis, was compelled to grant outrageous demands or meet with mysterious death. He, too, was the virtual prisoner of the Nazis. In his household and among his cabinet ministers were Frenchmen whose names will live only in ignominy—for they were selling France and the French people to the enemy of *Liberty—Equality—Fraternity*—enemies sworn to destroy human freedom the world over.

Chancellor Hitler (June 24, 1940) ordered that German flags fly for ten days and German "bells ring for seven days in celebration of the most glorious victory of all times." In France (June 25, 1940) the populace observed a day of mourning. On his return to Berlin (July 6, 1940), Hitler rode along streets carpeted with flowers in honor of his conquest.

France was destined to become an armed camp, tightly-held by the Nazi slave-masters and their Gestapo hirelings. The French people steadily but surely became vassals and slaves of the Third Reich. Its rich industries were stripped, people turned out of factories and made to work the fields to feed the Reich. Dreadful terrorism swept the nation. Hundreds of hostages were herded into prisons on whatever pretext the Gestapo could devise. If in bitter anger a Frenchman took vengeance on a strutting, arrogant German soldier, scores of hostages, people who knew nothing of the deed, were executed in vengeance for a single Frenchman's deed.

Held in the grip of the octopus, gasping in the clutches of slavery, yet unbeaten in spirit, the French people waited . . . waited . . . for . . . the day!

Every night they fell on their knees before the crucifix of Christ, symbol of love for humanity, and prayed for the liberation of their people.

"Bon Dieu! Save France!" they pleaded, and then rising with smiles of confidence whispered: *"France shall live again! Vive la France!"*

The German armies were now to strike like adders at England—to take over Roumania, Hungary, Bulgaria—to join their Italian Allies at Libya, in Africa, and in terrific onslaught against Greece and Crete—to betray Russia and strike against their own Axis partner in the conquest of Europe—finally to extend their plunders into Asia with the Japanese as their partners in crime. America was to be stabbed in the back and plunged into World War II.

CHAPTER XIV

AMERICA MEETS CHALLENGE TO HUMAN FREEDOM

AMERICA was struggling to keep out of the tidal waves that were engulfing the world. Demands upon President Roosevelt that we preserve peace in a world where there is no peace were placing him in the position of his Dutch ancestors who tried to sweep back the ocean with a broom.

The gigantic task of transforming the peace-loving American people into an invincible fighting machine fell upon the Chief Executive's shoulders.

President Roosevelt's first problem was to arouse the nation to a full realization of the danger ahead—to organize American industries into what he called the "Arsenal of Democracy," to co-ordinate labor and capital on a united home front with "speed and more speed." His messages to Congress are documentary evidence which will stand for all time.

General Douglas MacArthur, as we have seen, was working against time to build up the defenses of the Philippines. President Quezon had appointed him Director of Organization of Natural Defense for the Commonwealth Government of the Philippines, with the title of Field Marshal. This tremendous task led him to retire from the United States Army on December

31, 1937, with the highest commendations from President Roosevelt.

MacArthur took up permanent residence in Manila, in the penthouse of the Manila Hotel, where he resided with his wife and new-born son. He spent every night in his library of nearly 8,000 volumes, studying the plans and methods of the great strategists in all the wars of the world in the preceding 5,000 years.

Here he read dispatches and kept in immediate touch over the radio with events in all parts of the world. He followed the maps and military reports of Hitler's great invasions in Europe and Africa, as he drove closer and closer to Egypt, the Suez Canal, and the roads to Asia.

Let us inspect here the battlelines as MacArthur traced them on his maps. He kept in hourly communication with Washington, knowing that any hour his home nation would be hurled into the cataclysm.

While President Roosevelt, with his able Secretary of State Cordell Hull and his loyal cabinet, was arousing the Americas to get ready for the inevitable day, across the seas there were scenes of wild jubilation.

The paranoic Hitler was roaring and snarling like a modern Attila, the narcotic Hermann Goering, in effulgent military attire, was masquerading as a Field Marshal, the pernicious Goebbels was spewing out his venom to poison the minds of his people, while the murderous Himmler with his Gestapo was committing every bestial crime with the carnal instincts of beasts in the disguise of men.

MacArthur's ears were figuratively glued to the radio when these words came to him as the British

Prime Minister Churchill spoke to the civilized world on July 14, 1940: "Bearing ourselves humbly before God, but conscious that we serve an unfolding purpose, we are ready to defend our native land. . . . We are fighting by ourselves alone—but we are not fighting for ourselves alone!"

The words rose in fervor: "We shall defend every village, every town, and every city. . . . We would rather see London in ruins than that it should be tamely and abjectly enslaved."

Hitler, enraged by these words, attempted another of his fraudulent "peace proposals" five days later. It boomeranged in his face. The British had trusted him once at Munich; they would never trust him again.

The great German people, under the lash of Hitler, had been whipped into a nation of marionettes. Hitler mounted the rostrum of the Reichstag July 19, 1940, pulling the strings while his puppets roared or cheered at his will. This once respected body in statesmanlike deliberation on world problems was now a parliament of Charlie McCarthys who shrieked with delight at Hitler's defiance:

"Churchill ought to believe me when I prophesy that his great empire will now be destroyed—an empire which it was never my intention to destroy or even harm. . . . This struggle can only end in the complete annihilation of one of the two adversaries. Churchill may believe it will be Germany. I know it will be Britain. Possibly Mr. Churchill will again brush aside this statement of mine by saying that it is merely born of fear and doubt in our final victory. In that case I

shall have relieved my conscience with regard to *the things to come!*"

The things to come! British Foreign Secretary Halifax took up the challenge, the British people took up the challenge, the globe-girdling Empire upon which "the sun never sets" braced itself to meet the challenge with courage and determination to remain free from the shackles of bondage in the twentieth century.

"This is the challenge of anti-Christ," Secretary Halifax shot back at Hitler's desperate efforts to frighten the British Empire into another false peace so as to consolidate his gains on the continent. "It is our duty as Christians to fight it with all our power. . . . We realize that the struggles may cost us everything. But we shall not stop fighting till freedom, for ourselves and for others, is secure."

The Battle of Britain was the frustrated Hitler's reply. From scores of new airfields grasped by the Nazis in their conquests of Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, and France, waves of bombing planes swept across the Channel, ranging far and wide throughout England, Scotland, and Wales, beginning August 11, 1940.

Indiscriminate bombings of homes, hospitals, churches, orphanages, sacred shrines, as well as industrial areas, forced the population of London to take refuge in underground air-raid shelters. Millions of people nightly left their homes burdened with sleeping equipment and made their way to London's vast underground stations. Night after night the attacks continued. In many more than a thousand planes participated, with tremendously high losses to the Nazis.

From Land's End, at the southwesternmost tip of England, to the Thames Estuary, thousands of Nazi bombers pounded docks and airports, industrial areas, and naval bases. Nazi planes flying low over the London suburbs bombed and machine-gunned inhabitants caught on the streets. An old "home guardsman" lifted a rifle to his shoulder and "bagged" a pilot, crashing the bomber into the streets before the gasping, cheering crowds.

Screaming bombs and incendiary bombs dropped on the streets of London. Time bombs, delayed action bombs, were scattered indiscriminately throughout the besieged city and countryside. At Buckingham Palace a delayed action bomb was imbedded in the garden a few feet from the sitting room of the Queen.

For nearly nine hours on September 11, 1940 German planes sent screaming whistler bombs, followed by incendiary bombs, hurtling upon the capital of the British Empire.

Three sections of the city's great population were deprived of water and gas. The intensity of these raids continued until nearly half of London was spending its nights underground. Babies were born in the dank passageways while trains rumbled in and out of the stations, and passengers carefully stepped over sleeping children.

The Nazi newspapers in Germany boasted on September 23, 1940: "Our air-forces have dropped more than fifty-million pounds of bombs on Britain since August 10th. Thirty-three million pounds have found their mark on the London areas and middle England towns."

But the brave Royal Air Force, bitterly outnumbered, exacted an exorbitant toll from the attacking Nazi planes. Air Marshal Arthur Barratt announced a single day's toll was 232 Nazi planes shot down by defending Spitfires and Hurricanes—September 15, 1940. In the two months since the raids began with such fierce intensity, London announced that 2,167 German craft and 5,418 pilots and gunners and bombardiers had been destroyed by the defending British planes.

It was of these times that Prime Minister Churchill truly exclaimed: "Never before in history have so many owed so much to so few" when he praised the magnificent defense of Britain by its airmen. The hero tales of the gallant Royal Air Force, with whom were many intrepid Canadians and daring Americans, must eventually have its own grand book of valor in the annals of free men.

General MacArthur, in his home in Manila, followed closely every dispatch from beleaguered England. He remarked to his friends that people with such fortitude could never be conquered. He was confident that it was but a modern version in the air of the famous Spanish Armada that was utterly destroyed, set in flames by the British, sinking into the sea completely annihilated.

The utter rout of the attempted German invasion of England—September, 1940—is another golden book of valor in itself. Thousands of barges were assembled along the coast of Northern France. When the momentous day came, September 12, heavy fog blanketed the Channel. Over 2,000,000 British Soldiers in all branches of the service stood along the coastal defenses

around the Island from Scotland to Wales. The British Admiralty announced: "Britain's thousand fighting ships will go down rather than surrender an inch of British soil to the invader."

How these 500,000 German invaders, herded like cattle on barges were turned back is history. Turned back by a wall of flames through which they sought in vain to penetrate. Britain's "impregnable fortress" had proved to be the stout hearts of the British seamen and soldiers and the gallant Royal Air Force, stemming the tide of invasion with a "tide of fire." Not a single German succeeded in getting through. Not a single Nazi soldier landed on British soil.

It is estimated that 50,000 German troops were thrown into the seas set aflame by oil, dying in agony in a sea that had become a flaming cauldron. The 3,000,000 Nazi soldiers waiting on French, Belgian, Norwegian, and Danish shores to make the attempt to cross to England never started.

From southern Europe came rumblings which MacArthur in the Philippines saw clearly as another stage being set for the drama of war. This time it was to be the Isles of Greece.

Then, as now, the British Empire offered to guarantee the independence of the restored Greek kingdom, and Greece, the storied land of legend, became again one of the self-sustaining, enterprising nations of the world. But almost without warning, Hitler's satellite brother in villainy, the inferiority-complex-ridden Mussolini, ordered the bombardment of Greek cities and towns, and the invasion of Greek coastal cities—October 27, 1940.

King George VI of England sent a message to King George II of Greece: "We are with you in this struggle—your cause is our cause—we shall be fighting against a common foe." How the heroic Greeks held off their attackers is another epic. The Greek Army in the snow-capped mountains of Albania exacted a terrific toll from the attacking Italian troops who were forced to flee at every encounter. The British Navy and the Royal Air Force joined in the defense of Greek soil and seas. When it became apparent that Mussolini's legions were about to be annihilated—they had been driven from Grecian soil into Albania—Hitler sent Panzer divisions across Bulgaria to the Greek frontier. With the superior forces of veteran Nazi troops aiding the Fascist soldiers aligned against them, the gallant Greek Army began to crack.

Native Bulgarian and Yugoslav Quislings at this time were selling out their homelands to the Nazi warlords in "non-aggression" pacts. The hypocritical Hitler called the heads of the Balkan nations to the Belvedere Palace in Vienna, and presented them with treaties which among other things guaranteed: "The Reich and Italy are determined at all times to respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. The Axis Powers agree not to request from the Yugoslav Government, or the Bulgars, during the war the right to march through or transport troops over their territory."

These were just more bogus Hitlerian treaties that will go down in infamy. Exactly ten days later, Hitler's armed forces were moving rapidly toward Yugoslavia and Bulgaria through Roumania and Hungary.

Yugoslavia was soon to be bombed and torn by conflict worse than Poland. The Bulgars opened their roads without resistance and let the Nazis pour through their land. Southward they swept until they stood on the threshold of Thermopylae. The legendary home of the Gods, Mount Olympus, was despoiled by the brutish tread of the conquering foe. The swastika was raised over the Acropolis and German and Italian troops marched for two hours in a victory parade in Athens.

MacArthur's admiration for the Greeks was expressed enthusiastically to his friends in the Philippines. He knew in the last days of the Greek debacle, when the British withdrew to the fortified island of Crete, that disaster was confronting them. Here the Greek King, George II, directed his last ditch army while the British airmen engaged in battles with Nazi planes continuously. Captain James Roosevelt, son of America's president, flew from the Far East, where he was on secret military missions for his father, to visit the defending Greek forces. He conveyed a message of good hope to King George from President Roosevelt.

The British communique finally was forced to admit: "After what has undoubtedly been the fiercest fighting in this war it was decided to withdraw our forces from Crete. Although the losses we inflicted on the enemy's troops and aircraft have been enormous, it became clear that our naval and military forces could not be expected to operate indefinitely in and near Crete without more air support than could be provided from our bases in Africa. Some 15,000 of our troops have been withdrawn to Egypt, but it must be admitted that our losses have been severe."

General Douglas MacArthur scrutinized every report from the battlefronts. The Germans were at the mouth of the Suez Canal. If they succeeded in capturing the lifeline of the British Empire, they would join forces with the Japanese Armies. India would be next in line of conquest, then China, the Philippines, Australia, the Dutch East Indies.

The Japs in their undeclared war against China were "sitting pretty" in Tientsin, Peiping, Shanghai, Nanking, the political capital of China, Canton, Hankow. They had seized the Island of Hainan, facing French Indo-China, commanding the sea-route from Hong Kong to Singapore. The Dutch East Indies were in the line of invasion.

As General MacArthur had predicted, the Philippines were on the Japanese timetable, for they were the key to the control of the Pacific as long as they remained a stronghold of the Americas.

America was beginning to rub the cobwebs from her eyes and look about her at a world in flames. The sinking of the *Robin Moor* in the South Atlantic had awakened everybody except the isolationists who were maliciously fighting every effort of President Roosevelt to arm the nation.

President Roosevelt in a message to Congress declared: "The Government of the German Reich may be assured that the United States will neither be intimidated nor will it acquiesce in the Nazi plans for world domination."

MacArthur on his maps followed every move in the Balkans. The strategy in this battlefield fascinated him, for but a few years ago, while Chief of Staff of

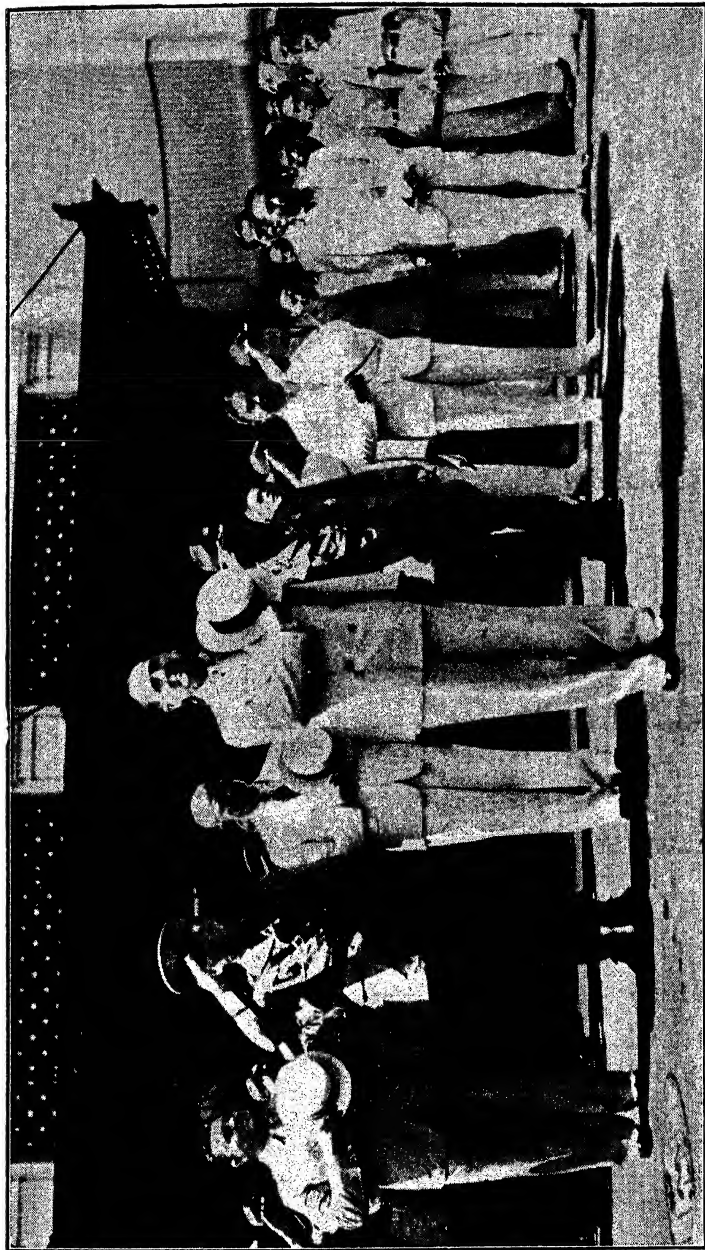
the United States Army, he had traveled over this ground and discussed methods of defense with the military authorities in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Roumania—and had conferred with military leaders in Poland and Czechoslovakia on the steaming kettle called the Balkans.

Hitler, made bolder by his conquest of the Balkans, returned to his dream of a *Drang Nach Osten*. At dawn, June 22, 1941, the Fuehrer in a wild speech declared: "We are neither Englishmen nor Jews . . . the task is to safeguard Europe and thus save all. I have therefore today decided to give the fate of the German people and the Reich and of Europe again into the hands of our soldiers."

This was the stab by which Brutus Hitler drove his dagger into the back of Stalin. There is no greater enmity than when friends fall out. The Soviet had long been distrustful of Hitler's Balkan attachments and was prepared with an armed force waiting on her borders for the attack of the Nazis.

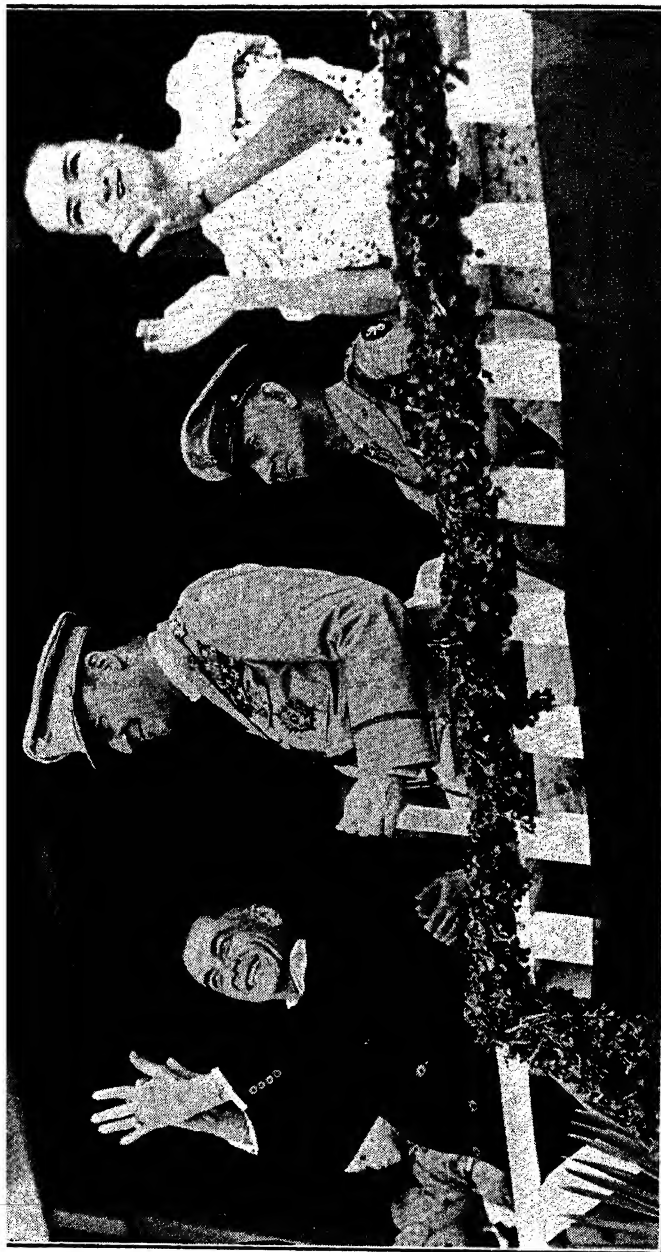
After the first skirmishes between the former allies, the bulk of the Nazi legions (released from Greek battlefields) was hurled at the defending Russian Armies. The German airforce bombed airfields, hangars, barracks, and bridges along the west line of retreat. Here was gargantuan struggle between two worlds, engaging 9,000,000 men on a 1,500 mile front.

When Hitler's controlled Nazi episcopate described the war on Russia as a battle for Christianity all over the world, the Christian world was not deceived. From the lips of these Nazi Pagans, there was no more brazen hypocrisy than the declaration that Hitler, the anti-



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MACARTHUR ARRIVES IN MANILA—He returns to Philippines for third time in service of his country and the Islands (1935). Loved and honored as "amigo" by Filipinos, he is met by escort and acclaimed.



"GRAND FIELD MARSHAL OF PHILIPPINES".—This title, first in history of Islands, was conferred upon General MacArthur by President Manuel Quezon (applauding at left), who once surrendered to his father.

© International News Photo

Christ of a barbaric tribe that eschewed all Christianity, was waging a "holy war." The Christian world rocked with mockery and poured hundreds of planes and tanks and guns and munitions to aid the Soviet Union until the mighty surging army of the Soviet Republics could find their stride and begin to turn the tide of battle.

Hitler, imagining himself a Napoleon, flew up and down the Russian front, urging his armies to greater and ever greater slaughters in his maniacal dreams of conquest: "We are determined on the destruction of the armies of every democracy," he reminded his troops. The Ukraine fell into German hands. Russia was pushed back almost to the very gates of Moscow.

Marshal Voroshilov broadcast an appeal for the civilian defense of Leningrad, which, he declared, was "in terrible danger." Men and women, young girls and boys took lessons in the use of bayonets, and street barricades were erected. Citizens marched out of Leningrad and formed a guerilla army that harassed the Nazis. The pride of the Soviet Union, the Dneiper Dam, was sacrificed when the Russians blew it up rather than yield it to the attackers. This was the first time in Hitler's conquests that he had been handed "burnt toast"—scorched earth—which is not a palatable breakfast for any conqueror.

Hitler returned to Berlin, October 3, 1941, and declared to a cheering mob: "Russia is broken and will never rise again!" It was while Hitler was crowing over his triumph in Russia—his troops had marched more than a thousand miles deep into Russia, territory bigger than pre-war Germany—that the tide of battle

turned for the Soviet. Hitler had hoped that the Russian War would be concluded before winter set in. His army was equipped for a short war—a blitzkrieg under summer skies—and found itself freezing in the vast wastelands of the Russian steppes, ill-equipped for temperatures that frequently fell to 40 below zero.

Typhus stalked the Nazi troops and decimated the ranks. Hitler languished in his Berchtesgaden retreat and the news—for him—was all bad!

But the news for the rest of the world was a rainbow of hope. The great Russian Armies, now fighting on the side of human freedom, proved their valor. When fighting for the liberation of the human race, they became one of the most formidable powers the world has known. Joining hands of friendship with the great democracies in a common cause, the British Empire and the United States extended full co-operation. America's giant industries began to produce munitions, tanks, planes, and guns to help Russia crush the Nazi tyrants.

These were the crucial days, which, like an overwhelming tide, were slowly but surely drawing America nearer and nearer the swirling, seething maelstrom of World War II.

President Roosevelt in Washington, and General MacArthur in the Philippines, looked upon all these events as direct challenges to human freedom—not only in the besieged countries—but also in America. The President issued the call for every man in the United States between the ages of 21 to 35 years of age to register preparatory to taking up arms in defense of the Western Hemisphere. Sixteen million

young Americans answered the call of the President under the Selective Service and Training Act.

The challenge to human freedom must be met by force. Slavery was being re-established in Europe. The German Prison Camp Administration admitted that 1,410,000 war prisoners, mostly French, British, and Belgian, were being forced to work for Germany in munitions plants, on farms, in factories and in other places where Hitler turned his captives into slaves for the German Reich. France staggered under the load of supporting the Nazi Army of Occupation at the cost of 400,000,000 francs a day.

President Roosevelt, valiantly fighting for the production of war materials, ordered the creation of an Office for Production Management to direct and speed all material aid "short of war" for Great Britain and the democracies who were fighting in the cause of human freedom.

Mussolini, the scapegoat of Hitler, was in danger of being driven to surrender. Marshal Graziani sent frantic whimperings from Africa to his chief. He had been trying to drive on the Suez Canal: "No water, in the burning heat of the desert, no tanks or airplanes to combat the American tanks and planes the British were using," groaned the Italian General.

President Roosevelt addressed the American people on the State of the Nation declaring, January 6, 1941: *"A Dictator's peace will bring no security to the United States . . . and those who would give up essential liberties to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."*

American-made bombing planes were flying the 2,000 miles from New Foundland to Great Britain in 7½ hours. Prime Minister Churchill declared, February 9, 1941: "Give us the tools and we will finish the job!"

Mussolini was losing control of his African gains. Hitler, eager to consolidate his plunder on the continent into an "armed camp" for his last grand thrust to the East, gambled on fate, sending out peace feelers before American Legislators could put through a proposed "Lend-Lease" Act which would send to the democracies waves of planes and munitions and ships to help in destroying forever the threat of world domination by the barbaric Nazis.

Japan was the nation chosen by Hitler to send Great Britain a note, offering to "mediate among the belligerents." The smiling, scheming little Japs, with daggers in their kimono sleeves and the blood of prostrate China on their hands, urged the democracies to make peace.

America met this challenge with the passage of the Lend-Lease Act March 7, 1941, and President Roosevelt in a world-wide broadcast in fourteen languages declared: "*Aid to the embattled democracies will be increased and yet increased until victory has been won!*"

America, the industrial giant, was beginning to stand up on its feet, shake off its shackles of complacency, and get to work. The wheels of Industry began to hum and were soon performing the miracle of production. America was girding to meet the challenge to human freedom.

General MacArthur, in the Philippines, like a seer divining the future in the stars, stood ready for the call. . . .

CHAPTER XV

MacARTHUR ANSWERS CALL IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT could see the tornado gathering over the Pacific even as the military earthquakes shaking Europe occupied the minds of the American people and some of their statesmen. The thunderous detonations from Tokio, with their violent harangues against the United States, rose above the tumult of Hitler's tirades.

In the midst of this turbulence, the President made a master stroke. He called the sixty-one-year-old General Douglas MacArthur back from retirement and ordered him to take command of all the Armed Forces of the Far East on July 26, 1941.

MacArthur answered the call in defense of his country like the soldier he is. These are his words: "America has ordered me to defend the Philippines. I must not fail America."

The orders dropped like a bombshell in the Pacific, reports one observer who was in the Philippines conferring with MacArthur. MacArthur was the one man Tokio feared. Their spies had kept them informed on conditions in the Philippines, and they knew the American General's tremendous influence with the Government and the people. Their secret machinations had done everything in their power to undermine Mac-

Arthur and get him out of the islands. They had made threats with oriental subtlety to "persuade" President Quezon to sever his friendship with the American.

President Quezon, whose loyalty is as solid as the mountains of his homeland, resented these insults to his integrity and replied with proclamations of fidelity to "my staunch friend, General MacArthur, and our inseparable friends, the American people."

General MacArthur's new command is designated in the War Department as: "Commanding General of the Far East Command, to include the Philippine Department, the forces of the Commonwealth of the Philippines (land and sea), and all other forces which may be assigned to it, with Headquarters at Manila."

"I am glad to be able to serve my country at this crucial time," General MacArthur told the *Manila Bulletin* as President Quezon pledged his full co-operation. "The action of the American Government in establishing this new command can only mean that it intends to maintain at any cost its full rights in the Far East. It is quite evident that its full determination is immutable, its will indomitable. To this end both American and Filipino soldiers can be expected to give their utmost."

United States High Commissioner Francis B. Sayre, son-in-law of the late President Woodrow Wilson, serving in the Philippines when World War II broke upon the islands, commended President Roosevelt's action. Jorge Vargas, Secretary, on behalf of President Quezon, informed the Philippine people that with the United States behind them their ultimate independence was guaranteed.

"I pledge myself, Government, and people," declared President Quezon solemnly at his second inauguration, "to stand by America and fight with her until victory is won. I humbly invoke the help of Almighty God."

With his wife and daughters, he went to the cathedral, knelt at the holy altar, with his family gathered about him, took communion and prayed for the safety of his country.

General MacArthur declared to intimate friends when he was faced with an almost insurmountable task: "These Islands *must* be and *will* be defended. I am here by the Grace of God. This is my destiny!"

"He is in a tough spot," commented Louis Reid, in a brilliant résumé of events. "But all his life MacArthur has been in tough spots. All his life he has had to be where danger seemed greatest. It is his tradition and his temperament. He is determined to face it with the courage, the dynamic energy, the swift intelligence, and the unshakable confidence that have long given him the name of 'our best fighting general.' Old Army friends know that if there is any one man who can disrupt the best laid plans of Tokio's war machine it is Douglas MacArthur."

General Hugh Johnson, who was a classmate of MacArthur at West Point, speaks with authority: "He was simply born without the emotion of fear. He will make any sacrifice of time and effort. . . . He is as companionable a comrade as a man could wish—affectionate, generous, considerate, and kind. MacArthur is in a tough spot. It would be very sad if, because of the difficulty of supplying and supporting him, he might fail. . . . Those who know this classmate of mine

well are sure he would not be brought home discredited. After a classic defense he would be found dead on the field of battle at the head of his troops. Our Army never produced a more gallant soldier."

To give our readers the closest possible acquaintance with General MacArthur, let us quote from a letter he once wrote to President Quezon, which again reveals his clarity of vision: "The character and adequacy of the Philippines defenses will be the common soul of important forces and influences . . . certain in years to come to act and react with far-reaching results throughout the world. . . . In this area developments of the next century are destined to engage the concerned attentions . . . throughout the world."

General MacArthur further reported: "The purpose of the Philippine plan is to assure an active and carefully planned defense of every foot of shoreline in the inhabited islands of the Archipelago. [To be completed in 1946] . . . so organized and equipped and supplied that any partial penetration will encounter a bitter and continuous resistance from the moment it quits the transports."

It is in this letter we find these immortal words: "*The inescapable price of Liberty is an ability to preserve it from destruction.*"

"Complete subjugation of the Philippines must include the destruction of the defenses on Luzon," General MacArthur told President Quezon. "Continuing waves of attacking troops would have to arrive in quick succession, until the whole had been built up to a minimum strength of possibly 300,000 with 75,000 behind the lines in maintenance of supplies . . . to say

nothing of monthly reinforcements of 40,000. . . . In all history there is no example of this kind of attack being attempted on a comparable scale since the invasion of Greece by the Persians in the Fifth Century B.C. Those invasions resulted in complete failure."

With keen perception of events to come, General MacArthur went on: "The keystone of the defensive arch . . . in the Philippines is the trained Citizen Army which will . . . confront the enemy with the certainty of staggering costs in men and money. The object . . . is to insure peace . . . a peace of self-reliance . . . a peace which upholds the Christian virtues and defies the threat of rapacious greed . . . a peace that will mean continued happiness and freedom of God-worshipping and democratic peoples. Without the stability of safety the very foundation of modern civilization . . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness . . . become impossible."

Here is another revelation of the character of General Douglas MacArthur in an old letter replying to various clergymen who opposed national defense: "To exercise privilege without assuming attendant responsibility and obligation is to . . . proclaim willingness to see this nation perish rather than participate in its defense. The question of War or Peace is one that rests under our form of Government in Congress. . . . Congress voices the will of the majority whose right to rule is the cornerstone upon which our governmental edifice is built . . . and is obligatory upon every citizen of the United States."

The General, having given the clergy a lesson in democracy, then refers to the Sermon on the Mount

and directs their attention to His words in St. Luke and St. Matthew. "It is my humble opinion," he remarked, "that the religion He came to establish is based upon sacrifice, and that men and women who will follow in His train are called by it to the defense of certain priceless principles, even at the cost of their own lives. And I can think of no principles more high and holy than those for which our national sacrifices have been made. . . .

"History teaches us that religion and patriotism have always gone hand in hand, while atheism has invariably been accompanied by . . . enemies of free government."

Let us now leave General MacArthur for a few minutes while we scan events taking place during the four months between his return to the service of his country in command of the Philippines and historic December 7, 1941, when his predictions were to come true.

President Roosevelt called upon the American people to be ready for the attack which was surely on the way; he conscripted a new citizen Army and attempted to reorganize industry while groups of isolationists obstructed his every move. His appeals to the nation over the radio are now historic documents.

Hitler, having betrayed his Russian allies, drove them back toward Leningrad and Moscow, along fighting lines extending more than a thousand miles, in gigantic thrusts with tanks and bombers, artillery and infantry, sowing terrifying destruction as ancient Russian cities fell under the onslaught. Japan stepped up her war in China. Nazi submarines in the Atlantic sunk American ships without warning.

It was in August, 1941, that one of the great mysteries of history fell like a shroud over two nations. A strange silence brooded over the White House. President Roosevelt had not been seen for several days. The only available information was that he was "somewhere at sea."

And at 10 Downing Street—across the seas—there was similar silence. Prime Minister Churchill had strangely disappeared, completely dropped out of sight. His most intimate friends were puzzled.

Far up off the fishing banks of New Foundland the U. S. Warship *Potomac*, tossed in the rough seas in the very waters where thousands of brave ships have gone down in what is known as the graveyard of the Atlantic.

There appeared over the horizon another ship—a British vessel. It was the battleship *Prince of Wales*. Soon it hove to, within calling distance across the decks. Two men hailed each other in hearty comradeship. It was a rendezvous with destiny.

A stoop-shouldered man, bearing the burdens of an Empire, climbed down his ship's ladder and stepped into a launch that carried him over choppy seas to the U. S. Battleship *Potomac*. When he climbed up the side of the *Potomac* he grasped the extended hand of a tall, strong man, his face furrowed with the weighty problems of a great nation.

These two men had not seen each other since World War I—now with World War II beating upon them, they met as old friends, heads of the world's two mightiest nations, with the safety of the free nations of the earth dependent on this meeting.

This was the rendezvous between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, surrounded by their squadrons, accompanied by their military and economic experts, to map the course for the world's future.

It was on August 14, 1941 that the results of this rendezvous at sea were given to the world. They had drafted one of the greatest documents in human history—the Atlantic Charter—which proclaimed to the waiting world the Four Freedoms (See Chapter I) which were to be the future hope of mankind: *Freedom of thought—Freedom to worship God—Freedom from want—Freedom from fear.*

This was their answer to the pacts of destruction set forth by the Dictators, who, meeting in the mountain fastness of Brenner Pass, had planned the destruction of the democratic world, the subjugation of all free peoples, the annihilation of all freedom for the race.

August 1941 was one of the most momentous months in history. World-wide broadcasts by President Roosevelt from the White House and by Prime Minister Churchill at 10 Downing Street, aroused the hopes of humanity. And a few weeks later President Roosevelt threw down the gauntlet to the Despots.

"These Nazi submarines and raiders are the rattlesnakes of the Atlantic," declared President Roosevelt. "They are a menace to the free pathways of the high seas. They are a challenge to our sovereignty. They hammer at our most precious rights when they attack ships under the American flag—symbols of our independence, our freedom, our very life. It is no act of war on our part when we decide to protect the seas

which are vital to American defense. The aggression is not ours. Ours is solely defense."

The President's voice was grim with warning: "Let this warning be clear. From now on if German or Italian vessels of war enter the waters the protection of which is necessary for American defense, they do so at their own peril. The orders which I have given as Commander-in-Chief to the United States Army and Navy are to carry out that policy—at once. . . . There will be no shooting unless Germany continues to seek it."

Hitler returned from the Russian battlefield and in guttural tones told Berlin: "Russia is already broken and will never rise again. . . . All Europe has escaped destruction only by the skin of our teeth." He continued his diatribes against the Americans, who were now sending aid to the Russians.

President Roosevelt announced that the Government had obtained a detailed plan by which Germany proposed to abolish religion in a conquered world—and a "secret map" revealing plans for the Conquest of South America.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill in London warned: "Should the United States become involved in war with Japan, a British declaration of war will follow within an hour."

The Battles in Libya on the burning sands of the desert raged back and forth, while the Germans in the now freezing North pounded at Moscow and demanded its surrender.

Japan, with wily treachery, sent two "peace delegates" to Washington to "cement friendly relations

with the United States," bringing with them assurances of eternal friendship—while at this very moment Japanese battleships and transports were hurrying troops to strategic positions in the Pacific to strike like a hydra-headed monster.

America was fighting a battle at home—the battle of profits versus the safety and security of the people. During the four-years-long war of the Chinese people for existence, certain American groups had been shipping scrap iron, oil, gas, and materials which Japan turned into instruments of death in the conquest of China. While these few profiteers were creating personal fortunes out of misery, millions of other Americans were giving their meagre means to help reconstruct the shattered bodies of China's bombed and shell-wracked people in Chinese-American hospitals.

It was the greed of these profiteers that was placing the Philippines in peril and thwarting MacArthur's heroic efforts to defend the Islands when the Japs turned these very American products against them. Tokio was hoarding iron, oil, and all essentials that came from America to strike back at them when the time came. Bombs made from American iron were to be dropped on MacArthur's troops by the Jap airmen—American gas was to give power to send Japan's aerial fleet on its mission of destruction through the Pacific. American lead was to make bullets to tear through the bodies of American soldiers—and American iron was to hurl huge shells into MacArthur's fortification at Corregidor.

This was the state of "war" that Japan sought to perpetuate under the guise of a "New Order in Asia," while begging for more fuel and more oil to "put out the lamps of China." When the United States stopped this illicit trade with its potential enemy, Tokio whined about the encirclement of Japan, just as Hitler wept over the encirclement of Germany and then committed the rape of Poland.

Here was the false cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" And these were the wolves in sheep's clothing who came to the United States with "peace" proposals on September 25, 1941. Tall Ambassador Kichisaburo Nomura, an Admiral by trade, and short Envoy Saburo Kurusu, sat smiling and rubbing their hands in the office of Secretary of State Hull. They had come to assure the Secretary that their mission was "peace and nothing but peace."

At this very moment in the far-off Pacific the Japanese fleets, with transports carrying hundreds of thousands of soldiers, were sailing on to the Philippines, Hawaii, Wake Island, and the peaceful countries along the Asiatic coasts—agents of Hitler who pulled the strings. The "peace envoys" were on a sinister mission to cover up Japan's vast troop movements until they were ready to strike.

There is no blacker page of infamy in all history. It was diabolical treachery in its most hideous form. Secretary Hull, his endurance exhausted, declared: "In all my fifty years in public life I have never seen a document [referring to Japan's pretended guarantees of peace] more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge. I never imagined

until today that any Government on this planet was capable of uttering such infamous falsehoods."

The tall Nomura and the short Kurusu, the "Mutt and Jeff" in diplomacy and the "Twin Mr. Hydes" in infamy, smiled. They were "so sorry." The event which was taking place that hour was so atrocious in the face of promises made by these Japanese villains of intrigue that one wonders how any people can be so devoid of honor. If there be the faintest glimmer of honor in Emperor Hirohito and his envoys it should force them in self-respect to commit hari-kari.

We now return to the Philippines where we see General Douglas MacArthur standing before his Army. It is estimated that he had welded into a strong fighting front some 165,000 troops—Filipinos and Americans—brothers under the same flag—ready to fight for freedom.

Here were his crack United States troops—his darling Philippine scouts—the loyal Filipinos that with his military genius and inspiring leadership he had rapidly rounded into a fighting army that would hold out to the last man.

MacArthur had chosen his ground for his defensive position if and when the blow came. As one of his old aide-de-camps says: "He sensed where the enemy would strike, and he made certain that he knew every rock—every tree—every creek—every path—every bridge."

He knew, moreover, that 17,000,000 people in the Philippines, 131,000,000 more people back home in the United States, more than 900,000,000 people along the China Sea and the Indian Ocean—the future of half



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FILIPINO BOY SCOUTS GREET MACARTHUR—Famous American General is idol of all Boy Scouts. He has been a power behind Scout movements and CCC camps. MacArthur never fails to attend Scout jamborees.



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THE GENERAL'S WIFE AND BABY—He married Jean Marie Faircloth of Tennessee (1937). His son, Arthur MacArthur, born (1938) in the Philippines.

the population of the world was to be affected by whatever happened here in the Pacific. Their safety and security as free men and women was held in the balance.

When asked by a friend if he was ready, MacArthur is quoted as replying: "We are doing everything humanly possible with what we have at our command. We need more—much more. But my men are every inch fighters; they will contest every foot of the ground. We must not fail. Too much of the world's future depends on what may happen here. These Islands may not be the door to control of the Pacific—they may not even be the lock to the door—but they are surely the key to the lock that opens the door for America. I cannot allow that key to be lost."

Across the misty shoulder of volcanic Mount Apo, lifting its majestic head 9,600 feet into the crimson skies, the sun shot piercing arrows of blood-red and gold out to the China Sea. The 7,000 tiny islands nestling in the Philippine Archipelago were blanketed in the tropical twilight, and lulled to sleep by the soft whistling of the scarlet-plumed night birds and the waves lapping at their shores.

There was nothing to mark this night—less than three weeks before Christmas—as different from any other night of the solstice. The silver moon rode up out of the glistening seas and the reflected stars twinkled like jewels in the waters of Manila Bay and the now midnight blue skies above the sleeping capital city.

The growing Commonwealth hoping for peace—but preparing against war—had gone to sleep. It was their last night of peace for a long time.

CHAPTER XVI

"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!"—AMERICA STABBED IN THE BACK

DECEMBER 7, 1941—this will be known in history as the Day of Perfidy, when the assassins in winged armadas swooped down from the skies on the islands of the Pacific and drove their daggers into the back of America. Behind them were the Japanese battleships riding the seas and their hundreds of submarines under the seas. This, too, is the day that started Japan on its road to national suicide.

General MacArthur knew that this day was sure to come—but he could not know how soon. It was against this day that he was building a strong army and powerful defenses to be completed in 1946, the year after the Philippines were to become a free and independent nation.

Japan struck first—in apish imitation of its Hitlerian masters—a blitzkrieg without declaration of war. The first attack was at Hawaii at 7:55 Honolulu time.

The sea around Hawaii's Diamond Head was bluer than usual that lovely Sunday morning of December 7, 1941. The white beaches with their foaming breakers glistened in the morning sun. A thin pencil line of smoke drifted skyward from the Kilauea Volcano, the "pit of eternal fire," rising 4,000 feet into the azure heavens. On the streets of Honolulu people were

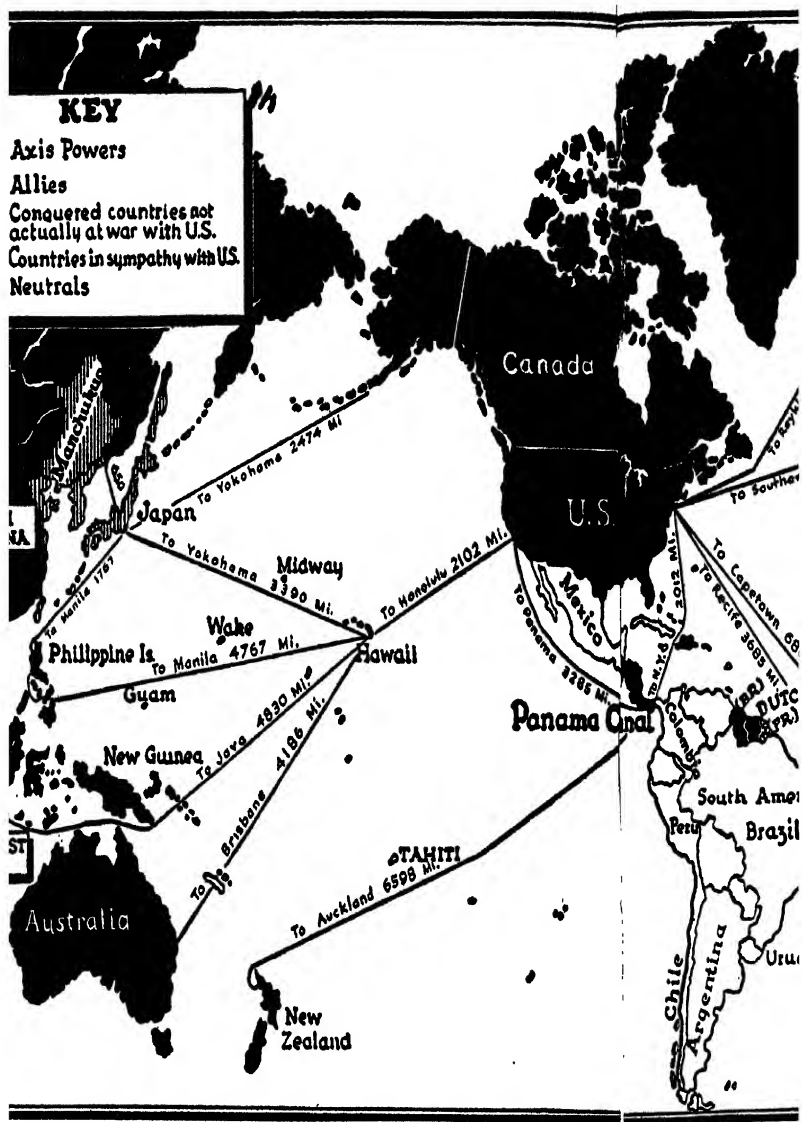
streaming out of the churches from early morning mass chatting and laughing together happily, for they are a joyous folk in their island paradise. There was little to worry the carefree population with the great United States Fleet based in the Harbor and thousands of soldiers of the United States Army in the Schofield Barracks, and the Army Pilots at Hickham Field. There was little cause for apprehension; here in the wonderland of nature it was just like any other Sunday morning at 7:55.

Suddenly without warning this paradise became a seething, blasting hell! Suicide squadrons of Japanese bombers from aircraft carriers far out at sea struck the first savage blows at American soil, the first attack from the air in the history of our country.

President Roosevelt surrounded by an electrified White House Staff issued the order to the United States Navy and the United States Army: "Fight Back."

Twenty-two years and twenty-five days of continued peace for the American people since World War I suddenly came to an end with the perfidious attack on Pearl Harbor.

Most of the tropic city was still drowsy with sleep when the first bombs fell from a dizzy altitude where the Jap ships had climbed to avoid instantaneous anti-aircraft fire from Honolulu's defenses. Her armed men sprang to action against this monstrous attack from a people who were swearing eternal friendship. Swarming over the Island of Oahu and the harbor of Honolulu the aerial invaders blasted at strategic bases at the very moment in Washington when their "peace envoys" were stalling for time.



LEADER'S GUIDE TO WORLD WAR II—This Winston Map gives at a glance an understanding of the gigantic conflict between the Democracies and the Dictators. Here we get a full realization of what General MacArthur is fighting for on the little Islands in the Pacific.

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The vicious attack on Hawaii had been planned for weeks, and when the time came, the attack was launched from the mandated Marshall and Caroline Islands strung out in the Pacific between the Philippines and Hawaii. Aircraft carriers stationed at these islands, and huge whaling vessels converted into submarine "mother ships," carrying a nest of tiny two-man submarines in their hulls, stealthily approached during the night.

In the darkness these huge craft waited less than two hundred miles off the coast of the Hawaiian Islands. When the pearl of the Pacific glistened in the early morning sun, they shook loose their deadly planes and dropped the tiny submarines out of their holds, bidding them on to the foulest mission of destruction that fate had ever dealt these beautiful islands.

American bombers and fast combat planes leaped into the air to fight off the attackers. Over 200 Jap bombers were pummeling the warships based at Pearl Harbor and dropping destruction on the beautiful city of Honolulu. The gigantic air base at Hickham Field near the Harbor was savagely attacked and a group of barracks set aflame by incendiary bombs. Hundreds of soldiers quartered in the barracks were killed.

Direct hits were made on the U. S. S. *Arizona*, the *Shaw* and the *West Virginia*. Other battleships of the United States fleet steamed out of the harbor to meet the enemy at sea. Blasts of canonading reverberated off Barbers Point. The air was immediately black with U. S. Army and Navy airplanes, engaged in dogfights with the Jap planes, driving some of the attacking ships far out over the sea, and dropping others into

the waters of the blue Pacific, stained with its pool of red from the blood of power-mad little sons of the “Rising Sun.”

At least four of the enemy’s flotilla of attacking warships were sunk by the defending U. S. Navy. All over the Hawaiian Islands acts of heroism by American pilots were accounting for 41 Jap planes, blasting them out of the sky with a vengeance.

Within a few hours after the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor, America’s great fleet was combing the seas in search of the marauding pirate ships. On sighting one of the “mother” aircraft carriers, navy bombers dove to within bombing range and dropped heavy bombs on the decks; torpedoes were launched against this monster of the deep and reports came through that the aircraft carrier had been sunk in mid-ocean.

American naval losses at Pearl Harbor were reported as 91 officers, 2,638 men killed; and 20 officers and 636 men wounded. The Army put its losses at Hawaii at 168 officers and men, this made the total lost in the Pearl Harbor Attack 2,897.

Secretary Knox listed the destroyed vessels as the battleship *Arizona*, the mine layer *Oglala* and the training ship *Utah*, destroyers *Cassin*, *Downes* and *Shaw*. Later reports declared that the damaged *Shaw* was brought to the United States under its own power for repairs. The battleship *Oklahoma* capsized and an unannounced number of ships were damaged.

Jap dive bombers strafed the civilians on the streets of Honolulu with machine-gun fire; of the fifty killed many of them were shot to death as they ran for cover in the raid that lasted until 9:25 A.M.

Three days after Japan plunged the poisoned dagger into the back of America, Commander Hideo Hiraide of the Japanese Naval Intelligence realized that they had engaged a powerful and indomitable adversary when they drew Uncle Sam into the war and locked the circle of combat around the globe.

Emperor Hirohito sent this command to his admiral: "Secure air and sea control of the Pacific and Indian Oceans at all cost." "The Japanese Navy will continue to let actions speak in proving to the world its superiority," he boasted.

Admiral Hiraide promptly replied, "It will take ten years!"

While Pearl Harbor was being attacked in this gigantic invasion along the Pacific, sleeping little Wake Island, 2000 miles away, was being aroused by the sleek assassins. It was shelled and bombarded by the huge guns of Jap cruisers. The stealthy enemy, given much valuable information by reconnaissance planes and fifth column colonists, attacked vital spots on this island. There was little ammunition or bombs wasted on non-military objects. How the heroic little garrison of American marines held out for weeks is one of the first hero tales of America in World War II. Wake was caught unawares while 1,100 workers were rushing the building of air bases when the Japs struck. The first attack was at 8 P.M., December 7, 1941.

Wake Island, a bleak and desolate dot in the Pacific, was manned only by 378 tough, fighting Marines. Valiantly they held off the Jap attacks, sinking their surface craft and pulling Jap planes out of the air to

crash in the seas. They blasted the Jap landing parties into the Pacific Ocean. For weeks they were to hold off Japanese attempts to occupy the island outpost.

As fast as their radio was silenced they repaired it and began to send out messages to America. “What can we send you?” asked a voice speaking from the States.

“Send us—*more Japs!*” came the reply from the marines, abandoned like Robinson Crusoes on a lost island.

In Washington, Major General Thomas Holcomb of the U. S. Marines grinned tensely. Congratulated by newsmen on the stand of the marines at Wake Island, he retorted good-naturedly: “What the hell did you expect the Marines to do? Take it lying down?”

Eighteen planes, in two waves of nine bombers each, flew over the island in close pyramid formation. They dropped to an altitude of 1500 feet before dropping their deadly cargo of bombs weighing about 150 pounds each. The bombs set the tiny hotel on fire, and destroyed other buildings housing personnel of the Pan-American Clipper base and the dock.

Guam, rising out of the sea farther west, stepchild of the American defenses in the Far East, fell next. A somnambulant Congress, fearing to disturb the “good relations that existed between the United States and Japan,” refused to fortify this island. But the Japanese-mandated Caroline and Marshall Islands to the southeast of Guam had been undergoing extensive fortifications for years. So much so that Japan had kept their development a secret and refused to allow visitors on the islands since 1935.

Guam's 206 square miles of fertile land were in the line of conquest. But 70 miles by sea from the heavily fortified Japanese island of Rota, it was easy pickings for the Jap warships and was captured by the Nipponese one day after the opening of hostilities. Japanese troops landed on its coast and captured the 300 Americans on Guam including the Governor, Captain G. G. McMillan.

Midway Island, a United States possession about 1,400 miles west of Honolulu, was shelled and its oil stores and hangers went up in flames.

The first American transport liner carrying lumber out of San Francisco, 1300 miles off the California Coast, was torpedoed by Japanese submarines, December 7, 1941. Japan was using her submarines off California to block effective aid in reaching America's stricken outlying possessions in the far Pacific.

The Japs were like a giant octopus reaching out their "loving arms" and sucking in everything in sight on these first December days of the war in the Pacific.

Invasion forces landed in Southern Thailand, after that nation's immediate capitulation, and advanced, with stiff British resistance, through the Malay States on to Singapore. The Frenchmen of Vichy turned over to Japan all facilities of defense in French Indo-China, December 10, 1941. Japanese Army and Navy Commanders and French representatives concurred on "the details for joint defense."

Hong Kong was encircled by land and by sea and destined later to fall.

The British defeated first attempts to land at British North Borneo, site of a British Naval base.

China felt the net being drawn around her. The Chiang Kai-shek Government of Chungking was not to be bullied. Foreign Minister Quo Yai-chi stood in the flickering candlelight “somewhere in China” and read the memorable declaration of war against Japan, Italy, and Germany—December 8, 1941—the first declaration of warfare between the two nations that had been at war more than four years, ever since the incident at the Marco Polo Bridge in Shanghai.

A large scale offensive was launched against Northern Malaya, and gained a tight foothold after first being repulsed by the British. Twenty-five Jap transports stole down the Thai coast on the night of December 8, and under cover of darkness, with the full consent of Thailand, unloaded huge reinforcements in the Kota Bharu area in the extreme northeastern part of Malaya. Possession of the Kota Bharu Airport would give the Japanese a strategic base from which to chart their attack on Singapore.

The following day the Japanese succeeded in making landings at Kuantan, halfway between Singapore and the Thailand border. Stealthily the little sons of the Rising Sun swept down the Asiatic coastland. They camped on the neighboring Malaysian shores and waited with the cunning of beasts of prey for the inevitable attack on the British base at Singapore.

Jap observation planes sighted the British 32,000-ton Battleship *Repulse* and the 35,000-ton *Prince of Wales* off Singapore, where they had recently arrived to reinforce the British Navy in Asiatic waters.

The *Prince of Wales* was hit at 11:30 A.M. and for three hours it listed helplessly while Jap ships dove

again and again, dropping huge bombs on her decks. She attempted to escape but the Jap bombs again found their mark and the *Prince Of Wales* went down at 2:50 P.M. on December 9, 1941.

The *Repulse* went down instantly after being hit by Jap bombs at 2:29 P.M. Both ships sank off Malaya.

Two thousand two hundred men and 130 officers were pulled out of the churning waters by British destroyers after the ships went down. Admiral Sir Tom Phillips was among the 595 officers and men lost from the two capital ships.

Japanese Naval Ministry boasted that they captured over 200 merchant marine vessels in the still undeclared warfare against the United States, Great Britain and the Netherlands.

Four hours after the Japs had sneaked up on Hawaii in the night—they struck at the Philippines. Fleets of warships, cruisers, destroyers, and transports with powerful aerial guards, had been taking their positions in the Pacific for many days—each fleet located at a strategic point and keeping in constant radio communication for simultaneous action. The whole perfidious plot under the cover of peace was exposed instantly on this fateful day of December 7, 1941.

The Japanese “humming birds of peace” were humming their song of death over the Philippine Archipelago at exactly 12 o’clock noon.

General Douglas MacArthur’s fighters for freedom were waiting for the enemy! The Japs struck at him five years before the completion of his vast plans for defense of the Philippines, but MacArthur was waiting! He had marshaled his forces to meet the invaders.

They came in waves over Clark Field, 65 miles from Manila, 52 bombers 20,000 feet high in perfect formation. The bombers came over once and dropped huge bombs in a straight line across Clark Field. The soldiers had just finished lunch and a mess truck, driving straight across the field was struck, killing two drivers.

Pursuit ships dove in over the field from every direction at once, crisscrossing each other. Seven enemy pursuit ships were shot down in this attack on Clark Field and not a single plane was lost by the defenders, the only casualties being a slightly wounded sergeant and the two mess truck drivers who were hit by the first bombs to fall.

Japanese bombers came back and struck again at Davao on the island of Mindanao, south of Luzon. Jap planes attacked Baguio, the "Winter Capital" of the Philippines—Tarlac, 70 miles north of Manila—and Aparri, chief port of Northern Luzon.

The United States 15,000-ton destroyer *Preston* was sunk and the United States Aircraft Carrier *Langley* was damaged in a Japanese attack on Fort Stotsenburg, near Davao, about 50 miles south of Manila.

General Douglas MacArthur from his military headquarters issued the first words of confidence: "The military is on the alert and every possible defense measure is being undertaken. My message is one of serenity and confidence."

During the daylight hours no Jap planes could get within forty miles of the Capital City of Manila. Squadrons of American interceptor planes, ranging up

and down the island, kept the buzzards out of Manila for a whole day.

Davao on the Island of Mindanao, where a large Jap colony of 29,000 had been thriving for years, waiting for this day, felt the brunt of the first attack by the invader. Here, the United States Aircraft Carrier *Langley* was hit.

The Japs flew high over the Army's Fort Stotsenburg, sowing bombs on the airport. Camp John Hay was shattered and blasted. After the bombardment the treacherous Japs dropped leaflets promising the Filipinos: "We have come to liberate you from dependence on America."

Along the southern coast of Mindanao, parachutists floated earthward from the large transport planes all around the city of Davao. These parachutists made contact with Jap fifth columnists and succeeded in subduing much of the effective resistance on Mindanao these fateful first days of the war.

When darkness fell on the first night, the Japs came back and blasted away at Manila, setting fires in the gasoline dumps on Nichols Field, and bombing the fortified Island of Corregidor. Naval dry dock and repair shops felt the lash of the Jap terror. Again, fifth column activities had done their work well. Fisherman fifth columnists guided Japanese troops to Lubang Island at the mouth of Manila Bay.

But Corregidor Fortress held! Captain Colin Kelly piloted a huge bomber over the rock-ribbed fortress to a rendezvous with destiny. How his ship plunged into the Jap ship *Haruna*—the death dive that sank the mighty battleship—is related fully in Chapter XIX.

General MacArthur declared: "*He died, unquestioning and uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and victory his end.*"

Manila braced herself to the grim exigency of war. Civilians assumed war-time posts of nursing, air-raid wardens, doctoring, bandage-making, canteen servicing, and evacuating the non-combatants. Manila was declared an open city by General MacArthur to protect its women and children and the homes of 600,000 people.

Within a few hours swarms of Jap bombers hurled tons of bombs on the defenseless city, wrecking its churches, schools, colleges and hospitals. This savage assault on a city stripped of all defenses was the key to warfare as the Japs were waging it. It was another lesson in treachery that the United States had to learn from experience.

After a terrific bomb raid, President Quezon walked through the streets to give courage to his people. Women and children rushed from their homes, kissing his hand, dropping on their knees, crying "*Long live Quezon! God bless Quezon!*"

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the President. Slowly he walked along and entered a cathedral.

Just before the fall of Manila, General MacArthur sat in his headquarters, issuing order for the next day's battle. An officer came to him and exclaimed: "General, the American flag flying from your headquarters makes a fine target for the bombers."

MacArthur looked up from the maps on his desk and remarked quietly: "Take every normal precaution, sir—but *we'll keep the flag flying!*"

CHAPTER XVII

WHY AMERICA ENTERED WORLD WAR II

AMERICA was literally bombed into World War II by the Japanese plot to strike before we could prepare to defend ourselves—a plot dictated by Hitler with diabolical cunning and savage instincts.

Japan, while waving the white flag of peace at the world, struck simultaneously on the ill-fated Sunday of December 7, 1941 at British Malaya, Thailand, Hong Kong, Nauru Island (an Australian possession), Pearl Harbor, Guam, Wake Island, the Philippines—thus proving that the treachery had been plotted weeks in advance.

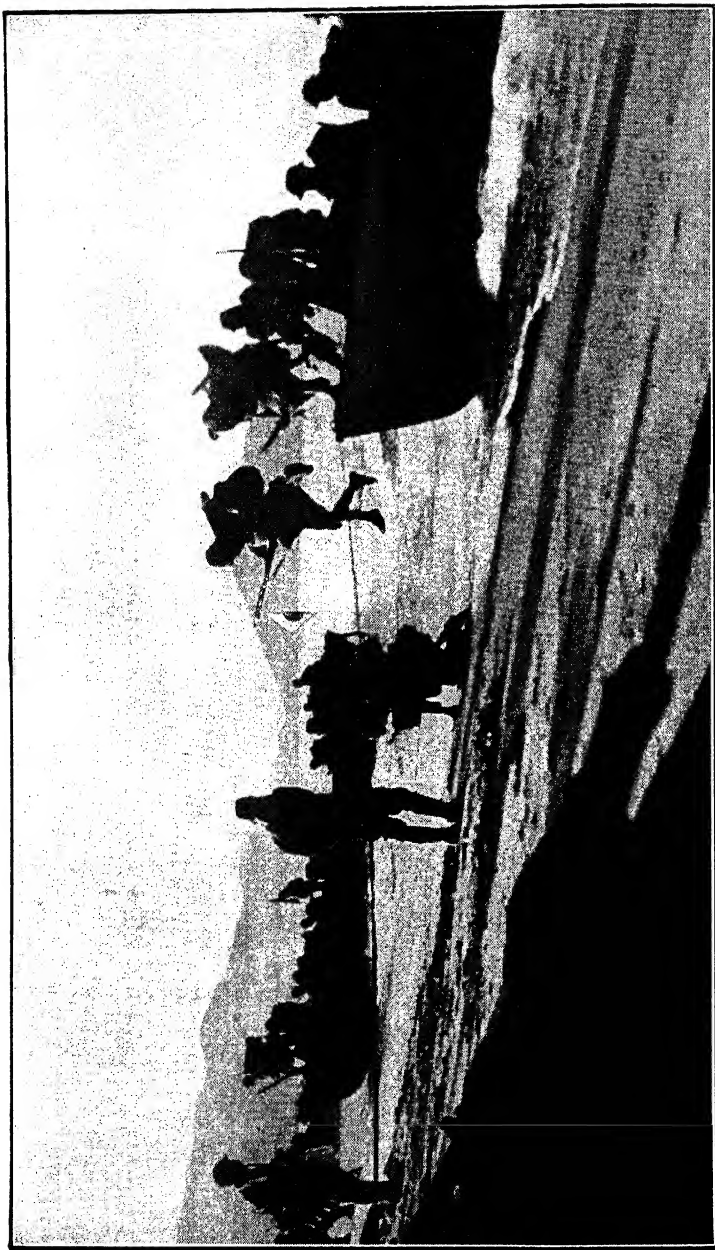
As MacArthur led his American-Filipino Army in defense of Luzon let us observe the repercussions back home in America. The whole nation was aroused in righteous anger against the perfidy of the Japs and their Axis partners. Radio and press brought the news of the shocking tragedy, which shook the world like an earthquake.

Throngs gathered at the White House in Washington, waiting for President Roosevelt to start on his way to the Capitol and deliver his message to Congress. Tumultuous cheers greeted him at the White House gates, resounding up Pennsylvania Avenue to the crowded plaza in front of the nation's Capitol, its great dome glistening in the noonday sunlight. Soldiers stood guard at the entrance.



"STABBED IN THE BACK"—Death of Battleship *Arizona* at Pearl Harbor (Dec. 7, 1941). Aerial bomb dropped down smokestack. Violent explosions set her in flames as the 32,000-ton battleship crumbled and sank.

Navy Dept. Photo—Released by Wide World



War Dept. Photo—Released by Acme

"STEALING UP AT DAWN"—Advance squads of Japanese Army leap from barges like these to begin attack on defenders.

The unforgettable scenes at the nation's Capitol on Monday, December 8, 1941, will be engraved forever on the memories of those who witnessed them. As the clock struck noon, the Senators gathered gravely in their chamber while the Congressmen were meeting in the Hall of Representatives. At 12:25 the two bodies in which the American people place their power to declare war met in joint session. It was a scene of intense solemnity as the Congress of the United States waited for the President.

At precisely 12:30 o'clock, President Roosevelt, standing under the American flag on the rostrum, his lined face grim and determined, began to speak. Before him, on his left, sat the Justices of the Supreme Court in their black robes. His cabinet, with Secretary of State Hull in the ranking position on the aisle, sat at his right. Behind the cabinet sat the Senators and behind them the members of the House. Here was the power of "Government of, by, and for the People" in momentous assembly. The diplomats of all nations, except Germany, Italy, Japan, and their straggling cohorts, were in their seats in the gallery, while the spectators crowded every seat in the people's gallery.

12:30—President Roosevelt's solemn voice fell upon the assemblage before him. His words were uttered with precision and decision:

"Mr. Vice President, Mr. Speaker, members of the Senate and the House of Representatives: Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the empire of Japan.

"The United States was at peace with that nation, and, at the solicitation of Japan, was still in conversation with its Government and its Emperor looking toward the maintenance of peace in the Pacific.

"Indeed, one hour after Japanese air squadrons had commenced bombing in the American Island of Oahu, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States and his colleague delivered to our Secretary of State a formal reply to a recent American message. And, while this reply stated that it seemed useless to continue the existing diplomatic negotiations, it contained no threat or hint of war or of armed attack.

"It will be recorded that the distance of Hawaii from Japan makes it obvious that the attack was deliberately planned many days or even weeks ago. During the intervening time the Japanese Government has deliberately sought to deceive the United States by false statements and expressions of hope for continued peace.

"The attack yesterday on the Hawaiian Islands has caused severe damage to American naval and military forces. I regret to tell you that very many American lives have been lost. In addition, American ships have been reported torpedoed on the high seas between San Francisco and Honolulu.

"Yesterday the Japanese Government also launched an attack against Malaya.

"Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong.

"Last night Japanese forces attacked Guam.

"Last night Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands.

"Last night the Japanese attacked Wake Island.

"And this morning the Japanese attacked Midway Island.

"Japan has therefore undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific area. The facts of yesterday and today speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their opinions and well understand the implications to the very life and safety of our nation.

"As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense.

"Always will our whole nation remember the character of the onslaught against us.

"No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory.

"I believe that I interpret the will of the Congress and of the people when I assert that we will not only defend ourselves to the uttermost but will make it very certain that this form of treachery shall never again endanger us.

"*Hostilities exist.* There is no blinking at the fact that our people, our territory, and our interests are in grave danger.

"With confidence in our armed forces, with the unbounding determination of our people, we will gain the inevitable triumph. *So help us God!*

"I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December 7, 1941, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire.

President Roosevelt spoke six minutes and thirty seconds—Woodrow Wilson spoke twenty-nine minutes and thirty-four seconds in declaring World War I. Thunderous cheers greeted President Roosevelt. As his car passed down Pennsylvania Avenue returning to the White House, he received an ovation that heartened his burdened soul. No man, with the exception perhaps of Washington, Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson, has ever carried so heavy a burden.

Fifteen minutes later—at one o'clock—the United States Senate declared war without a dissenting voice—82 Ayes. The thirteen absentees recorded the fact that they, too, would have added their votes to the loyal eighty-two.

Ten minutes after the Senate's declaration—1:10 P.M.—the House of Representatives declared war against Japan by a vote of 388 to 1. The one dissenting vote was that of Miss Jeanette Rankin, from Montana.

Exactly thirty-three minutes after President Roosevelt had delivered his epoch-making address, the United States had answered Japan with a Declaration of a State of War.

This proclamation, having been signed by Speaker Samuel Rayburn of the House and Vice President Henry Wallace for the Senate, was taken to the White House where President Roosevelt affixed his signature at precisely 4:10 P.M.

The world's greatest democracy had demonstrated the power of a free people to get into action. What Hitler believed to be the impossible had happened. *Democratic peoples can unite!* The whole nation—131,000,000 strong—stood back of President Roosevelt—

all except the straggling few who were agents of Hitler or their "fellow travelers." Telegrams flooded the White House from every State in the Union. Messages came from Governors and Mayors pledging the support of their peoples. The Dictators were amazed at this miracle of unity in a democracy.

While the President had not mentioned either Germany or Italy in his historic speech, the Dictators knew that it was directed against them with equal force. Later in the day a statement was issued from the White House accusing Germany of being the evil genius behind the Japanese treachery. The Nazi object had been to stop lend-lease aid to Great Britain and Russia, cut off shipments of war materials to Europe, and force the United States to divert its attention to the Pacific.

General MacArthur, leading his troops in Luzon against the Japanese invaders, received the news from America with an affirming nod of the head. His country was standing solidly behind him—he never had doubted that it would when the hour struck.

President Roosevelt spoke to the nation and the world over the radio on the following night—December 9, 1941. "The sudden criminal attacks perpetrated by the Japanese in the Pacific provide the climax of a decade of international immorality," he declared. "Powerful and resourceful gangsters have banded together to make war on the whole human race. . . . The course that Japan has followed for the past ten years in Asia has paralleled the course of Hitler and Mussolini in Europe and Africa. . . . It is actual collaboration so well calculated that all the continents of the

world, and all the oceans, are now considered by the Axis strategists as one gigantic battlefield.

"Japan was promised by Germany that if she came in she would receive the complete and perpetual control of the whole of the Pacific area—and that means not only the Far East, but also all of the islands in the Pacific, and also a strangle hold on the west coast of North and Central and South America.

"We are now in the midst of a war, not for conquest, not for vengeance, but for a world in which this nation, and all that this nation represents, will be safe for our children."

Across the Atlantic another history-making scene was being enacted. Prime Minister Churchill stood before the House of Commons on December 8, 1941:

"With the full approval of the nation and of the Empire," he said, "I pledged the word of Great Britain about a month ago that should the United States be involved in a war with Japan a British declaration of war would follow within the hour. . . . American time is nearly six hours behind ours. The Cabinet, which met at 12:30 today, therefore authorized an immediate declaration of war against Japan."

The Prime Minister's words were greeted with tremendous applause. "When we think of the insane ambition and insatiable appetite which have caused this vast and melancholy extension of war," exclaimed Churchill, with the tenacity of a thoroughbred English bulldog, "we can only feel that Hitler's madness has infected Japanese minds and that the root of the evil and its branch must be extirpated together. . . . *We have at least four-fifths of the population of the world*

on our side. We are responsible for their safety and their future."

The punch-drunk Hitler, staggering under the blows of the Russians, who, like a pack of ten million bears, were at his heels, snarled and came back with a declaration of war against the United States on December 10, 1941. "Me too" Mussolini echoed the declaration for Italy on December 11, 1941.

"We will always strike first," boasted Hitler before the Reichstag in Berlin. "We will always deal the first blow!"

President Roosevelt answered with action—not words. Congress declared that a state of war existed between the United States and both Germany and Italy on December 11, 1941.

America was plunged into World War II by ruthless conspiracies of Axis powers in their world conquest; deliberately thrust into it by her avowed enemies. Stabbed in the back by Japan at the instigation of Hitler, we were forced to fight for our existence as free people or submit to Nazi slavery.

This—and a thousand and one direct and indirect attacks against us, with Hitler boasting that he "always strikes the first blow"—forced the American people to defend themselves against the most vicious aggressors in all the world's history.

Even before Japan struck with her dagger, American ships were being torpedoed by Nazi submarines—Americans were being murdered on the high seas—the Dictators were establishing secret bases and organizing their forces to strike in the night against both North and South America. Nazi secret agents with

their Fifth Columnists were setting up arsenals in every part of the United States and in all the countries of our southern neighbors. The United States Secret Service had tracked down hundreds of plots and plotters waiting to strike when the command came from Berlin—ready to sabotage America's great industries, water supplies, food supplies, transportation, and attempt to create nation-wide panic. The evidence in possession of the Government is overwhelming.

With these facts and events clearly in mind, let us return to the battles in the Pacific where war was being waged in all its fury. Japan attacking Americans without declarations of war, reverting to methods of medieval barbarism, must now be met with the full power of America's industrial, economic, and physical might behind our soldiers—to save MacArthur's men and to save the lives and homes of every American from invasion by the enemies of God, country, and home.

There was great rejoicing in the Philippines when MacArthur and his fighting men got the news from America. The Filipino fathers and mothers, whose sons were with MacArthur, huddled their little children around them as the radio brought them the glad tidings that the might of America was behind them. President Quezon rebroadcast it throughout the Islands. Here is the text of the message which President Roosevelt released from the White House by short wave (December 28, 1941) :

To the People of the Philippines

News of your gallant struggle against the Japanese aggressor has elicited the profound admiration of every

American. As President of the United States, I know that I speak for all the people on this solemn occasion.

The resources of the United States, of the British Empire, of the Netherlands East Indies, and of the Chinese Republic have been dedicated by their people to the utter and complete defeat of the Japanese war lords. In this great struggle of the Pacific, the loyal Americans of the Philippine Islands are called upon to play a crucial role. They have played, and they are playing tonight, their part with the greatest gallantry. As President I wish to express to them my feeling of sincere admiration for the fight they are now making.

The people of the United States will never forget what the people of the Philippine Islands are doing this day and will do in the days to come.

I give to the people of the Philippines my solemn pledge that their freedom will be redeemed and their independence established and protected. The entire resources, in men and in material, of the United States stand behind that pledge.

It is not for me or for the people of this country to tell you where your duty lies. We are engaged in a great and common cause. I count on every Philippine man, woman, and child to do his duty. *We will do ours.*

MacArthur's men, fighting overwhelming odds, with their backs to the China Sea, entered the crucial battles ahead of them with a courage inspired by the fearless and dauntless leadership of General Douglas MacArthur.

CHAPTER XVIII

HERO OF LUZON LEADS HIS ARMIES

GENERAL MACARTHUR, while bombs were falling on Manila and fires raging, listened over the radio to President Roosevelt's message—and received by short wave and radiogram instructions from his chief, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, in Washington.

He was keeping in instantaneous communication with his Government while in action when Congress declared war on Japan. Radio, as he predicted, had become a decisive factor in modern warfare.

We shall follow him now as he leads his Army, designating the vital points where the enemy struck, watching his American and Filipino troops under fire. We saw the invaders make their first landings (described in Chapter XVI) by parachute at Davao in southern Mindanao (December 8, 1941) and the first troops land from transports at Vigan and Aparri on northern Luzon (December 10).

MacArthur's guns, tanks, airplanes are now in action while aerial attacks are being made at the naval base of Cavite on Manila Bay and Jap bombers are dropping destruction on the City of Manila.

We surveyed the islands and the battlegrounds in Chapter I, when we met General MacArthur for the first time with his brilliant staff which functions with

the precision of clockwork. Now we shall go on with him as he defends Luzon and selects his own battleground on Bataan Peninsula before making the historic stand behind the fortifications at Corregidor.

United States troops swung into action against this first invasion of American soil since the War of 1812 back in the States.

The first invasions of northern Luzon stretched 80 miles along the coast of the China Sea and 80 miles more along the coast of the Babuyan Channel—160 miles of northern coast fell to the enemy when the Japs secured footholds on the rock-ribbed beaches. They had stolen up on the island from seas and skies—the revival of piracy on a grand scale.

These first days of the war revealed the plan of simultaneous attacks at isolated points which their maps marked as "vulnerable." They tested out these spots and then when they obtained a foothold began landing their troops from hundreds of barges protected by their naval and air fleets.

The plot included false air-raid alarms to enable Japanese bombers to spot military targets. While succeeding in stealing up in the night along northern Luzon, they were driven from the west coast, north of Fernando, with heavy losses. Ingenious as they were in treachery, they had not reckoned with MacArthur and his men. Trained by MacArthur, the Filipinos with their American brothers fought like battle-scarred veterans.

The Japs, under the scheming General Homma, were amazed at the determined resistance of the

"damned Yankees." It was from the air, with their mighty armada, that the Nipponese shot thunder and lightning on the naval base at Cavite, the Nichols air field, and the City of Manila simultaneously (December 11).

Two waves of twenty-seven bombers and a third wave of nine, protected by fighting planes, dropped more than 200 bombs. Circling the City of Manila, from a height of 25,000 feet, they escaped the heavy anti-aircraft fire and the fighters rising to meet them could not gain altitude fast enough to engage the attackers in combat before they fled. They were not eager to get into dog fights with the Americans. It was estimated that some sixty bombers finally appeared over this area.

Nichols Field and the planes caught on the ground were set in flames. Columns of dirt and smoke spouted from Cavite. Oil tanks exploded like dynamite. Two of these huge bombers hurtled down and crashed with a terrific roar in the mountains near Bagui while fleeing from Manila. The crewmen bailed out and were captured. The natives brought them to town trussed up like wild pigs.

General MacArthur tells his own story of these first battles in the Philippines in his War Department Communiqué, December 12, 1941:

"Japanese air activity continued throughout the day with raids in Manila area and at Davao on the Island of Mindanao. Attempted Japanese landings were repulsed south of Vigan and north of San Fernando, as well as at Lingayen on the Island of Luzon. Operations of enemy parachutists were reported at Tuguegaro

and Ilagan in the extreme north and northeast of the Island of Luzon. Some enemy troops were landed in the vicinity of Legaspi in the extreme southern portion of the Island of Luzon. Previous reports of enemy naval concentrations west of Zambeles province on the western coast of Luzon were confirmed.

"The Commanding General of the Far Eastern Command has notified the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces of the brilliant performance of the American Army and Navy fliers and the fliers of the Philippines Commonwealth in attacking enemy units with total disregard for their own safety."

On this day (December 12) President Roosevelt sent a message of congratulations to General MacArthur: "My personal and official congratulations on the fine stand you are making. All of you are constantly in our thoughts. Keep up the good work. Warmest regards." Franklin D. Roosevelt.

General MacArthur replied: "The Far Eastern Command appreciates deeply your message. We shall do our best."

President Quezon of the Philippines received a message of commendation and encouragement from President Roosevelt. An extraordinary session of the National Assembly approved a resolution that pledged support and fullest co-operation to the United States in the War with Japan.

After five days of desperate fighting, driving the invader back to the seas at five landing points, Admiral Hart told the people of Manila that the Jap fleet had taken to the high seas in an effort to avoid a showdown with the United States Fleet in Manila Bay.

MacArthur discovered at the outbreak of war that the first army he must destroy was the front line of Fifth Columnists. The Sakfalista Party represented a group of natives who were sympathetic to the Jap invasion. When the Japs dropped their propaganda leaflets on the bombed city of Manila, these native traitors spread rumours of poisoned water supplies, and stories of huge landings of Jap troops encircling the island of Luzon, to inspire fear and dread in the hearts of the Filipinos.

But fortunately the Filipino is a poor subject for propaganda warfare. He was aware of but one thing: that the Jap invaders were trying to take the land of his fathers. The loyal native soldiers, enraged by these attempts to befuddle their people, were all the more bitter against the Jap attackers. Encountering the Japs on waterfront raids the Filipinos would identify each other (so as to avoid shooting their own men in the blacked-out night) by shouting "*Adios Ko.*" The little Jap apes began using the password, too, but when their accents gave them away they were blasted by Filipino rifles.

Under MacArthur's cryptic statement: "Mopping up operations have been completed on the Lingayen coast," was hidden the story of the most savage struggle up to end of the first week of war in the Philippines. An eyewitness observer declared that the paratroops that had landed in that sector were wiped out in the mountains in a savage struggle that lasted for several hours.

Off the coast two Jap transports were sunk carrying 600 or 700 men and officers on each transport.

Three days later, the Japs, infuriated by their inability to establish bases in the Philippines sent an armada of 154 boats to land an invasion army at Lingayen.

A Colonel of a Philippines Division, manning the shores at Lingayen said: "We awaited eagerly the Japanese attempt to land. The enemy showed up Wednesday night. I counted 154 boats in all. We waited until they were near. Then our artillery roared into action. Most of the boats were destroyed. Each time the enemy attempted to land he has been frustrated. We will defend these shores to the last man!"

The Battle of Lingayen was the fiercest of all combats in the Philippines up to this time. Lingayen Gulf, 110 miles northwest of Manila, felt the impact of the Jap assaults at a beachhead on Luzon. After three days "softening up" MacArthur's defenses by almost continuous bombing, the invader attempted to land 154 motorboat loads of picked Jap troops, under cover of darkness. The MacArthurmen were waiting. . . . A Filipino Army Division banded on the sandy beachhead, hidden by low clumps of shrubbery, some of them brazenly stalking the surf, were impatient for the first Jap to lunge against their waiting bayonets. The Filipinos waited until the Japs were within artillery distance, then blasted away at the motor launches. . . . Some of the more astute raiders turned tail and streaked back to the motor launches. But the others felt the *ping, pang* of Filipino bullets as they skipped on the surf, or the frightening impact of shell fragments, tearing their flesh, and the cold steel of bayonets, ripping their lungs as they came within reach

of the defenders. Not one of the invaders managed to reach shore alive.

Christmas Eve is a day of joyous celebration in the Philippines—but not Christmas 1941. The faithful followers of Christ crowded the churches and prayed for liberation from the enemies of Christianity who were besieging them. Not far away, on the east coast of Luzon, the Japs were landing hordes from newly arrived transports. Jap tanks were rattling across the Isthmus into the back door of Manila.

General MacArthur and his staff weighed the danger. He decided that the 600,000 people in Manila should not be ruthlessly murdered on Christmas Day.

"These people trust me, and I can trust them," he said. "They can take the bad news with the good and stand up for more. They know that I won't quit fighting—that I'll stand up to the last—I want to be honest with them."

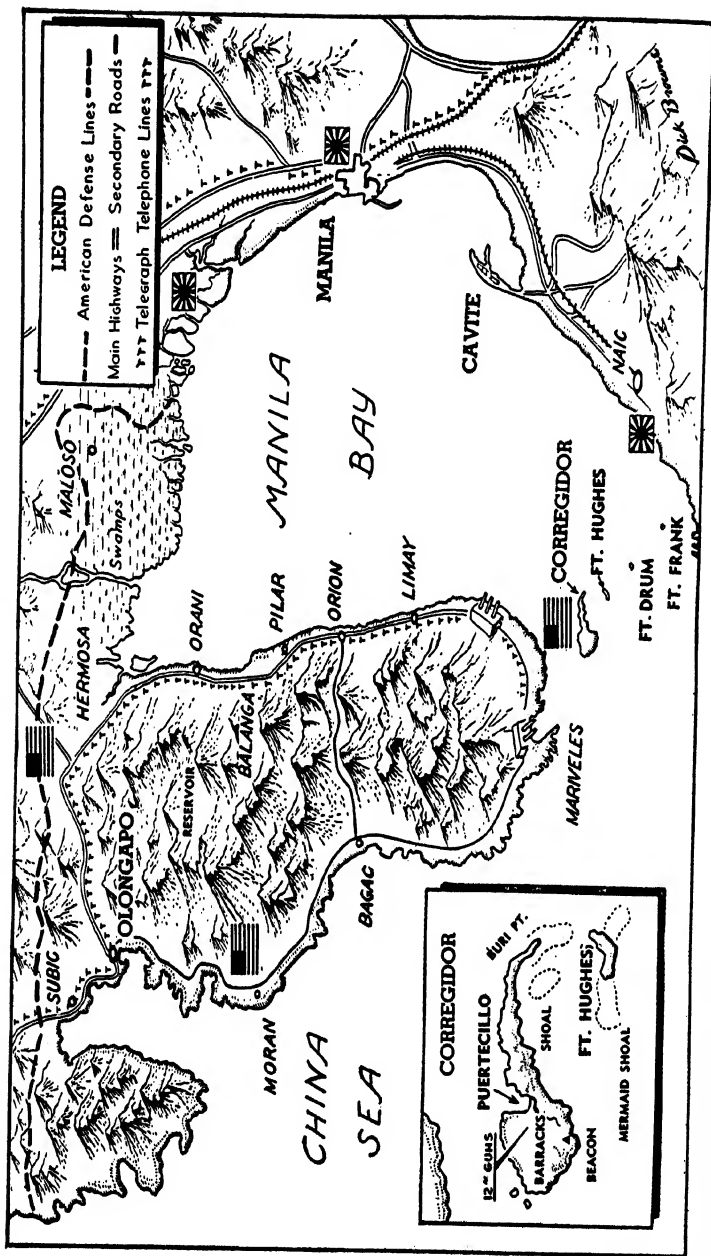
Until Christmas Eve, Manila had been treated to bombings twice daily and at least one bombing every night. MacArthur decided to declare it an open city. He would allow the Japs to occupy it with as little loss of life as possible. He did not expect the atrocities that followed to be humanly possible in a civilized world.

Santo Domingo Church, built by the Spaniards in 1588, was lit by dim candlelight as devout Filipinos prayed for the salvation of their beloved city from the hands of the invaders. At 1:46 P.M., December 26, 1941, the enemy's bombers, flying high overhead, spot-



War Dept. Photo—Released by International News

FALL OF MANILA—First line of Japanese tanks entering Philippine capital after MacArthur declared it an "Open City" to protect lives of its 625,000 men, women, and children in their besieged homes.



WHERE MACARTHUR MAKES HIS HEROIC STAND—Map showing little Corregidor Island guarding Manila Bay at entrance from China Sea, with Bataan Peninsula behind it.

© International News Photo

ted this chapel, huddled in the ancient walled section of the city.

The fiendish Nipponese dropped a salvo of bombs. The worshippers died on their knees, with their eyes turned toward the cross. Flames destroyed the church as more bombs crashed down into the ruins.

Santa Catalina College for Girls felt the impact of Jap bombs, as did the Treasury Building, and a mile square area of homes in the heart of the city was raked by bombs and set in flames.

At high noon the following day the Japs returned and bombed again the open city, stripped of its defenses and helpless against the attacks from the air. When Jap planes flew overhead they met no resistance.

General MacArthur had given his word of honor that Manila was undefended. The Japs made sure of it, and then bombed the city unmercifully. But remembering the lessons of war-torn France and Belgium, the Filipino population and the Chinese huddled in the ancient walled city refused to "take to the road" and clog MacArthur's vital lanes of defense.

Back home in the United States millions of Americans, enraged by the atrocities, waited for the day of vengeance when Japan's match-box cities would be flaming wreckage in the wake of American bombers.

It was the Japanese drive from the south that forced MacArthur from Manila. In the north he had held the enemy's attack, and kept open the area over which he led his consolidated forces to Bataan, where he had long planned to make his stand. It was one of the most successful maneuvers in military history. The task was no easy one. He had to withdraw his southern

forces from under the noses of Japanese planes, scouts and harassing units, and when he finally made contact with his troops north of the Philippine capital there was hard fighting before he finally reached prepared positions northwest of Manila Bay. Then began the long delaying action which made MacArthur's name famous around the world.

The swampy jungles and mountain strongholds of Bataan Peninsula after the first two weeks of intensive fighting, were pounded by heavy artillery fire from Jap guns. Large forces attempted to infiltrate into MacArthur's lines from the Subic Bay area where the Japs made landings at terrific cost. Eleven of the Jap batteries were knocked out by MacArthur's guns.

MacArthur was now fighting on his chosen battleground on the Bataan Peninsula—with his back to Corregidor. Though heavily engaged on all fronts against a foe which greatly outnumbered his own troops, with characteristic coolness, he took time to send this greeting (December 30, 1941) to his chief, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff at Washington:

"We have not forgotten your birthday. I send heartiest felicitations and reiterate the complete confidence I feel in your professional leadership of the Army."

New Year's Eve was celebrated by soldiers in both armies by bombings and raids. On New Year's Day the Japs held council and decided upon desperate means to take possession of the Island by overwhelming numbers. Transports were arriving in vast flotillas.

"This New Year must bring us victory," came orders from Tokio. "MacArthur must be defeated and

forced to surrender without further delays, whatever the price may be."

It was about this time that General MacArthur, enraged by the brutal treatment of prisoners taken by the Japs entered a vigorous protest: "They have been violating rules of land warfare covered by international agreement to which Japan is a party," he charged. "In the Battle of Bataan there have been many of these violations. A flagrant instance was disclosed on January 12. After a successful counter-attack on that day, our troops found the body of Fernando Tan, a Philippine Scout soldier, in a stream. His hands had been bound behind his back and he had been bayoneted several times before being thrown in a stream to die. On the previous day, Private Tan had distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in action."

To this the Japs retorted in self-defense with a volley of falsehoods so preposterous that they made MacArthur laugh. Japan announced over the government radio (January 23) in Tokio that American and Philippine troops were using gas shells in the Battle of Bataan.

General MacArthur replied: "There is absolutely no truth in this statement." He declared that he had absolutely no intention of violating the rules of war, no matter how great the provocation. However, foully the enemy may act, the General stated that he would abide by decent concepts of humanity and civilization.

Shock troops, the "Commandos" of the Jap Army, lunged against MacArthur's right flank, trying to knock it out of possession of Bataan's best road. For

two days the battle raged (week of January 19th) and when it was over, MacArthur still held the road and the Japs counted their dead by the thousands. This in spite of the fact that swarms of dive bombers strafed the defenders' lines in each wave of attack.

MacArthur said proudly: "Six weeks of hard fighting have made veterans of the soldiers of the Philippine Army. Their training in the difficult school of actual combat and their battle experience have steadied them and developed their initiative and resourcefulness."

Battles raging in the Philippines day-by-day were proving the genius of MacArthur as a strategist. He was extorting from the Jap hordes an appalling toll. Here is the typical War Department Communique (January 21, 1942):

"In particularly savage fighting on the Bataan Peninsula, American and Philippine troops drove back the enemy and reestablished lines which previously had been penetrated. The Japanese, by infiltrations and frontal attacks near the center of the line, had gained some initial successes. Our troops then counter-attacked and all positions were retaken. Enemy losses were very heavy. Our casualties were relatively moderate."

"One of General MacArthur's guerilla bands operating in the Cagayan Valley in northern Luzon scored a brilliant local success in a surprise raid on a hostile airdrome at Tuguegarao. The Japanese were taken completely by surprise and fled in confusion leaving 110 dead on the field. Approximately 300 others were put to flight. Our losses were very light."

General Masaharu's Fourteenth Army swashed through the swamps and treacherous undergrowth of Bataan's valleys and mountain ravines (week of January 26, 1942). Wild hogs, deer, snakes and snail-like slugs of the jungle infested the territory. The parasitic *balete* clinging to the stately *lauan* or Philippine mahogany tree, hung in ropes overhead or twined in choking embrace around the tall trees.

With the agility of Tarzans, MacArthur's fighting men leaped along the highway in the skies, swinging *balete* ropes until they were over the Jap lines, 150 feet in the air, where they took their places as lookout sentries or snipers. Many a grenade fell from the tree-tops and landed on surprised Jap patrols, who never knew what hit them.

MacArthur's main forces held fast to their positions and the Jap army charged time and again into ready rifles and 75-, 105-, and 155-millimeter guns barking from behind natural rock barricades for artillery emplacements. MacArthur's army fought gallantly for every inch of ground and in heroic thrusts regained the first lost footholds on Bataan Peninsula, with heavy losses to the enemy.

The Japanese landed additional forces at Subic Bay and threw them into the battle with little regard for the mounting losses. In a desperate effort to dislodge MacArthur from his jungle stronghold, the Jap invader ordered a terrific bombardment from the skies and a devastating artillery assault from Jap warships flanking the west coast positions of Bataan Peninsula.

Many brave defenders died with their boots dripping jungle swamp mud but not before they succeeded in

decimating the invading forces clear out of proportion to their own losses.

MacArthur ordered a thrust to the right, throwing the Japs on his left flank into confusion. The attack was started with 155-millimeter artillery fire and was quickly followed up by infantry thrusting their way through dense jungleland outpost, to relieve the pressure on the left, and stabilize the line.

This was how the Army on Bataan stood when MacArthur celebrated his 62nd birthday on January 26, 1942.

He had been holding back the Japs fifty days when he celebrated his sixty-second birthday.

He demonstrated in brilliant attack that he was sixty-two years young. It was sixty-two years since he had been born "a soldier" at the Fort Little Rock Military post in Arkansas—thirty-nine years since he had first stepped foot on Philippine soil and went under fire for the first time—thirty-three years since he had been under fire in the Russo-Japanese War—twenty-eight years since he was with the Mexican Expedition—twenty-five years since he was fighting on the battlefields of France in World War I.

The Secretary of War, the Honorable Henry L. Stimson, sent this birthday message to General Douglas MacArthur:

"We shall all think of you on your birthday. Every one of us is inspired to greater efforts by the heroic and skillful fight which you and your men are making."

Felicitations were also sent to General MacArthur by the President, General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, General John J. Pershing and other prominent

civilian and military officials of the Government. Here is President Roosevelt's birthday message:

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE MAGNIFICENT STAND THAT YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE MAKING. WE ARE WATCHING WITH PRIDE AND UNDERSTANDING, AND ARE THINKING OF YOU ON YOUR BIRTHDAY.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Throughout the United States on January 30, 1942, the American people were celebrating President Roosevelt's sixtieth birthday—two years younger than MacArthur. In every town and city they gathered in tribute to the Commander-in-Chief of their Army and Navy who was giving his own life-blood to the cause of human freedom. Messages deluged the White House. As the President sat at the radio, voices of greeting from every part of the nation and all the countries who were now his brothers-in-arms saluted him.

General MacArthur, on the night of a great offensive against him in the Philippines, did not forget. MacArthur never forgets! Here is the message that President Roosevelt held in his hand as a smile came to his tired face:

"Today, January 30, the anniversary of your birth, smoke-begrimed men, covered with the marks of battle, rise from the fox holes of Bataan and the batteries of Corregidor to pray reverently that God may bless immeasurably the President of the United States."

While General MacArthur was sending his message to President Roosevelt, he, too, received a message. It was dropped from the clouds by Japanese airmen over MacArthur's line on January 30, 1942:

To General Douglas MacArthur,
Commander in Chief,
United States Army in the Far East.

Sir:

You are well aware that you are doomed. The end is near. The question is how long you will be able to resist. You have already cut rations by half. I appreciate the fighting spirit of yourself and your troops who have been fighting with courage. Your prestige and honor have been upheld.

However, in order to avoid needless bloodshed and to save your 1st, 31st Divisions, and the remnants of other division, together with your auxiliary troops, you are advised to surrender. In the meantime we shall continue our offensive as I do not wish to give you time for defense. If you decide to comply with our advice send a mission as soon as possible to our front line. We shall then cease firing and negotiate an armistice. Failing that our offensive will be continued with inexorable force which will bring upon you only disaster.

Hoping your wise counsel will so prevail that you will save the lives of your troops, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Commander in Chief, the
Japanese Expeditionary Forces.

General MacArthur turned the letter over and on the back was another letter—this time addressed to his troops:

“To the Filipino soldiers:

The outcome of the present combat has been already decided and you are cornered to the doom. At this time ever generous Commander in Chief of Japanese Expeditionary Forces in order to avoid further annihilation of your dear lives has presented to your Commander in Chief, General MacArthur, a letter as shown on the back page of this leaflet. But, however, being unable to realize the present situation, blinded General MacArthur has stupidly refused our proposal and continues futile struggle at the cost of your precious lives.

Dear Filipino soldiers there are still one way left for you. That is to give up all your weapons at once and surrender to the Japanese forces before it is too late, then we shall fully protect you. We repeat the last. Surrender at once and build your new Philippines for and by Filipinos.

“Commander in Chief of the
Japanese Expeditionary Forces.”

The General shrugged his shoulders and walked away. The letters were answered immediately—by both General MacArthur and his troops—with terrific anti-aircraft fire which brought some of the couriers in the planes crashing down to the earth. And the Filipinos answered it—by a drive which proved their loyalty, courage and resolution.

The hero of Luzon was leading his armies—to victory or death!

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 17, 1941

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1956:

I am writing this letter as an act of faith in the destiny of our country. I desire to make a request which I make in full confidence that we shall achieve a glorious victory in the war we now are waging to preserve our democratic way of life.

My request is that you consider the merits of a young American youth of goodly heritage -- Colin P. Kelly, III -- for appointment as a Cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point. I make this appeal in behalf of the heroic services of his father who met death in line of duty at the very outset of the struggle which was thrust upon us by the perfidy of a professed friend.

In the conviction that the service and example of Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr. will be long remembered, I ask for this consideration in behalf of Colin P. Kelly, III.



CHAPTER XIX

WITH MacARTHUR'S FIGHTING MEN. NEW AMERICAN HERO TALES

MACARTHUR'S men proved their valor in the very first combats with the Japanese hordes invading the Philippines. Greatly outnumbered, they met the foe with the courageous spirit that has made America—the spirit of the pioneers that blazed the trails across the continent and built a mighty nation.

New American hero tales began to come out of the raging Pacific, direct from the battlefields, true soldier stories, stories of blood and brawn and brain which surpass the tales of Kipling. Eventually they will be recorded for posterity in a Golden Book of Courage, but here we are privileged to relate them as they now appear in the radiograms coming from MacArthur, as released by the War Department in Washington.

We can present in this book only those from the first weeks of America's participation in World War II. They are given to you as we find them in official records, inasmuch as the classic Kelly story is the only story that can be told at this time in its fuller details.

The first of MacArthur's fighting men to fall flaming into the new hall of fame of World War II, the soldier's academy of immortals, was a twenty-six-year-old lad by the name of Kelly—of fighting Irish ancestry—Captain Colin Purdie Kelly, Jr., an Army Air Force pilot.

Kelly flew to his death over the China Sea—and into the hearts of the American people. It was in the first hours of battle off the north coast of Luzon. Volleys from Japanese battleships were holding back the defenders while the first Japanese troops attempted to make a landing on Philippine soil.

American airmen took to the skies and hurled themselves against the Nipponese protecting their fleet. The dog fights were swift and fierce as they lunged at each other—diving, banking, looping, their machine guns blazing as they maneuvered to get on each other's tail.

Kelly, according to information obtained from Manila, was piloting a big Flying Fortress, a giant aerial gladiator with a speed of 300 miles an hour, its heavy armament making it one of the most formidable battleships in the clouds. With him was a crew of six men. Japanese guns hurled their shells at the Flying Fortress. Captain Kelly skilfully maneuvered his bomber directly over the big 29,330-ton capital battleship *Haruna*, one of the largest in the attacking Japanese fleet. He scored three direct hits. The Japanese planes attacked his bomber and set it afire.

"*Bail out!*" Captain Kelly commanded. The crew leaped from the flaming Fortress, their opening parachutes making them dropping targets.

The details of the story vary, but the first version is: Kelly alone in his flaming ship, opened his gun and plunged—at a speed of five miles a minute—directly at the seriously wounded *Haruna* foundering in the seas. Kelly dove at his prey—bombing and diving with still loaded bomb rack—plunging to his death—as the *Haruna* sank from his last blows into the China Sea.

His crew landed in safety, while their gallant commander went to his death in a blaze of glory that will live forever in the pages of history.

The second version of this story is that Kelly had "finished" the Japanese battleship and was returning to his air station when the Jap planes attacked him and he ordered his men to bail out, going down himself in his flaming bomber.

General MacArthur's communique sympathetically recorded: "General MacArthur announced with great sorrow the death of Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., who so distinguished himself by scoring three direct hits on the Japanese capital battleship *Haruna*, leaving her in flames and distress." The Distinguished Service Cross, posthumously awarded for valor, was presented to Captain Kelly's wife at her home in America.

Mrs. Kelly, a twenty-three-year-old widow with her little son, Colin P. Kelly, 3rd, a manly little fellow aged eighteen months, became the nation's first heroine when she bravely received the news with the words:

"It was the way Colin wanted to go. I am proud and glad for him that the end of a full life came in the way he wanted."

The first war-widow of an American hero in World War II, a lovely girl, with curling chestnut hair, her figure tall and slender, sat with her little bewildered son on her lap.

"I have made a promise since Colin went away," she said quietly. "I'll keep that promise. Colin here, my baby, our son, will take his father's place. He will go to West Point some day. He looks like his father, I pray that he'll be as fine a man."

The home town of Colin P. Kelly, Jr., down in Madison, Florida, proudly recalled how the young aviator had courted danger as a youth "without giving or asking for quarter." He competed with larger boys on the gridiron and in boxing contests. They told how he once nosed his plane while making a landing to avoid hitting children playing nearby; how when flying over Louisiana his instruments failed and he maneuvered his plane to a safe landing.

His father, a fine upstanding Floridan, Colin P. Kelly, Sr., said simply: "I'm proud that he did his part for his country. He always wanted to be a soldier, ever since he was twelve years old. He was a fine specimen of manhood. We're glad that his life ambition was fulfilled the way he always wanted to do it. I guess little Corky will have to 'carry on.'"

The red-headed, chubby little eighteen-months-old American who will follow in the footsteps of his father seems to understand and nods his head proudly in consent. The family call him "Corky."

President Roosevelt deeply impressed by the courage of the Kellys, sat at his desk in the White House and dictated the letter which heads this chapter.

The valor of MacArthur's fighting men met with immediate response in the War Department of Washington as MacArthur radioed his citations. Captain Jesus Villamor, of the Philippine Army Air Corps, was decorated for "extraordinary heroism" on December 10, 1941:

"In the face of heavy enemy fire from strong enemy air forces, Captain Villamor led his flight of three pursuit planes into action against attacking planes. By

his conspicuous example of courage and leadership, and at great personal hazard beyond the call of duty, his flight enabled a rout of the attacking planes, thereby preventing appreciable damage to his station."

Villamor was awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster, to be worn with the Distinguished Service Cross, for another act of "extraordinary heroism" on December 12: "During an attack on an airdrome by approximately 54 Japanese bombers, Villamor took off from that field, leading six pursuit planes and engaged the enemy," the Army said. "By this heroic action against enormous odds, part of the attacking bombers were driven off, one enemy plane being destroyed by Captain Villamor."

With the awarding of the Distinguished Service Cross, the highest military honor the nation can bestow with the exception of the Congressional Medal of Honor, General MacArthur awarded two more posthumous decorations: To First Lieutenant Samuel H. Marett, of Atlanta, Georgia, who helped destroy two Japanese transports near Vigan—and to Private First Class Greeley B. Williams, of Iowa City, Iowa, who was killed by dive bombers while defending his airplane at a Philippine airport.

Tales of heroism in MacArthur's Army thrilled the hearts of the American people as the General issued his citations. The War department awarded the DSC to Second Lieutenant Carl P. Gies of the Air Force for "extraordinary action near his field on December 10, 1941."

President Roosevelt ordered these decorations in reply to reports from the battlefields by General Mac-

Arthur. The bravery of the Filipinos was given full recognition. Third Lieutenant Joseph Gozar tried to ram enemy planes after his gun had jammed. "By his display of courage and leadership, after a series of such maneuvers, he forced the Japanese planes to flee without further attacks against the airdrome."

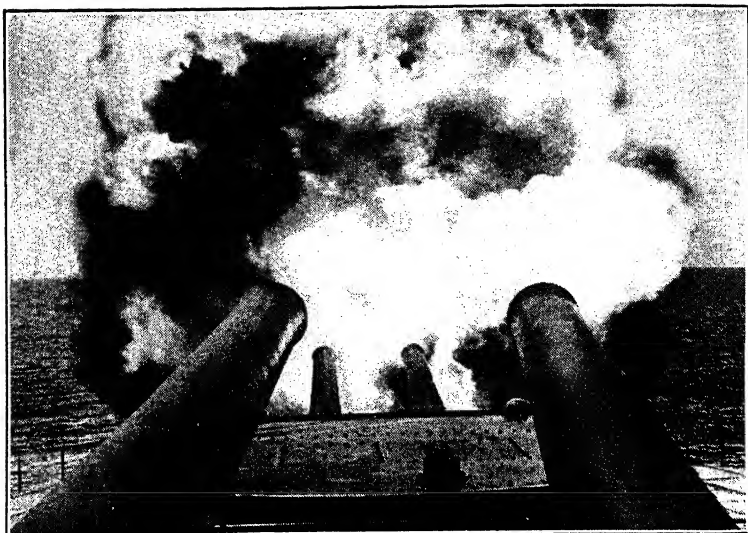
The credit for bringing down the first Japanese plane in air combat in the Philippines, on December 8, 1941, was awarded to Second Lieutenant Randall Keator, son of C. D. Keator, of Campti, Louisiana: "Keator, one of three officers in a pursuit flight when it was attacked by nine Japanese pursuit ships, attacked the three nearest enemy planes, and quickly brought down one, which represented the first hostile plane destroyed in air combat in the Philippines. Keator then immediately joined in the general combat, wherein with companions, he shot down two more enemy planes. Later while returning to the field alone, he encountered a single enemy fighter. Disregarding the fact that both his ammunition and gasoline were nearly exhausted, he pursued the enemy, which he engaged, until it plunged in flames. This example of unhesitating action against heavy odds served as a tremendous stimulus to others laboring under the stress of the surprise hostile attack."

In this first battle, on December 8, Private First Class Joseph McElroy, son of Thomas McElroy, of Philadelphia, was cited for extraordinary heroism in action: "Instead of seeking shelter from aerial bombardment of his plane, Private McElroy ran to the machine-gun position in his grounded plane, and in the face of a devastating dive bomber and aerial machine



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INVASION OF PHILIPPINES—Japanese troops marching under flag of "Rising Sun" to "Victory—or Death!" This official photo from Tokio was "picked up" by British agents and flashed by wireless to the United States.



War Dept. News—Released by International Photo
MACARTHUR'S GUNS TALK BACK—This 12-inch disappearing gun behind fortress of Corregidor raises its grim head—fires—and sinks back in defense of Manila Bay.



War Dept. Photo—Released by Acme
PLOTTING DEFENSE OF PHILIPPINES—MacArthur's men "keep their ears" alert.

gun attack which followed, he courageously and successfully defended his plane.

This same battle distinguished Technical Sergeant Anthony Holub, husband of Mrs. Katherine Holub, of Coronado, California: "During a heavy aerial bombardment, Holub immediately ran to his plane and returned the machine-gun fire of subsequent attacking planes from the top turret guns of his plane. After exhausting the ammunition supply, Holub ran through a heavy strafing fire to a nearby damaged plane from which he removed as many ammunition cans as he could carry and returned to his guns, where he continued to fire on attacking aircraft."

For extraordinary heroism in action over his field, on December 10, First Lieutenant Joseph Moore, husband of Mrs. Virl Moore, of Spartansburg, South Carolina, is cited: "In the face of heavy destructive bombardment of his airdrome by overwhelming numbers of enemy bombers and pursuit planes, Moore led the pilots of his squadron in getting four planes into the air and into combat with five enemy planes before gaining altitude. In the same engagement, Moore dove fearlessly into a group of enemy planes which were attacking a fellow pilot in parachute, and by the fury of his attack destroyed two enemy planes and completely routed the rest, thereby saving his comrade's life. This display of courageous leadership has served as an inspiration to the personnel of the command."

MacArthur's fighting men, drawn from even the smallest towns in the United States, were bringing honors to their loved ones back home. First Lieutenant Grant Mahoney, son of Mrs. H. G. Mahoney, of Vallejo,

California, was awarded one more of these DSC's for heroism near Legaspi on December 10th and 11th: "Volunteering for a vital night mission in thick weather during a complete ground blackout and in the face of severe ground fire, from strongly held positions, Mahoney secured information on December 10 which was needed for a subsequent successful bombing attack. Again on the following day, returning from a bombing mission near Legaspi in which he destroyed an enemy flying boat and strafed an enemy-held radio station, Mahoney displayed exceptional courage in performing the highly dangerous feat of landing his plane with a bomb hanging from an improperly functioning bomb release, in preference to bailing out."

While MacArthur's men were writing new hero tales into the history of their country, the gallant defenders of Pearl Harbor were also putting themselves into the pages of democracy's knighthood.

We have related the tragic scenes at Pearl Harbor (Chapter XVI) and told how one of the most disastrous events in American history occurred. We will now go back to General MacArthur in the Philippines and watch him defend every foot of the ground in brilliant strategic moves until he takes his stand behind the fortifications at Corregidor.

CHAPTER XX

DEEDS OF VALOR ON THE ROAD TO CORREGIDOR

CORREGIDOR is a name that will live forever like that of the Alamo. Every foot of ground was bought with the blood and shattered bodies of the sons of the Rising Sun. Every advance made by the Japs was over the dead bodies of the worshippers of Emperor Hirohito, "the Son of Heaven."

While in wily trades Hirohito swindled France out of French Indo-China, and while, when his pagan hordes moved into Thailand, the Siamese lay down in abject surrender—his minions were forced to fight like demons in hell to take Hong Kong and go on to Singapore. But it was in the Philippines that he met resistance that made him pay with the life blood of his invading army.

MacArthur blocked the road of conquest and exacted a staggering price from the Japanese for their invasion of a people they must conquer if Hirohito were to make himself ruler of the Pacific. Let us listen again to the tales of chivalry coming out of the mountain fastnesses and the jungles, brave men risking their lives in defense of freedom.

From his field headquarters, General Douglas MacArthur announced the award of the Distinguished Service Cross to Major Thomas J. H. (Trap) Trapnell,

for extraordinary heroism in action. Major Trapnell is a former football hero of the United States Military Academy and one of the Army's outstanding Polo players. He matched his brilliant gridiron career with exploits on the battlefield.

He was born in Yonkers, New York, and is thirty-nine years old. The action for which Major Trapnell was decorated took place at Rosario in La Union Province on December 22, 1941, while his cavalry unit was engaged in rear guard operations. During concentrated enemy fire from tanks and infantry, Major Trapnell remained between the hostile force and his own troops and set fire to a truck on a bridge. He waited under fire until the bridge was in flames before leaving the scene in a scout car. He then retired slowly with the rear elements of his organization, picked up wounded soldiers, and rallied his men. With complete disregard of his personal safety, Major Trapnell delayed the hostile advance and set an inspiring example to his regiment.

The Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II—the highest award of the nation—was posthumously awarded in memory of Second Lieutenant Alexander R. Nininger, Jr., of the 57th Infantry of Philippines Scouts. It was presented by President Roosevelt to his father who lives in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Lieutenant Nininger was born in Gainesville, Georgia, and was appointed to the United States Military Academy from Florida.

General MacArthur's story tells the tragic story in his own words: "Alexander R. Nininger, Jr., for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond

the call of duty in action with the enemy near Abucay, Bataan, Philippine Islands, on January 12, 1942. This officer, though assigned to another company not then engaged in combat, voluntarily attached himself to Company K, same regiment, while that unit was being attacked by enemy forces superior in fire power.

"In hand to hand fighting which followed, Lieutenant Nininger repeatedly forced his way to and into the battle position. Though exposed to heavy enemy fire, he continued to attack with rifle and hand grenades and succeeded in destroying several enemy snipers. Although wounded three times, he continued his attacks until he was killed after pushing alone far within the enemy position. When his body was found after recapture of the position, one enemy officer and two soldiers lay dead around him."

General MacArthur reported to the War Department: "First Lieutenant Marshall J. Anderson, Air Corps, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, one of the most intrepid pilots of the Philippine Air Force, was killed in action on January 19, 1942. For distinguished gallantry in action on January 17th, Lieutenant Anderson had been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. On that day at the head of his flight of pursuit ships, he attacked a superior force of enemy dive bombers, dispersing the hostile planes. In this action Lieutenant Anderson shot down an enemy observation plane. He then led his flight in attack on a hostile bomber formation, forcing the bombers to release their bombs prematurely and harmlessly and to flee. Continuing the attack, he then led his flight in a heavy machine-gun attack on an enemy truck convoy.

"On Lieutenant Anderson's return to the flying field, General MacArthur personally decorated him on the spot with the Distinguished Service Cross. On January 19th, while again in the air, Lieutenant Anderson's flight was attacked by a greatly superior number of Japanese planes. A strenuous fight ensued during which he shot down another enemy plane—his last. His own plane was crippled and he bailed out. Two Japanese planes followed him to the ground. His parachute was riddled with machine-gun bullets and, while hanging helplessly in the air, he was shot to death. Still not satisfied, one enemy plane returned to dive and machine gun the crumpled body."

And here is the story of the first Generals to be decorated for bravery. General MacArthur personally awarded to Major General Jonathan M. Wainwright and Brigadier General Albert M. Jones the Distinguished Service Cross. In the early phases of the fighting on the Island of Luzon, General Wainwright commanded the northern front and General Jones the southern sector. Opposed by forces which were greatly superior in numbers, the troops under these two commanders fought delaying actions, slowly falling back and finally uniting their forces in Pampanga Province. By particularly skillful maneuvers they were able to escape being caught in a large scale pincers movement executed by the Japanese. Subsequently the combined forces withdrew to Bataan Province, where the troops of both officers have been in practically continuous action for several weeks.

General Wainwright was born in Walla Walla, Washington, and was graduated from the United

States Military Academy in the class of 1906. General Jones was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, and was commissioned in the Army from civil life on October 7, 1911. He is an honor graduate of the Command and General Staff School, and a graduate of the Army War College.

Captain Jesus Villamor, the Filipino airman, again appears on the War Department records commended for heroic action. General MacArthur reports on the aerial combat on February 9, 1942, in which several enemy planes were shot down.

"Several of our P-40 fighters were escorting a slow biplane trainer on a photographic mission over Cavite Province when they encountered six enemy fighter planes," says General MacArthur.

"The ensuing combat was one of the most spectacular that has been waged in the Philippine campaign. Captain Jesus Villamor, who recently was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster for repeated acts of extraordinary heroism, was the pilot of the photographic plane and had landed when the enemy planes appeared. Our escorting fighters, instead of landing, vigorously engaged the enemy aircraft."

General MacArthur then relates this story about Sergeant Leroy C. Anderson of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who received the Distinguished Service Cross: "On February 3, 1942, a counter attack of one of our units, to re-establish its line on Bataan Peninsular, was held up by heavy machine-gun fire. Sergeant Anderson, in command of a small group of tanks in reserve, eagerly requested permission to use his unit against the

enemy's machine-gun nests. This permission was granted; whereupon, under heavy fire, Anderson made a personal reconnaissance well in front of our lines. He returned safely and moved his tanks through the rough and difficult terrain against the hostile resistance. With skill and determination he destroyed the enemy guns and their crews.

"Fighting his way through the thick jungles, Anderson located more hostile guns and destroyed them. After his own tank had been put out of commission by enemy fire, Sergeant Anderson and his crew left the tank and continued the fight with rifles and hand grenades. By this gallant action, Sergeant Anderson and his men enabled our infantry to advance and regain the lost positions. He was slightly wounded in the encounter."

Sergeant Anderson entered the military service on January 29, 1941, as a selectee from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His next of kin is Mrs. Hattie Anderson, his stepmother, of Burlington, Wisconsin.

The thrilling story of the second award of the Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II, comes from General MacArthur, who represented the President in pinning the coveted decoration on Sergeant José Calugas, Battery B, 88th Field Artillery, Philippine Scouts: "The action for which the award was made took place near Culis, Bataan Province, Philippine Islands, on January 16, 1942. A battery gun position was bombed and shelled by the enemy until one gun was put out of commission and all of the cannoneers were killed or wounded. Sergeant Calugas, a mess sergeant of another battery, voluntarily and

without orders ran 1,000 yards across the shell-swept area to the gun position. There he organized a volunteer squad which placed the gun back in commission and fired effectively against the enemy, although the position remained under constant and heavy Japanese artillery fire."

President Quezon informed General MacArthur that he was deeply grateful for the recognition being given Filipinos for their deeds of bravery. He wished to return the distinguished compliments to his people and on the suggestion of General MacArthur he awarded the Distinguished Service Star of the Philippines, the highest military decoration of the Commonwealth, to Major General Richard K. Sutherland, Chief of Staff, and Brigadier General Richard J. Marshall, Deputy Chief of Staff, of General MacArthur's forces.

These two officers, occupying key posts in the epic defense of Bataan, served as members of the American military mission which devised the original plans and methods for the defense of the Philippines. The citations accompanying the awards called attention to the services of these officers in connection with the brilliant conception and execution of these plans. The American military mission planned the creation of the Army that is now striking such heavy blows on the battlefield.

"This success," the citation continues, "has earned for the Philippine Commonwealth the priceless right to be recognized on its own merit as an equal in the brotherhood of arms in the nations of the world."

The citations also point to the outstanding service of these two officers as principal assistants to the Com-

manding General of the United States Army Forces of the Far East in the magnificent defense that has won the plaudits of the world.

The medals were presented to General Sutherland and General Marshall by General MacArthur in the field as a part of the observance of Washington's birthday by our field forces in the Philippines. In presenting the medals, General MacArthur said:

"These are two of the finest officers who have ever served under my command. Cool and resourceful, courageous and determined, resolute and devoted, they are deserving of this immediate award of these well-earned decorations. Tomorrow they might well be casualties, too late to know of a nation's military honor to them."

The third award of the Congressional Medal of Honor went to a Minnesota boy—First Lieutenant Willibald C. Bianchi, 45th Infantry, Philippine Scouts. The feat for which the award was made occurred on February 3, 1942, near Bagac, Philippine Islands.

General MacArthur tells this story: "When the rifle platoon of another company was ordered to wipe out two strong enemy machine-gun nests, Lieutenant Bianchi voluntarily and of his own initiative, advanced with the platoon, leading part of his men. When wounded early in the action by two bullets through the left hand, he did not stop for first aid but discarded his rifle and began firing a pistol. He located a machine gun nest and personally silenced it with hand grenades. When wounded the second time by two machine gun bullets through the chest muscles, Lieutenant Bianchi climbed to the top of an American tank, man-

ned its anti-aircraft machine gun, and fired into strongly held enemy position until knocked completely off the tank by a third wound."

Lieutenant Bianchi was born in New Ulm, Minnesota, and was a resident of the city when commissioned in the Officers Reserve Corps on June 3, 1940. His next of kin is his mother, Mrs. Carrie Bianchi.

Major Emmet O'Donnell, who downed four Jap planes in the Philippines, making him New York City's first hero of the war, was decorated by the War Department even before he had engaged in his gallant air battle with an overwhelming force of Japanese.

Fifteen army airmen, under command of Major O'Donnell, were awarded Distinguished Flying Crosses by the War Department in recognition of their daring flight from Honolulu to the Philippines "to avoid Japanese patrols" before the war broke out. They covered a route never before flown by aircraft. Each was cited for "heroism and achievement." Among them were Lieutenant Stanley Cottage—Technical Sergeant Armando Ramirez—Staff Sergeants William Delehanty—Herbert E. Wiest—Leyer Levin—William Knortz—Lincoln Dapron—all from New York and environs.

Citations for bravery have been given Second Lieutenant Jack D. Dale, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, who led his flight against Japanese landing operations at Vilgan; Private Robert J. Enders, who made seven trips in a bombing raid to carry wounded to a hospital in an army truck; First Lieutenant Boyd (Buzz) Wagner, who is credited with shooting two planes out of the air, machine gunning twelve on the ground, leaving five burning.

While the stories we have told are from the Army, there are many tales coming out of the Navy which equal them in valor. There is Lieutenant Commander William L. Kabler, who fought off fifteen Jap bombers during a seven-hour attack against his ship "somewhere in the Pacific." His ship suffered a direct hit, but he managed to bring it into port safely. Kabler's mother lives in Bristol, Virginia. His wife and ten-year-old daughter live in San Francisco.

Admiral Thomas C. Hart, when he was Commander-in-Chief of the United States Asiatic fleet, had many tales of heroism to report. There is Lieutenant C. A. Keller who, while piloting a big plane, sighted the Japanese battleship *Kongo* off northwest Luzon. He held contact a long time despite constant anti-aircraft fire, until supporting planes arrived under Lieutenant Commander J. V. Peterson and other pilots to press home the assault under heavy fire.

The famous Admiral commended H. T. Utter: "He attacked three Japanese fighters and shot down one with his own guns. Two others fled. Utter landed on the seas and taxied to the coast, repaired the damage, and flew home the next day—only because he was getting low in gas!"

Let us close this chapter while these deeds of heroism are being enacted in all parts of the world, with this message from Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Force, in Washington: "The United States has been attacked by a powerful combination of cunning, efficient, and unscrupulous enemies. Fighting against overwhelming odds, our combat units in Hawaii and the Philippine Islands are

seeking out and destroying enemy aircraft and naval vessels wherever they may be. Our officers and men are fighting with conspicuous gallantry. Never before in the history of American air power, have the Army Air Forces been called upon to meet so many different missions, in so many different theatres of war. . . . Already the Air Forces have their heroes—men who have plunged into combat with no thought of the odds against them, with nothing in their hearts except love of country and a fierce conviction that they and their fighting craft are the best the world has ever seen.

“We must continue to meet our enemies, outnumbered though we may be, with the same fervor and will to win, in the future as in the past. We must continue to fight with the odds against us until the inherent productive capacity of our country in airplanes, pilots, navigators, bombers, and munitions becomes completely effective and we can build up an aerial fighting force capable of driving hostile airmen from the skies, hostile ships from the seas, to decisively defeat our enemies.”

So it is that high adventure and dauntless courage are riding on the winged steeds of glory with MacArthur's men in the Philippines and with the men at Pearl Harbor, at Wake Island, in all the Islands of the Pacific, in Asia, in Africa and Europe—everywhere where Americans are offering their lives to save human freedom. And so these tales will continue throughout World War II wherever the American flag flies.

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CHAPTER XXI

MacARTHUR'S GALLANT STAND THRILLS THE WORLD

CAN MACARTHUR *hold out?*" What is to be the climax of one of the tensest dramas in human history? MacArthur's position behind the barricades at Corregidor was now in imminent peril. The whole world was speculating on the results.

"*MacArthur next!*" This was the watchword in Tokio. The undaunted courage of MacArthur, with his death-defying soldiers, held out against vastly superior numbers and severely wounded Japanese pride.

The perplexed Nipponese commanders dropped messages from the skies attempting to cajole MacArthur with flowery cherry-petaled words of praise and admiration, pleading with him to surrender—but MacArthur fought on.

MacArthur's reply was always the same—heavier fire and more devastating bombardments at landing parties that attempted to force through Bataan toward Corregidor. Suicide squads were slaughtered. Stories of unparalleled valor came out of Luzon.

While the far-flung bastion defenses of the Democracies were crumbling throughout the world, MacArthur was making history in a little corner on a little island off the China Sea.

Enemy reinforcements, which had been particularly heavy (Feb. 10-13, 1942) made their presence in

Bataan increasingly evident. The 3rd, 16th, 18th, 28th, and 65th Japanese Divisions were identified as participating in the fighting, while the 48th, under Lieutenant General Ichiji Dobashi flanked the line of communications. These six Japanese Divisions concentrated on Bataan a force ten times the strength of the MacArthur men on the peninsula.

Another large force under Lieutenant General Susumu Morioka manned the Japanese guns on the Cavite shore and occupied Manila. There were large numbers of Japanese troops in other strategic sections of Luzon.

On the thirty-fourth day of battle the Japanese troops made their most ambitious attempt at a pincers movement, attempting to cut off the Bataan Peninsula and drive MacArthur and his fighters for freedom into the Bay of Manila and the China Sea.

The invader hurled 50,000 picked troops, called "Tatori" or "big chicken," against the west coast.

"Their aim," said MacArthur, "was at what the enemy mistakenly thought to be our flank or rear. These picked 'Tatori' executed similar thrusts along the east coast, like the fingers of a clawing hand. The Bataan defenders captured an aerial map showing the Jap plan and the urgent character of the mission. There was savage fighting in the underbrush. Our infantry supported by artillery and mortar fire forced the invaders back to the coast. Those who attempted flight by sea were drowned, the others were destroyed or captured."

Of the well-trained shock troops employed in this dangerous venture MacArthur spoke highly: "They

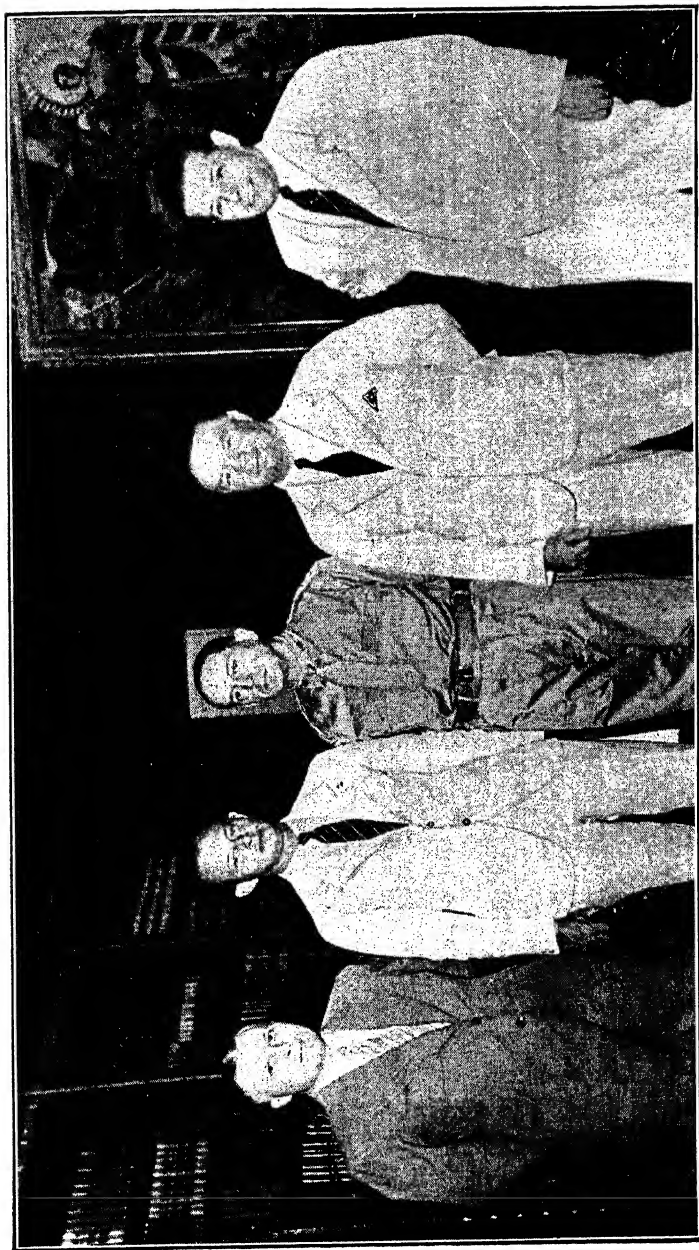
resisted with the courage characteristic of the Japanese troops, but in the end were glad to surrender. They are being treated with the respect and consideration which their gallantry so well merits."

Japanese Lieutenant General Nara commanded the assaulting troops comprising the 16th and 65th Divisions of the right flank, with the 65th being joined by the 142nd and the 141st divisions, pushing ahead in a frontal assault. General MacArthur reported: "The frontal attack was stopped before it got well under way by our artillery fire and the envelopment attempt was repulsed with heavy losses to the Japanese."

Ferocious bayonet charges by MacArthur's men turned many a yellow Jap white. They could stand the hand grenades, but they don't like to have the other fellow commit hari-kari on them—they prefer to do that for themselves. Throwing up their hands and surrendering before gleaming blades at their bellies, prisoners were taken back of the lines and searched.

These searches produced much valuable information. Snipers were found equipped to fight alone for two weeks to a month behind enemy lines. Here are some of the things found on these prisoners: A bag of hard-tack, a five inch sack of rice, a pack of concentrated food, a half-pound of hard candy, a small can of coffee, a can of field rations, and vitamin pills.

Tucked away in the pack on his back were found: a mess kit, a can of chlorine to purify water, a canteen, tooth-brush, quinine, and antidote for mustard gas, stomach pills, gloves, bandages, socks, flashlights with vari-colored lenses, spare lenses for eyeholes in gas mask for zero and sub zero weather.



© Acme Photo

MACARTHUR MEETS BRAVE ALLIES—Here we see him as he holds secret conference with War Heads from the Indies just before outbreak of World War II. He knew Japan's plans included conquest of Dutch East Indies and control of Pacific.



© Keystone View Co.

HERO OF THE PHILIPPINES—General Douglas MacArthur, outstanding strategist-soldier. His gallant stand ranks with such epics as Custer at Little Big Horn, defense of the Alamo, and the heroes at Wake Island. It will live in the hearts of the world forever.

The Jap soldier is a walking general store. He is prepared for everything—except MacArthur's fighters.

General MacArthur received frequent reports from the occupied areas indicating the hostility of the Filipinos toward the invaders. A striking case was reported from the barrio of Batangas. "The Japanese sought someone familiar with the roads of Batangas Province to drive a truck loaded with twenty-four Japanese soldiers. A local truck driver named Cueva volunteered for the task. When he came to a sharp curve he deliberately pushed the accelerator to the floor boards, plunging the truck and its passengers over a cliff into an abyss. Cueva and eleven Japanese soldiers were killed and the others were all seriously injured."

Five Japanese planes flying over Bataan, in close formation, were spotted by two American airmen. The Americans lifted their fighters into the air from an improvised landing field atop the terraced rice paddies on the hills. Gaining altitude they roared out of a cloud and attacked the enemy raiders. One silver winged plane plunged into the China Sea off western Bataan, drowning its Jap pilot and gunner. The remaining four planes went swirling earthward to their doom.

General Morioka's forces on the Cavite site hammered the forts in Manila Bay, held by MacArthur's defenders. Fort Drum was under heavy enemy artillery fire, and although the United States and Filipino forces still held the strategic forts in Manila Bay, and about two thirds of the total area of the islands, the invaders were using Davao on the southern tip of Mindanao as an advance base. They poured thousands of enemy troops into this port and were by this time in

control of nearly all of the ports of entry on all of the important islands, shutting off immediate hope of the defenders for help from the outside world.

The Jap troops had pushed to within seventeen miles of the tip of the Bataan peninsula. MacArthur, despite the magnificent defense of his little army, was slowly being compelled to concentrate his forces with his back to the walls of Corregidor.

Back home in Washington, an appreciative Congress received a proposal to award the Congressional Medal of Honor to General MacArthur: "for his feat of arms . . . which was destined to form one of the brightest pages in American Military History." This was the one decoration the brave veteran of five wars desired above all others. It was the medal his father had won, and in all things Douglas MacArthur wanted to be like his father. Congressmen were proposing the naming of streets in honor of the hero of Bataan. Conduit Road in the nation's capital became known, by an act of Congress, as MacArthur Boulevard. An ambitious project in Tennessee, the Douglas Dam, was to be named the MacArthur Dam.

Honors upon honors were heaped upon MacArthur. Great and glorious as they were, General MacArthur would have gladly forfeited them all for a few fighting planes, had it been possible to send them to his besieged and badly battered island outpost.

General MacArthur kept in touch with the changing scenes on the great battlefronts of the world through radio reports coming tersely over the open lines of communications. He heard with sinking heart of the fall of Singapore, February 15th, 1942. The most

grandiose of all the far-flung British bastions of defense—costing \$100,000,000 to build—taking twenty years—and when the time came was used but a scant few days for the purpose it was built.

The civilized world was shocked. The incredible had happened. The British Empire looked to the Prime Minister for explanation of the stupendous tragedy: "The shield of our seapower," he told them, "which protected the far lands and islands of the Pacific, was for time being and only for the time being, dashed to the ground, and in rushed the armies of Japan. The warlords had been scheming and looking forward to this war for twenty years, while we and our neighbors were talking perpetual peace. . . . No one must underestimate anymore the efficiency of the Japanese in the air, and on the sea, and in manpower; they have proven themselves formidable and deadly antagonists. . . . We can now measure the wonderful strength of the Chinese people who single-handed fought the Japanese aggressor for four and a half years and left him baffled and dismayed. . . ."

Prime Minister Churchill compared the loss of Singapore to the fall of France. It was to have terrible repercussions in the days to come.

Sumatra, flanking British Malaya, on the southwest, was next on the invader's timetable. One hundred transport planes dropped parachutists on the oil-refinery area near Palembang.

In the Straits of Macassar American bombers attacked Japanese transports attempting to re-inforce the parachutists. Twelve heavy flying fortresses dropped bombs into the midst of the convoy, sinking

a huge transport, drowning thousands of invading troops before they set foot on Sumatra. Huge fires raged on other transports and all of the attacking flying fortresses returned safely to their base.

Back home in the Atlantic submarines in sneak raids damaged oil depots, 700 miles from the Panama Canal, the life-line of the Western Hemisphere (February 16, 1942). President Roosevelt warned the nation that not only could New York and key Alaskan ports be bombed from the air, and shelled by enemy submarines, but that Axis bombers could penetrate as far inland as our industrial cities in the midwest.

MacArthur heard with grim satisfaction of the passage of a \$32,000,000,000 appropriation bill, for the successful conduct of the war, February 17, 1942. An army of 3,600,000 men were to be outfitted, with material for twice that many; a total of 1,476 new merchant ships were to keep open the lanes of supply to the fighting democracies across the seas; all of the forty-five thousand tanks that President Roosevelt called for were to be provided. America's reservoir of manpower reached an all time high of 26,500,000 men.

With the surrender of Singapore, the Bataan front remained the only theatre of war where the invaders were thrown back, unable to crack the defenses. After ten weeks of intensive fighting the American forces had still received no reinforcements, while the Jap armies were being continuously refreshed with reserves pouring in from many points on Luzon Island. MacArthur's forces on the Bataan peninsula had been estimated at 20,000 with the Jap hordes commanding upwards of ten times that number.

The line of combat extended 133 miles from the neighborhood of Bagac on the China Sea Coast, to Pilar, the highway junction on Manila Bay. MacArthur's men held the forts that stretched across the Bay: Fort Hughes, Fort Drum and Fort Frank, flanking Corregidor. While he held these intact the enemy could not use the harbor to transport troops into this vital pocket. But from the Cavite base, manned by the Japanese, came volleys of artillery fire aimed at the forts.

General MacArthur reported, February 17, 1942: "Damage to our installations and casualties were not great. . . . In Bataan the enemy is bringing up artillery reinforcements and there is increased artillery fire all along the front. Enemy air activity is increasing. . . ." In these words the American people read a fervent plea for planes, unuttered by MacArthur, yet in the hearts and on the lips of all who watched these fearsome days unroll. MacArthur reported a bombardment of pamphlets on refugee camps:

"These pamphlets in English, Spanish and Tagalog professed great friendship for the Filipinos and exhorted them to co-operate with the invaders and join the greater Asia co-prosperity sphere. Yesterday bombs were substituted for pamphlets. These potent messages of death fell on the refugee camp at the defenseless village of Cabcaben. Eighteen women and five children were killed in this attack and thirteen women and nine children were wounded." This wanton slaughter of the innocents spurred the fighters for freedom to new heights of glory in their determination to expel these murderers from their island paradise.

General MacArthur made public the details of sharp fighting in which the Philippine soldiers of the Igorot Tribe especially distinguished themselves. The Igorots are a non-Christian tribe living in the Bontoc mountain region of Northern Luzon. They are an industrious, peace-loving people, but they are also absolutely fearless in the teeth of terrible dangers.

MacArthur's communique (February 22, 1942) tells a vivid story of high adventure: "During recent enemy offensive, the 20th Japanese Infantry made an attack on a position held by a single Igorot company. To a man, the Igorots died in their fox holes, without flinching or thought of retreat, but exacting a tremendous toll from the Japanese. To restore the situation our high command ordered an immediate counter-attack by a tank unit supported by infantry. The infantry soldiers were Igorots, eager to even the score for their lost tribesmen.

"The bamboo jungle and the heavy, irregular terrain of the section of the front were almost impenetrable and apparently made it impossible for the tanks to operate." However, the limitless resourcefulness, which is an outstanding characteristic of General MacArthur's troops, immediately came into play. "Without a word, the Igorot commander hoisted his men to the tops of the tanks in order that they might guide the machines through the matted morass of underbrush, the thickets and trees. The exposed Igorot soldier on top of the tank served as the eyes of the American driver. The guide signaled the driver with a stick, and with an automatic pistol fired continuously as the unit closed with the enemy."

General MacArthur closes the account of the scene: "Bataan has seen many wild mornings, but nothing to equal this. No quarter was asked and none was given. Always above the din of the battle rose the fierce shouts of the Igorots, as they rode the tanks and fired their pistols.

"When the attack was over, the remnants of the tanks and of the Igorots were still there but the 20th Japanese Infantry regiment was completely annihilated."

In recounting the story of the battle to an assembly of his officers, General MacArthur said:

"Many desperate acts of courage and heroism have fallen under my observation on many fields of battle in many parts of the world. I have seen forlorn hopes become realities. I have seen last-ditch stands and innumerable acts of personal heroism that defy description. But for sheer breath-taking and heart-stopping desperation, I have never known the equal of those Igorots riding the tanks.

"Gentlemen," continued the General, his voice softening, "when you tell that story, stand in tribute to those gallant Igorots."

General MacArthur and his men spent Washington's Birthday in swampy jungles and bamboo forests, far from the land for which the Father of his Country fought to gain a lasting freedom from bonds of tyranny.

The Filipinos joined in the tribute by saluting the father of their country—Manuel Quezon, their first and only president—for whom they were fighting their war of Independence against the grandiose schemes of Empire of the wretched little ape-men of Japan.

They, too, were going through their Valley Forge and their "Winter of Misery," but they knew their Yorktown was sure to come, even if it took seven years as did the American Revolution.

General MacArthur celebrated Washington's Birthday behind the front lines by decorating two of his staff generals, during a lull in the fighting. Major General Richard K. Sutherland, Chief of Staff, and Brigadier General Richard J. Marshall, Deputy Chief of Staff, who occupied key positions on the mapping of the defenses of Bataan. MacArthur stated proudly, as he pinned the medals on them: "These are two of the finest officers who ever served under my command. Cool, resourceful, courageous, determined, resolute and devoted, they are deserving of this immediate award of these well-earned decorations. Tomorrow they might well be casualties, too late to know of a nation's honor to them."

The hard-pressed defender of Bataan took time to send an anniversary greeting to the Red Army on the occasion of its twenty-fourth birthday, February 23, 1942: "The world situation at the present time indicates that the hopes of civilization rest on the worthy shoulders of the courageous Russian Army. During my lifetime I have participated in a number of wars, and witnessed others, as well as studying in great detail the campaigns of outstanding leaders of the past. In none have I observed such effective resistance to the heaviest blows of a hitherto undefeated enemy, followed by a smashing counter-attack which is driving the enemy back to his own land. The scale and grandeur of this effort marks it as the greatest military achieve-

ment of all history!" Himself in the glare of the spotlight of history, MacArthur paused to pay tribute to the Army of Union of the Socialist Republics.

MacArthur reported from the Island of Mindanao, where there lived a fierce tribe of Moros, ardent Mohammedans, numbering twenty thousand who took an oath on the Koran that they would do anything "MacArthur asked them to do." So troublesome did the Moros make themselves to the invaders, in guerilla warfare, that they were hunted out and, when captured, were forced to surrender their only weapons, the murderous bolos, with which they chopped off the heads of their enemies.

While naval guns from the Jap fleet blasted at strategic points on Mindanao, there was a lull on the Bataan front which MacArthur utilized to organize a raid over enemy shipping along the China Sea coast. His communique was a masterpiece of understatement: "In a sudden surprise attack a small force swept over Subic Bay (March 4, 1942) destroying Japanese vessels, concentrated there. Among the enemy vessels destroyed were one of 10,000 tons, one of 8,000 tons and two motor launches of 100 tons each. In addition many smaller craft were damaged, large fires were started on the docks of Olongapo and Grande Island. They were followed by many heavy explosions among enemy stores. There was practically no ground activity in Bataan."

The fall of Java (March 7th, 1942) resounded with ominous repercussions that threatened all of the civilized world in the eastern hemisphere. MacArthur heard of it with stoicism. It might spell doom for mil-

lions of free peoples who had been roused "too late" to their danger. Beautiful Java, 622 miles long, in direct line between Singapore and Australia, fell to the enemy after the scorched earth policy had been applied to the maximum. Rubber plantations went up in flames, and the fabulously rich islands of the Netherlands East Indies, where Lieutenant General Hein ter Poorten, whose valiant Dutch Army withdrew from the battered seacoasts into the hinterlands, were overrun by the Jap invaders. Fifty thousand Allied troops fought against growing odds of upwards of 100,000 Japanese soldiers.

Hero tales keep coming through from the Philippine front where MacArthur's army was performing "miracles": Captain Arthuer Wermuth, of Chicago, gained the pseudonym "One-man-army" after it became known that he had killed 116 Japs (at last count) with his .45 caliber tommy-gun and Garand rifle, and captured several hundred. During the first ten weeks of the war, he spent more time behind the invader's lines than he did with his own forces. Wounded three times, he wears the DSC. He led so many raiding parties that he began to stop counting them after the first score or two. On most of these invading parties his scouting partner is Corporal Jock Jacob, 210-pound half-Filipino.

Captain Wermuth led a Filipino suicide antisniper unit with 84 men who were credited with eliminating more than 300 roving Japs. He's the kind of a man that walks right into a machine-gun—and swears that the Jap isn't born yet, who could "mow him down." If there ever was a breed of fighting men, MacArthur has got

all of them, and they all swear: "The greatest fighting guy in the world is the Old Man." And the Old Man, in this soldier's army means—General Douglas MacArthur!

Nowhere in the history of modern warfare is there such an epic tale in which a single battle had been waged for so long against such overwhelming odds so far from supporting forces. Two thousand and fifty miles separated MacArthur from the newly opened battlefields of Sumatra, and the sea-route from the Dutch Indies was fraught with peril, strewn with Japanese and Allied mines and policed by the airplane carriers of the Jap Navy. Only the heaviest of bombers could cover this distance, which, without the support of fighting planes, would be unable to cross the seas safely to bring help to MacArthur's entrenched forces.

Java was being encircled from the sea, and romantic little Bali was captured by the Jap hordes. American bombers ranged over the invasion transports sinking six of them and drowning thousands of Jap soldiers. The Dutch defending forces added to this number, bringing the total up to thirty-two invasion vessels hit or sunk in the defense of Java up to the 23rd of February. But still they came, taking the losses in their stride and dispatching invasion troops all over the beautiful island of Java. Australia was invaded by air, and bombed by the little sons of the rising sun at several points. Darwin felt the full brunt of the first bombs when the city was attacked and ships in the harbor were set afire.

MacArthur listened nightly to the news of the world over the radio. He learned that China's Generalissimo

Chiang Kai-shek appealed to India's leader Gandhi, to rouse the Indian people to their peril, and join forces with the democracies in their struggle for existence. India sought full Dominion status in return for all-out aid to Britain, and this proposal was being considered in the British Parliament.

From the White House in Washington, President Roosevelt spoke to the nation while the California coast was being shelled in a sneak raid by Japanese submarines: "The task that we Americans now face, will test us to the uttermost. . . . Never before have we had so little time in which to do so much. . . . We Americans have been compelled to give ground, but we will regain it. We and the other United Nations are committed to the destruction of the militarism of Japan and Germany. We are daily increasing our strength. Soon, we and not our enemies will have the offensive; we, not they, will win the final battles; and we, not they, will make the final peace."

General MacArthur heard the terse promise of the chief executive, and his commander in chief, delivered over short-wave broadcast. His harassed troops heard and took new heart in their battles against the octopus tentacles of nihilism seeking to crush freedom and liberty throughout the world.

When Japanese troops gained a five-to-one advantage in manpower, the stoic Dutch gathered their forces for a last-ditch stand in central Java. They were taking to the hills and preparing to fight a harassing guerilla warfare that would make the island—richer than all the conquered lands thus far—impossible for the Japs to draw upon.

The official radio went off the air March 7th, with these words: "We are now shutting down. Good-bye till better times. *Long live the Queen!*" Silence, dread, fraught with significance followed the words.

General MacArthur from the Philippines reported: "Desultory fighting between patrols, on the outskirts of Zamboanga in the Moro stronghold of Mindanao Island. . . . No activity, except for slight artillery fire and an ineffective enemy air raid, on Bataan. Japanese forces landed with tanks at Calapan on the Northern coast of Mindoro."

Troop concentrations here indicated a possible attempt at an encircling movement from the south across the Verde Passage, separating Luzon from Mindoro. This force might well try to flank Manila Bay from the south and take the stronghold of Corregidor after long and bloody artillery siege.

Ominous silence shrouded the Philippines with its forebodings of events to come. Tokio was pouring human cargoes from a thousand ships into the battle-grounds of the Pacific—transports loaded with half-hypnotized men—human sacrifices to the demon ambition of Emperor Hirohito, self-proclaimed "Son of Heaven!"

Then came the astounding climax that literally shook the world: "*Homma, the great Japanese General, commits suicide!*"

Humiliated by his failure, with numerically overwhelming forces, to crush MacArthur and his American-Filipino Army—"Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma, pride of the Japanese people (according to persistent reports), had committed hari-kari!"

The report from MacArthur came in his 139th. War Department communique in which he qualified it as not yet confirmed, added the ironic note that the suicide of the Japanese commander and his funeral were said to have occurred in MacArthur's own suite in the penthouse atop the Manila Hotel where MacArthur with his wife and four-year-old son made their home before the evacuation of the capital.

MacArthur's communique said simply: "Homma's suicide is said to have been motivated by the fact that his numerically superior forces had been unable to destroy the American and the Philippine defenders of Bataan and Corregidor. . . . The funeral rites of the late Japanese commander, the reports state, were held on February 26, 1942, in Manila and were attended by personal representatives of Emperor Hirohito, after which General Homma's ashes were flown to Japan for interment at an appropriate shrine."

On March 9th word came from Tokio that General Tomoyuki Yamashita, Jap crack blitzkrieger and conqueror of Singapore had been sent to the Philippines to lead a new attempt to knock out MacArthur's troops.

MacArthur is reported to have said: "I'm glad to meet the champion."

And so it is that we leave General Douglas MacArthur and his men standing their ground on the battlefields of Bataan—and on the fortified Island of Corregidor. The future of one of the greatest fighting Generals of all time lies in the "laps of the gods."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This is the first book to give historical record to the life of General Douglas MacArthur in Authentic text and pictures. It is the result of original research into documentary evidence from authoritative sources. We are especially indebted to the Army War College of the War Department in Washington and the United States Military Academy at West Point and to the MacArthur, Hardy, Faircloth, and McCalla families for their valued advice and co-operation in researches embodied in this book by the historian, Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller. Directors of research for this LIFE OF GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR are: Ann Woodward Miller, John Dowell Jasper, Seward E. Shaver, Virginia B-M. Shaver, Lorraine E. Hassel.

Our gratitude is recorded herewith to the following authorities for advice and co-operation in obtaining Original Materials:

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WILLIAM E. BEARD
Family of Mrs. Douglas MacArthur
Member Tennessee Historical
Commission

Virginia Historical Society; State Library of Virginia; Norfolk, Virginia, Public Library; Department of Education, State of Tennessee; City Library Association, Springfield, Massachusetts; Historical Society of Wisconsin; Texas State Historical Association; West Texas State Teacher's College; State Historical Society of Colorado; Kansas State Historical Society; California State Historical Association; California State Library; State Historical Society of Missouri.

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